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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 487.—JANUARY, 1926.

Art. 1.—ARCHITECTURE, NEW AND OLD.

1. *Laymen and the New Architecture*. By Manning Robertson. Murray, 1925.
2. *The Pleasures of Architecture*. By C. and A. Williams-Ellis. Jonathan Cape, 1924.
3. *Modern English Architecture*. By Charles Marriott. Chapman & Hall, 1924.
4. *The Architecture of Humanism*. By Geoffrey Scott. Constable, 1924.
5. *Southern Baroque Art*. By Sacheverel Sitwell. Grant Richards, 1924.
6. *Architecture: a Profession or an Art*. Edited by R. Norman Shaw and Sir T. Graham Jackson. Murray, 1892.

ONE of the unhappy results of the war has been the loss of standards of value in literature and the arts. It is not merely that these standards are dismissed as out of date. The new generation seems to be unaware that they ever existed, that poetry is not prose, that sculpture has to deal with form, that painting has something more to do than pattern-making, and that architecture is an art with its own tradition which cannot be defied with impunity. Serious students know that art cannot really be understood without going far back into its history, and tracing its course downwards to our own time, and that it is only in this way that it is possible to grasp the line of its true development. The modern tendency to ignore this lesson of the past is the opposite extreme to the exaggerated worship of fifty years ago. Both are equally futile. We are not better men than

our fathers, however much our bold young men may say that we are. On the other hand, we are not very much worse.

Mr Manning Robertson has written a modest little book with the title of 'Laymen and the New Architecture,' and he evidently believes that there is such a thing as 'new architecture,' and that it is an advance on what for the purpose of his thesis he conceives to be old architecture. His essays, which have appeared in the 'Builder' and other technical papers, deal with a variety of subjects ranging from some sort of theory of æsthetic to advocacy of a method of central heating. Mr Robertson writes pleasantly, and much of what he says is sensible and to the point—the point, that is, of minor current practice. His illustrations are taken almost exclusively from post-war buildings, and though it is to be presumed that these buildings are efficient, with the exception of some half a dozen or so, they are exceedingly unattractive. The point that I have sought for in vain in Mr Robertson's book is what this 'new architecture' really is. Nobody ever heard of it before the war. One recalls the efforts of Art Nouveau, which were speedily dismissed with ignominy, and the boldest innovator, in England at any rate, never imagined that he was doing anything but advancing along a track that stretched far back into the past. As for the future, he was content with that short length ahead, still hidden from his fellows, which the power of his imagination enabled him dimly to foresee. Take, for example, two men to whom perhaps modern English architecture owes more than to any other architect since the middle of the last century, and whose work seems already half forgotten, Norman Shaw and Philip Webb. Both these men in their different ways broke away from the architectural conventions of their time, but neither of them imagined for an instant that he was introducing a new architecture. What they did was to use their brains on architecture as they found it instead of taking it for granted, and their aim was to develop and extend its application to modern problems without breaking the art to pieces in doing so. But our younger generation, trained exclusively in our architectural schools, are convinced that they are introducing a new era in architecture. Mr Robertson says

that the new architecture is essentially 'youthful; and strongly conscious of its origins'—I presume its origins in the schools, for it certainly originated nowhere else. And he gives as its essential qualities: (1) That it should be efficient and answer its purpose; (2) that it should aim 'at the sensational and dramatic rather than the emotional and intellectual,' the film and the cinematograph, let us say, rather than the triumph of Scipio and the ceiling of the Sistine; (3) that it should turn its back on all previous styles. 'It is recognised that there should at present only be one style, that of the present.'

In regard to the first of these qualities we are all agreed that architecture must answer its purpose, whatever it may be, and it was because it does not do so that Street's Law Courts, great work as it was in many ways, sounded the knell of Gothic architecture for civil and domestic buildings. Before the end of the 19th century all serious architects took this condition of efficiency for granted, and though foolish things were still done in our museums and public buildings, Norman Shaw showed in his New Scotland Yard what a really great designer could do in handling a public building, if he could let his intelligence play freely round his problem, and if he was allowed by the authorities to do so. Shaw's building remains the finest public building erected in London since Somerset House. It is on the old lines, and yet it is splendidly original, far more so than the newest of our new architecture. The new architecture claims to be essentially efficient—that is, I suppose, practical and exactly fitted for its purpose—but it has methods of being so peculiar to itself. The object of a projecting stone window-sill, for instance, is to protect the wall below from the dripping of water, but I note that in the latest effort of the new architecture the window-sill is omitted, and wide, shallow, vertical grooves are thoughtfully provided from the bottom of one window opening to the top of the window below, in order that none of the rain-water falling on the window above may be lost to the wall and window below.

The second quality of the new architecture is that it is to be 'sensational and dramatic,' and Mr Robertson, forgetful of his insistence on 'efficiency,' remarks, 'The architectural value of a building lies not in its practical

efficiency, although this is a contributing factor, but in the effect it produces on the beholder.' The use of the building seems to have been forgotten, a fallacy that we shall also meet in Mr Scott's essay. The architect is to be a purveyor of thrills for the onlooker; apparently he is to follow the notorious example of the cubists, the vorticists, and the non-representative painters—anything to startle. At first sight it might seem that the new architects are adopting the familiar old slogan, 'Épater les bourgeois.' It is only fair to Mr Robertson to say that this is not his intention. Indeed, he loves his bourgeois, takes him into his confidence, and is anxious only to show him the right way, so that both he and his architect may work together for righteousness; but if the house is ill-planned and ill-built, no amount of startling originality on the outside or revolutionary decoration within will compensate the owner for the discomfort of living in it.

Mr Robertson bases his argument on a curious theory of æsthetic borrowed from Dr Walford Davies and relating to the effects of music. Music is supposed to make its appeal (1) to the sensations, a pleasant titivation so to say, resulting (2) in the stirring of emotion, which (3) is realised by the intellect, and (4) confirmed as 'real' by intuition. These are described as concentric circles; the appeal, for example, may get no further than circle (2), or it may skip circle (2) and reach circle (3), or it may stop at circle (3) and miss confirmation by circle (4). There seems to be some confusion between circles (1) and (4), and circle (4) seems to refer to some instinct for 'reality' in the Platonic sense—that is, to an apprehension of the absolute 'idea' of beauty, as it exists apart from its physical manifestation. Surely the 'sensational and dramatic' appeal, the shock motive, which seems to be a principal element of the new architecture, could make little or no appeal to the intuition of 'real' beauty. Mr Robertson's illustrations do not help us much. Gothic, we are told, being vertical suggests the driving force of the emotions and the 'transverse beam of classic, the restful tranquillity of the intellect.' But the intellect is neither restful nor tranquil; it is, on the contrary, exceedingly active, and there are other emotions besides those of a general upset. One does not see why the

restlessness and insistence on small details of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture should be regarded as the only possible source of appeal to the emotions. Emotions quite as powerful, quite as noble, may be roused by the restraint and simplicity of Greek Doric, by the evidence of purpose and overmastering will of the Roman baths and theatres and aqueducts. When Mr Robertson says 'Classical architecture is curiously ideal, since it gives the appearance of detachment from function,' I find myself absolutely at a loss to understand him, because this is exactly what classical architecture does not do. It is so obviously a version of the post and beam construction, whereas in a Gothic cathedral—the choir of Westminster Abbey, for example—I find myself wondering what it all means: those clusters of little shafts disappearing at some enormous height into the shadows of the vaulting; those narrow bays; those acutely pointed arches, when it could all have been done so much more simply than it is. The whole conception of it seems impossibly remote from the time we live in, and as a method of covering in a large floor space amazingly inefficient and wasteful. The comparison of classic to the palm tree as 'elegant but never emancipated' and of Gothic to the cedar 'with its muscular force, constructive strength, free and independent,' does not clear the air, even when reinforced by a further comparison with the silver birch. After all, the sober facts of history and of actual buildings, so far as they can be ascertained by critical study, are a safer guide to practice than all the rhetoric in the world, and we shall never get to the root of the matter in æsthetic till we prefer the dry light of the intellect to the vague aspirations of the sentimentalist.

The most formidable claim of our young lions in architecture is that they are starting a new manner of their own. They consider that the past has no meaning for them, and that all that they have to do is to look to the present. Instead of the assiduous study of the masterpieces of the past, to which most of us owe what little skill we possess in the art of design, the students in our architectural schools look to the master in charge and to contemporary work as illustrated in the technical papers for their inspiration, and armed with the time-

honoured ruling of Mr Lancelot Brown that 'knowledge hampers originality,' they start bravely on their architectural careers, unimpeded by the knowledge of the past. Mr Robertson's reference to the work of that past is exiguous and somewhat uncritical. He mentions as prominent examples of Renaissance houses, Castle Howard (Vanbrugh), Kedleston (Pain and R. Adam), Coleshill (Inigo Jones), Stowe (Kent), and Spencer House (Vardy). These houses are not variations on one theme, but so different in intention as to be almost different in kind. One might as well give as typical products of the Reformation, Martin Luther, Tate and Brady, and Dr Pusey. Mr Robertson describes the Four Courts and the Custom House at Dublin as 'excellent examples of the Wren School,' but that is exactly what they are not. If Mr Robertson refers to any competent history of 17th- and 18th-century architecture, he will find that Wren's manner was the result of hints from late Jacobean, Inigo Jones and the architects of Louis XIV, fused by his own incomparable genius into a manner peculiar to himself; that towards the end of his life he went quite out of fashion, left in the cold by what I have called elsewhere the conspiracy of silence of Lord Burlington's clique, Colin Campbell, Kent, and the Palladians; that Chambers, who succeeded them, was an out-and-out Palladian, and that Gandon, the architect of the Dublin buildings, who was a pupil of Chambers, adhered strictly to the tradition of Chambers, and was quite uninfluenced by Wren's cheerful and most attractive manner. The whole cast of Wren's temperament, his traditions and associations, were entirely different from those of Chambers and Gandon, but our young heroes regard the work of the 18th century as *vieux jeu*, fit only to be lumped together and cast out on the rubbish heap. They must find the results somewhat embarrassing. The fashionable idea just now of a great commercial building is that of a gigantic cube in which holes are punched at regular intervals for doors and windows. Composition, silhouette, and proportion are disregarded. The great masters of the past felt that something more than this was required of them. Mr Robertson has, therefore, to go to Tibet to find a justification for the latest exploits of the new architecture,

and he finds it in the Potala at Lhasa. The Potala is a vast monastery, admirably adapted for its site, on an isolated rocky hill. The building starts low down on the hillside, and towers up above its summit, and though not exactly symmetrical, it is sufficiently so to make a fine composition; and one is grateful to Mr Robertson for calling attention to this impressive building, but what sort of analogy has it to the vast business premises now being built in London? The Potala stands gaunt and austere on a hill apparently some hundreds of feet high in a desolate mountainous country. It is more remote from adjoining buildings than the Acropolis at Athens, and its purpose is to house some extraordinary monks. Our 'new architecture' buildings are erected for purposes of trade and business, the space in front of them, except in squares and opposite the river, is restricted, and they are wedged in among innumerable other buildings. One might as well justify the skyscrapers of New York by the towers of S. Gemignano. If efficiency is one of the tests of the new architecture, the 'new' architects must look elsewhere than at Lhasa to justify their prodigious structures. In point of fact they seem to have drawn their inspiration from the creations of contemporary German and Austrian architects. Whatever merits they may have they are alien to the English tradition and temperament.

The fact is that the 'new architecture' is advancing in a circle. Some of its newest ideas were commonplaces before the war. 'Efficiency' was run to a standstill at the Art Workers' Guild thirty years ago. Mr Robertson writes well on colour and texture, but I can recollect a brilliant paper on texture read by Prof. Prior in the 'nineties, and of course Norman Shaw showed long ago what can be done in architecture by the considered use of material. So, too, on the question of professionalism, Mr Robertson points out that the architect must definitely elect whether he is going to be a professional man and nothing else or an artist. Mr Robertson, who rightly elects for the latter, seems to be unaware that nearly forty years ago the issue 'Architecture a profession or an art' was definitely raised against the Institute of Architects by some of us younger men, led by Shaw and Jackson. But what happened before the war is to the

new men a hinterland unexplored and in their opinion not worth exploring.

I have discussed Mr Robertson's book at length because in spite of its friendliness of manner and good sense in matters of detail, it is, I believe, fundamentally wrong in principle. It assumes that there is, or can be, a new architecture—that is, an architecture which cuts right adrift from the past. The idea is about as valuable as that of Esperanto. We cannot dissociate ourselves from the past, whether we want to or not, and the results of the attempt to do so are seen in the idiotic failures which are now held up to us as masterpieces of modern art and letters. What impresses one most in these struggles for something new, is not their originality but their immodesty, the folly of thinking that it is worth while to leave the beaten track and stand on one's head in the ditch in order to attract attention.

The fact is that in the best of our contemporary architecture any one with the requisite knowledge can detect the various strains assimilated from the past. Mr Marriott in his useful account of 'Modern English Architecture' says, 'With the whole history of architecture behind it modern English architecture may be looked upon as the immediate product of the Greek and Gothic revivals.' If this were really so, the result could only be a hopeless jumble of incongruous and indeed antagonistic elements. These revivals have passed like other revivals, and the best modern English architecture has Inigo Jones and Wren, Gibbs, Hawksmoor, Chambers, and Adam behind it, and a great deal more as well. The elements are there for any one to read. The real difficulty of criticism comes in with the personal equation. English art is essentially individualistic, and it is the personal and individual factor that gives to English architecture an interest rarely to be found in the architecture of any other country. Mr Marriott is aware of this, but he scarcely does justice to the pioneers of an older generation than that of any architect now living—Decimus Burton, the architect of the Athenæum, Cockerell, and Barry, on the one hand, Devey, Shaw, Nesfield, Philip Webb, and Bodley on the other. The work of these men seems to be forgotten by the younger generation, but it was owing to Burton, and in a less

degree to Cockerell, that it was possible for architecture to be academic and yet alive, and it was Norman Shaw who first caught up again the joyous spirit of the 16th century and realised it in terms of modern domestic architecture. Mr Marriott points out the importance of Shaw's work at Bedford Park forty years ago, the real forerunner of the garden city, but he scarcely does justice to the immense influence that Shaw had on the younger men of his time, and through them on the younger men of ours. Shaw was not a scholar, but he was a great architect, a man of fascinating personality, and the fortunate possessor of an extremely subtle and penetrating mind. As Ephraim Mackellar said of a very different person, the Master of Ballantrae, 'He was on the whole the most capable man that I ever knew.' Philip Webb in quite another way was scarcely less remarkable. His sincere enthusiasm for his art, the austere reticence of his design, and his complete and splendid unworldliness, gave him an influence on the younger men of his time second only to that of Shaw. It led to the establishment of the Arts and Crafts Society and the Art Workers' Guild, two institutions which have had a much greater influence on modern English art than our critics seem to be aware of. Mr Marriott, by the way, is not quite accurate when he says that Sir Aston Webb, the late Ernest Newton, and I 'became responsible for the design' of the new quadrant. Shaw's design was carried out in the Piccadilly Hotel, but it was found impossible to carry it out in the rest of the Quadrant, and I was consulted by the Woods and Forests. At my request, Sir Aston Webb and Ernest Newton were associated with me to consider the problem, but in point of fact all the designs and drawings for the completion of the Quadrant façades, though approved by my colleagues, were prepared by me.

In their discourses on 'The Pleasures of Architecture,' Mr and Mrs Williams-Ellis do justice to Philip Webb, but their reference to Norman Shaw is wholly inadequate; indeed, it is little more than an introduction to a panegyric, as exuberant as it is uncritical, of a well-known living architect. The writers seem so much impressed with the value and importance of

contemporary work that they have rather neglected the study of the past, and their pages suggest an absence of that knowledge of antiquity which all architects in the past were supposed to possess, and without which the criticism of architecture is worthless, because it means that the critic has no standard of values. 'Soanian Greek,' for example, as a description of Soane's manner of design, is about as wide of the mark as it is possible for a description to be. Jules Hardouin Mansart did not come into contact with Bernini. He was an obscure and quite unknown young man aged nineteen when the great Italian paid his memorable and ill-starred visit to France. The writers couple Selinus with Pergamon as typical of Hellenistic art. It is true that M. Hulot once drew out a characteristic French reconstruction of Selinus as a fully organised town, but the glory of Selinus was not this, but its seven Doric temples built some two to three hundred years before the great altar of Pergamon. Again, it is a mistake to suppose, as the writers do, that the French architects of the 18th century saw nothing to admire in Gothic. They admired it a great deal and said so. Daviler in 1670, the Academy of Architecture in 1708, and Boffrand, rather later, all paid their tribute to French Gothic; but having an excellent manner of their own, which they understood perfectly well, they had the good sense to adhere to it. The younger Blondel, the protagonist of orthodox classic, said specifically, 'Il y a nombre d'Édifices Gothiques où il regne une délicatesse singulière dans la bâtisse et que les meilleurs constructeurs de nos jours seraient fort embarrassés d'imiter.' The man of the 18th century in France was far too clear-headed to be under any illusion as to Gothic architecture. He admired it greatly, but had not the slightest intention of attempting to reproduce it. The writers do not seem to be familiar with the practice of architects in the 17th century. In view of existing and authentic working drawings by Inigo Jones and Wren, it is absurd to say that those architects were able to 'build without anything that could be called a detailed plan.' Wren actually reminded Evelyn that architects were most particular as to these matters. Architecture is difficult enough in any case, but it would be reduced to absolute chaos if sketchiness, plus the 'inspiration' of the

amateur, is to be the order of the day. Mr Geoffrey Scott is enthusiastically described as the 'Gibbon of Architecture.' Need I remind the writers that Gibbon was a historian? The writers refer to the delicate question of the public criticism of contemporary architecture by architects who are themselves in practice, and they appear to be in favour of it on the ground that 'authors and savants in the same line habitually review each other,' and that it is only in this way that the public can obtain really competent criticism. The cases are not parallel. Literary men may fairly criticise each other in regard to the fact that they use the same language, and that there is no mystery of specialised technique. Scientific men criticise each other, but it is on the question of facts. In architecture it is not a question of facts but of æsthetic, a matter of taste. To put it mildly, it seems to me unsportsmanlike for one architect to criticise another in the public press so long as they are both in the arena. Such criticism, based as it often is on inadequate knowledge, is apt to degenerate into advertisement and log-rolling on the one hand, and to neglect and disparagement on the other, the treatment accorded to Wren throughout the last few years of his life. There is an excellent rule at the Royal Academy that in lectures given within its walls no reference is permitted to the work of living artists, and in this regard architects would do well to observe the strict and honourable etiquette of the medical profession. It is most desirable that the public should have a better understanding of architecture, but I suggest that this is more likely to be brought about by the patient study of the art than by the straight tip in modern practice. The 'Pleasures of Architecture' has justified its existence to the extent of arriving at a second edition, but it is a little difficult to understand the point of view from which this book is written. It seems to be based on no principle, to proceed on no system, and to lead nowhere. Architecture should, no doubt, be brought into the market-place, but need this be done to the accompaniment of a jazz band?

Mr Geoffrey Scott's essay on 'The Architecture of Humanism' stands on quite another footing. It is a clever and in places a brilliantly written thesis on the

principles of architectural criticism, and though he arrives at some eccentric and, as it seems to me, quite arbitrary conclusions, it is a valuable contribution to criticism. He addresses himself to the groundwork of architecture and the point of view from which it should be approached, and quoting Sir Henry Wotton, 'Well building hath three conditions: commodity, firmness, and delight,' he selects 'delight'—that is, the æsthetic pleasure to be derived from architecture—as the ultimate justification of the art. Arguing from this premise he demolishes in turn the Romantic fallacy—that is, the habit of criticising architecture from the point of view of its literary associations—which led Diderot to say that buildings had little or no interest till they were ruined, the mechanical fallacy which resolves architecture into terms of statics and dynamics, the ethical fallacy which treats it as mainly an affair of morals, and the biological fallacy which regards architecture as a matter of evolution, without regard to the æsthetic values of the different stages of its development. With Mr Scott's demonstration of the inadequacy of these methods of criticism one is in full agreement, but there is a flaw in his premises, and though it is not always easy to catch the drift of his sonorous sentences, his conclusion seems to me to be wilfully perverse. Mr Scott writes well, and in several passages with real eloquence, yet somehow his essay in criticism gives the impression of an ingenious exercise in dialectic, such as a Sophist might have written in support of the Baroque.

In the first place, what is architecture? Is it a serious art, or is it play-acting? Mr Scott begs the question when out of the three conditions he selects æsthetic value as the sole criterion, and as an architect himself he can hardly intend to eliminate plan and construction as unessential elements and restrict the art of architecture to the frontispiece. Yet, in fact, this is just what the Italians of the 17th century did; provided they got a grandiose and startling effect they seem to have been indifferent how the effect was arrived at. They cared only for show, and after the fine flame of the great architects of the Renaissance—Peruzzi, let us say, or Sanmichele—had burnt itself out, the melodramatic instinct of the Italians asserted itself and carried all, or

nearly all, before it. Mr Scott quite rightly points out that this care for appearances only, and this craving for something startling and dramatic, were at the back of Baroque architecture, and he had here the material for a very interesting psychological study. Instead of this he arrives at the conclusion, remarkable in an architect, that the Baroque designers were right in taking this play-acting instinct as the dominant motive of their design, and indeed as the justification of architecture in general. If this were really the case, it would exclude some of the greatest masterpieces in the whole range of the art. Architecture is a very complex art, and cannot be treated on a single issue. It is, after all, the art of building under definite conditions and with a definite purpose, and that implies the adaptation of means to ends, the skilful ordering of materials in the endeavour to realise 'commodity' and 'firmness' as well as 'delight.' Mr Scott's classification and his theory of architecture are attractive in their daring and simplicity, but they are unhappily wide of the facts and do not cover the ground.

Nor can one accept Mr Scott's reading of Italian Renaissance architecture. Sometimes he seems to be applying his peculiar view to the entire movement from its start in the 15th century till its end in the 18th. At other times he seems to limit it to the 17th-century men, such as Bernini and Borromini. Moreover, he repudiates the idea of advance. Each famous master was, he maintains, complete in himself. Bramante, for example, did not advance on Brunelleschi, but deliberately followed a line of his own, and we must regard them as separate constellations, each pursuing its appointed course. But in point of fact this is not how architecture, or any other art, develops. Each of us in our generation, whether moving backward or forward, does so in full consciousness of the work of our predecessors, and in the architecture of the Renaissance the various stages are clearly marked. The new movement began with scholars and men of letters. The spirit of adventure which led them to explore the Greek and Latin manuscripts of their patrons spread outwards to the artists and the craftsmen. In all cases, in Italy, as later in France and England, the ornamentalist leads the way

with his transcripts from antiquity ill-understood, and too often misapplied, and we get the interminable ornament, the friezes, orders, and arabesques which are not architecture at all, though they are commonly mistaken for it. The real movement in architecture begins with the advent of men of intellectual distinction: Alberti, for example, in Italy; De l'Orme in France; Inigo Jones in England. Their successors advanced on their labours. Bramante, for example, and still more Baldassone Peruzzi, were finer masters of their art than Alberti, though their debt to him was great, and it must be obvious to any student of Italian 16th- and 17th-century architecture that the range of its technique was steadily extending, so that when we come to the violent revolt of the Baroque architects against the formalism of Palladio and Vignola, whatever one may think of their buildings, there can be no question that they knew perfectly well what they were about so far as mere technique was concerned. Longhena, for example, had a wider range of technique than Palladio.

On the other hand, if the Renaissance is regarded, as I think it must be, as one vast comprehensive movement begun in Italy, but spreading far beyond it, it is impossible to regard the Baroque manner as typical of the Renaissance, still less as the peculiar architecture of Humanism. It is not quite clear what Mr Scott intends by Humanism. Sometimes he seems to mean the point of view of the finer minds of the Renaissance; sometimes simply human nature. Humanism, as I understand it, means the open tolerant mind, unfettered by dogmatic authority, that finds its interest in all the finer realisations of man. The true Humanist does not limit his outlook to one school or one manner. He would not set up one style against another, but in a way stands apart from them all, with preferences, it may be, yet not shutting the door on any. Mr Scott rightly insists that to reprobate the Baroque on moral grounds is irrelevant. One does not reprobate the clown in a circus. Indeed, one may be very much amused, but one would hardly regard him as a serious actor. Architects are concerned with bigger things and with graver appeals than are possible to the scene painter and the puppet-show man, and though one may derive pleasure and amusement from the antics of

the Baroque architects, one really cannot take them quite seriously. Indeed, I doubt if Mr Scott does himself; at any rate in his epilogue he shows signs of hedging.

In his concluding chapter Mr Scott deals with 'Humanist Values.' 'The whole of architecture,' he says, 'is in fact unconsciously invested by us with human movement or human moods.' 'We transcribe architecture into terms of ourselves.' This, he says, is the basis of creative design and of critical appreciation, and it amounts to this, that our æsthetic enjoyment of architecture is derived from our imagining ourselves as performing its actual static and dynamic functions. This theory, introduced by Signor Croce, has been fashionable for some time past, but all that is true in it was stated by Goethe when he said that man never knows how anthropomorphic he is; and it was better put by Plotinus, who held that the pleasure we derive from beautiful things is due to the soul's recognition of something in them akin to its own nature; and though this theory may have some slight relevance to critical appreciation it has none whatever to creative design. In architecture it is almost absurdly inappropriate. By an effort of imagination one might imagine oneself to be a column, or as leaning up against a wall as a buttress, or if one's abdominal muscles were sufficiently developed, a very short beam, but architecture is not an agglomeration of unrelated details. Its quality lies in the composition as a whole, the embodiment of an organic idea, and by no stretch of imagination can any one imagine himself as discharging the functions of the Colosseum, the Pantheon, or S. Peter's at Rome. Still less can this theory explain the value of graphic art, which is not in the round but in the flat unless one can think oneself into terms of a pancake. Nor is it in accord with actual experience. The pleasure that an educated person derives from a work of art is the result of appeals from many different elements, and depends largely on the range of imagination and sympathy of the spectator on the one hand, and on the extent of his knowledge on the other. A Red Indian, for instance, would be a competent judge of a wigwam, but if he was suddenly transplanted to St

Paul's Cathedral, the probability is that he would be simply bewildered. Mr Scott makes the fantastic assertion 'that architectural art is the transcription of the body's states into terms of building,' and he produces as evidence of this the fact that certain of the Renaissance architects amused themselves by endeavouring to construct a system of design on the basis of the human figure. Villars de Honecourt had tried the same experiment long before, but this is no evidence at all. These men were not endeavouring to translate the functions of the body into terms of building, but were hoping to establish a canon of proportions based on the proportions of the human figure. This was the intention of Albert Durer's treatise on the symmetry of the human figure.

Mr Scott's or Signor Croce's theory of æsthetic seems to me meaningless for any practical purpose; moreover, it leaves wholly untouched a very critical problem, namely, what goes on in the mind of the creative artist himself. Even Mr Scott admits that architects do not imagine themselves to be arches and buttresses when they set about designing—that is, before they translate their conceptions into terms of building—but he is misled by his own eloquence, and gives an actual objective existence to what is after all only metaphor and description. The valuable part of Mr Scott's book is his lucid and convincing exposure of the fallacies that made so much of 19th-century criticism of architecture worthless. He breaks boldly with the conventions and establishes architecture in its rightful place as an art sovereign and complete in itself. It is, he says, 'above all an art of synthesis, it controls the beauty of painting and sculpture and the minor arts. Its austerity orders even the beauty which is its own.' That is a description which all architects would endorse. Where we differ is in applying it to the Baroque, the very essence of which is to throw away all rule, reticence, and restraint.

Till comparatively recently the Baroque was dismissed with contumely as merely decadent art. Now it is the fashion, and our enthusiastic young writers cast themselves for the rôle of fairy Godmother to the Baroque and aspire to rescue this Cinderella from the scullery sink. The difficulty is that they are rather uncertain who she really is. Sometimes she is the dashing young

thing, Borromini in Italy, Churriguera in Spain, Pozzo at Venice, Fischer von Erlach at Vienna. Sometimes she is the sober housekeeper, even such an entirely respectable person as Vignola. Mr Scott, for example, classes together the Colonnade of S. Peter's, S. Andrea del Quirinale at Rome, and the Salute at Venice, but these buildings have little or nothing in common. The Colonnade is a straightforward piece of solid and unimpeachable classic, and in a wholly different category from either S. Andrea or Longhena's fine design at Venice. The guide-books label all buildings later than the middle of the 17th century as Baroque. The remarkable Church of the Jesuits, for example (1728), at Venice, is described in a popular handbook as built 'in the base style of the age.' As a matter of fact, except for its superabundance of figures, the actual design of the façade, and of that of San Lazaro dei Mendicanti (1673), is no more Baroque than that of San Giorgio or the Redentore. There is any quantity of Baroque design in the altar pieces of the Venetian churches, but it must be obvious that the calculated eccentricity of these designs is a thing apart, and has nothing in common with sober vernacular Classic.

Mr Sitwell seems ready to sweep into the net of the Baroque any and every important building that existed in Italy in the 17th and 18th centuries, and his principle seems to be that any old thing will do. He jumps from China to Peru and one never quite knows where he is. In the preface to his book on 'Southern Baroque Art' he announces that he has taken it as his subject with the definite object of establishing 'a short circuit,' and by showing that 'one art is as good as another, to leave our generation free to follow out its own ideas.' There can be no doubt that 17th- and 18th-century art in Italy, and indeed elsewhere, was seriously under-rated by popular writers of the last century, but this complete indifference to any standard of values is something new. It enables Mr Sitwell to praise second- and third-rate artists and merely competent tradesmen such as Solimena, and to wax enthusiastic over some of the most deplorable efforts in architecture that have been perpetrated in modern Europe. Mr Sitwell seems to regard 'Baroque' as a general term for any effort of man that is at once

unusual, grotesque, and sinister, and he concludes his volume of 300 pages on Baroque art with a lurid and even revolting description of a modern bull-fight in Mexico. He is not really concerned with art, Baroque or otherwise, except as a vehicle for word-painting, in which, to do him justice, he is very skilful. With the exception of one happy phrase describing Baroque as 'the only virtuoso architecture to be found in Europe,' he makes no attempt at its critical analysis. On the other hand, he abounds in imaginary scenes from the Court life of some futile Hapsburg prince in the 17th or 18th centuries. For instance, after classing Il Greco with Bernini as 'one of the most typical spirits of the Baroque' regardless of dates, origins, technique, and temperament, he gives a rhapsody of twenty-five pages on the Knights of the Golden Fleece, under the romantic title of 'Les Indes Galantes.' In the same chapter ten pages are given to a description of the old seraglio in Constantinople and Solyman the Magnificent, interesting in its way and readable: 'Sed non nunc erat his locus.' The purple patch flares on every page, and Mr Sitwell indulges freely in the fashionable mannerism of describing things in terms of something else. Moonlight, for example, which is described as 'brittle' in one paragraph, in the next becomes a 'sharp-pointed sword.' The façade of the Provincial Hospital at Madrid by Churriguera is said to show up 'in the sun with the white glare of the moon, and at night his façade was honeyed and golden like the sunlight.' Contradictions in terms seem to be an accepted device of our young prose-writers. The pillars of Hercules are described as the 'lintels to the Mediterranean.' Of course one may expect anything in Baroque art, but even in Baroque a pillar can hardly be a lintel at the same time as it is a column. Mr Sitwell has a great admiration for Churriguera, and gives an illustration of his work in the Cartuja at Granada, in which the surface is so completely covered with quips and cranks and 'colifichets' that the design is unreadable. It is a work characteristic of an architect who probably possessed the worst taste ever known in the history of Western architecture. The façade of the church of S. Croce at Lecce seems to me to possess almost every

conceivable fault which it is possible to combine in one composition, but Mr Sitwell finds it to be of 'dazzling beauty.' If this is his conception of the true Baroque, how can he classify as Baroque Vanvitelli's dignified staircase in the palace of Caserta? In point of fact Lecce like S. Moise and S. Zobenigo at Venice is not so much Baroque as barbaric, and Caserta is not Baroque at all, but reasonable Classics. But so catholic is this writer's taste that he is able to include among his examples of Baroque art the work of an Indian architect, a certain Ceferino Gutierrez, who practised in Mexico in the latter part of the 19th century. This architect, he says, could not draw, but used to scratch his design in the sand, so that all the workmen had to do was to look down from the scaffolding and see what Gutierrez wanted. The result, presumably in the Baroque manner, is described by Mr Sitwell as 'a barbaric and tropical interpretation of the icy pinnacles and dripping grottoes of the North' inspired by 'the early Victorian steel engravings of Northern Europe.' The result must indeed have been prodigious, but Mr Sitwell should really go on to the scaffolding of some building in course of erection and see how it is actually done. I would remind him of the advice of Horace:

*'Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent
Quid valeant humeri.'*

He has written a picturesque book, but it leaves Baroque art where it was, and he does himself less than justice when he says there is a total lack in his generation of 'self-confidence and fluency.'

It must be admitted that it is not very easy to define 'Baroque' art. Corrado Ricci in his useful if somewhat uncritical collection of examples, says that the term was either Portuguese for an irregular pearl, or was derived from 'verruca,' a wart. The term appears to have come into common use by the end of the 18th century, and Ricci quotes a description of it from a dictionary as 'a pretentious and eccentric style which came into vogue at the end of the 16th and lasted throughout the 18th century,' but it has been applied very loosely to include buildings which are not Baroque at all. Bernini's Church

at Ariccia is quite simple and severe, the interior of his S. Andrea dell Quirinale is an exceedingly skilful design on an oval plan. There is nothing of the Baroque in his design of the Palazzo di Montecitorio at Rome. On the other hand, the famous altar of S. Theresa, with the broken and reversed curve of its entablature, is a characteristic example of Baroque design. The Porta Pia at Rome with its double pediment and awkward treatment of the consoles and pilasters is Baroque, if it is anything but Michael Angelo's exasperated reply to the impossible demands of his client. An Italian poet of the 17th century, the Cavaliere Marino, asserted that the object of art is 'la maraviglia,' and its aim is to astonish at all costs. It is to be ready for any sacrifice, if only it can leave the spectator gasping, and this, in fact, seems to me to be one meaning of the Baroque in art. It is an affair of the footlights from first to last. Where greater men have been content to pursue the even tenor of their way, careless of the applause of the public and intent only on realising their own ideals, men of inferior calibre have felt it necessary to scream, even if it is only gibberish, in order to be heard at all. Thus the Spaniard and the Portuguese and the Southern Italians cover their buildings with preposterous ornament. The infallible rule is to invert the normal method. Angles of buildings which should be square are round. Pediments which should protect openings are broken in half, turned back to back, doubled or tripled, or, as in Santa Stae on the Grand Canal at Venice, are cut into three separate blocks which act as corbels for figures. The object is at all costs to create a sensation, and Mr Robertson, the advocate of the sensational and dramatic in his 'New Architecture,' and Mr Geoffrey Scott, the defender of the old, find themselves for once on common ground. Baroque is not a style at all, in the sense say that Perpendicular or First-pointed are styles of architecture—that is, methods of architectural expression which were natural and inevitable to those who used them. Baroque is, on the one hand, an affair mainly of detail, and on the other a matter of temperament, of the point of view from which the artist approaches his work. It is the complement, let us say, to the macabre, cheerful, amusing, and absurd, where the macabre is deliberately

gruesome. Both of them depend for their success on elements which are irrelevant and often hostile to the art of architecture. Their justification is merely technical. It is, however, only fair to say that in the hands of the abler men the technical ability shown is undeniable. Bernini and Borromini performed prodigies in surmounting the difficulties of oval plans and curves in plan of all sorts. Even the lamentable Pozzo did unheard-of things in his High Altars and Baldachinos, and some of the Italians who crossed the Alps—Martinelli, for instance, at Vienna, or Solari at Salzburg—produced buildings of real distinction, if only their ornament could be shorn away. These men were never checked by any technical impasse in design, such as in less skilful hands leads to the abandonment of a promising idea, but they were artistic acrobats rather than artists. Mr Sitwell was right in describing Baroque as 'virtuoso architecture.' At its best it was the work of men of great technical ability, but of commonplace and even vulgar ideals, whose real anxiety was to display their skill. In the hands of inferior men, the results of their laborious ingenuity are simply childish. The altar-pieces in the Church of San Stefano, the High Altar and Baldachino of the Scalza at Venice, and several of the monuments in SS. Giovanni e Paolo at Padua, are characteristic examples. With rare exceptions one remains unconvinced that Baroque architecture is anything more than play-acting, and that any great art will grow on this barren soil.

It is a significant fact that the introduction of the Baroque idea was due to an artist, who, man of genius though he was, believed that he was a master of every art. Bernini (if I may repeat my own opinion of him given elsewhere) approached architecture from the wrong point of view. He was an impulsive artist of great ability who, if he made his point, and startled the spectator by calculated audacity, cared little how he made it. His instincts were essentially melodramatic, the worst possible temperament for an architect. By training a sculptor, he had little respect for his art, treating it as a vehicle for impressions which can only be conveyed rightly by other arts. He said of himself, 'I make the marble supple as wax, and in my works

I have united the resources of painting and sculpture'—and it is precisely for this reason that Bernini has never won a place among the greatest artists of the world. Bernini never really thought in any terms but those of the modeller's clay, and his weakness and that of his followers was that they never recognised the limitations of the arts. Mr Scott goes dangerously near to forgetting this fundamental principle of criticism, when he speaks of 'the triple pediment with its three repeated lines placed like the chords in the last bars of a symphony.'

Complete inability to realise that each art has its own peculiar province appears in the works of the illusionists, men such as Pozzo, Fumiani, and the Bibbiena family, the men who adorned the vaults of churches and the ceilings of palaces with painted architecture so skilfully treated in colour and perspective that, seen from below, it is almost impossible to say which is solid and which is paint. There are familiar instances in Rome. In the old University Church at Vienna, decorated by Pozzo, the second bay of the nave from the west end appears to be a coffered dome, and the illusion is complete till you look up westward from the east end, when the whole dome appears to have collapsed on its side like a jelly. Pozzo's vanishing point is taken close to the west end, and from anywhere but the one point of view the effect is absurd.

In the Palazzo Pisani at Stra, near Padua, the whole of the architecture of the great hall, except the exiguous Sicilian marble archways at either end, is painted on the surface of the wall, and the pediments of the painted Corinthian orders run out into the coves of the ceiling of the balcony round the hall. Even the genius of Tiepolo, the admirable satyrs painted above the cornice, the great macaw on the pilaster, and the stone pines in the centre panel, hardly redeem the ineptitude of Colonna's painted architecture and chiaroscuro. The final impression it leaves is one of boredom with make-believe that does not convince. But the illusionist decorator was reckless in his search for 'la maraviglia.' In S. Pantaleone, at Venice, there is an amazing ceiling by Fumiani, covering the whole of the nave. The rules of perspective were conscientiously applied, the figures

supposed to be next the cornice are colossal, those high in the empyrean mere flies, the effect so far is interesting and even impressive, but then the deplorable cleverness of the illusionist asserts itself. Arms and legs and angels' wings, painted presumably on thin boards, are hung out below the soffits of window openings, and the whole thing becomes ridiculous. In the Collegien Kirche, at Salzburg, Fischer von Erlach filled up the lower part of his window with fat clouds modelled in stucco, which go wandering up the walls till they lose themselves in the vault. The impression this sort of thing leaves on the spectator is that of a confused kind of nightmare, in which the reason totters, because the evidence of the senses is no longer to be trusted. There can be no question of the dexterity of these artists, but was it worth doing and is it worth doing now? One regrets that, in the interesting attempts to reintroduce Baroque decoration, these silly tricks of the illusionist have been revived. Mr Scott is surely hard put to it when he has to defend this practice by reference to the optical refinements of the Parthenon. The object of those refinements was to correct optical illusions. For instance, if a long, straight line seemed to the eye to sag, the Greeks gave it an imperceptible convex curve in order to correct a wrong impression. The object of the Baroque decorators was to give that wrong impression and to make that appear solid which was, in fact, paint. There may be other justifications of this practice, but it has no sort of analogy with the refinements of the Parthenon.

The Greek built for eternity, the Italian of the end of the 17th century for about three generations. His vehicle was stucco, paint, and gilding. His most ambitious frontages scarcely turn the corner, and the stucco rapidly disintegrates, but the method was cheap and admitted of interminable reproduction. The Palazzo Pisani at Stra is a characteristic example. This enormous villa stands on the north bank of the Brenta in front of a large walled-in garden, furnished with many grilles and gateways. You come in through an imposing entrance and pass through an open loggia of columns between two courts to the garden beyond. In the centre is a long canal, or water-piece, flanked by what were once parterres, but are now planted with maize. Chestnut

avenues run down either side, with bosquets beyond. At the further end is a second building, apparently almost as large as the first, but this turns out to be little more than a screen shutting out the roadway beyond. One's first impression is that of an immense apparatus of house and grounds, but the inherent make-believe of the whole thing forces its way into one's consciousness. The scale and spaciousness of the design are fine, but the architecture is mean, and the final impression is that of melancholy effort to conceal fallen greatness by a sham. Stra and the Pisani, how are the mighty fallen!

Baroque architecture is at its worst in Spain and Portugal, and the countries under their influence. In its origin it was essentially the child of later 17th-century Italy; not of the Prelates and Princes of the Renaissance, but of the Italians themselves, a lazy, laughter-loving people, impatient of sustained thought, and with an irresistible instinct for the spectacular and the dramatic. From Italy it spread like an epidemic to Southern or rather to South-Eastern Europe, and it found its abiding home in Austria, where it is seen at its best. It is as if in crossing the Alps it had shed some of its follies and developed into something approaching a vernacular style. It was introduced by Italians, architects such as Martinelli, ornamentalists and draughtsmen such as Pozzo, S.J., and the Bibbiena family of theatrical designers, but the Austrian took to it like a duck to the water, it exactly suited his temperament. Fischer von Erlach and Lucas von Hildebrand, both of whom had studied under Italian masters, assimilated the Baroque, and as neither of them possessed any taste, but were both of them able men, they produced the most extravagant designs which became models for Austrian architecture throughout the 18th century. Both these men, von Erlach in particular, could plan, but they made the mistake of planning for planning's sake, and of doing strange things for the sake of doing them. Austrian baroque is at its best in domestic architecture, and particularly in country houses, which are attractive because they have forgotten to be grandiose; some of the garden designs of the early 18th century are admirable, and possess a certain whimsical

charm not to be found in more accomplished work. There is a garden at Salzburg, laid out for the Prince Archbishop early in the 18th century, which suggest the groves of Blarney:

‘Heroes standing that noble place in,
All heathen goddesses most rare,
Moses, Nero, and Nebuchodonezzar
All standing naked in the open air.’

You enter at one end between two gladiators, and a row of heroes or gods on either side of them. About twenty yards away, on the inner side of this forecourt, are two more gladiators and two more rows of goddesses, sixteen comic figures and four gladiators. In the centre of the garden is a water-piece, and four groups, Æneas and Anchises, Hercules and Antæus, Proserpine, a lady of most ample proportions, struggling stoutly in the arms of Pluto, and Venus in a chemise upheld by Mars, with a delicious smirk, suggesting, ‘I know I oughtn’t to like this sort of thing, but I do!’ At the further end is a peculiar bronze horse in the centre of another water-piece, and a flight of stairs to the left leading to a bridge (replaced by a modern affair), which gives access to a raised garden adorned with eight inimitable figures of dwarfs. There is also a maze cut in beech, and an aviary. It is impossible to resist a kindly feeling towards this cheerful, irresponsible, almost childish art, and I am convinced that the house of the Marquess of Carabas was designed and decorated by Bernard Fischer von Erlach.

The Baroque never established itself in France or England. Oppenord and Cuviliés brought it into fashion in France for a time, but it was laughed out of court in France by the middle of the 18th century. In England a sounder tradition was firmly established, and it made no appeal to English taste, so long as that taste existed. Nor is it ever likely to do so, except as a passing fashion. The last traces of Baroque in its most decrepit form are to be found in hotels and marine residences erected by speculative builders in the 19th century.

The result of our study is to leave us as we were. Mr Robertson wants no style. Mr Scott is all for one particular and quite peculiar style. Mr Robertson wants

efficiency. Mr Scott is indifferent to it. Possibly a more extended experience of practice might lead both of these writers to modify their views. The best modern architecture does not ignore the past, it could not do so if it tried, but it realises how much it owes to it. Neither does it, nor can it, ignore efficiency. Buildings must answer the purpose for which they are built, but that purpose must be given a generous interpretation. An architect does not think he has solved the problem of architecture because his building stands up, keeps the wet out, and is practically convenient. The difference between the architect and the mere builder is that the architect takes the consideration of plan and construction which are common to both of them, and by thought and imagination transmutes them into terms of æsthetic value. New forms and combinations of forms will develop themselves out of new conditions, but this does not mean that where we are dealing with problems which have been perfectly solved in the past, we are to turn our backs on those solutions. We stand in the arts in the same relation to the past as we do in relation to the written and spoken word. We possess a certain inherited and acquired equipment; the vital point is what use we make of that equipment, whether we are content to make a merely mechanical use of it, or whether by our own efforts and enthusiasm we fashion out of it a richer instrument for the expression of thought.

Now, it is obvious that if a man is to make the most of this inheritance, he must acquaint himself with its full extent; he must learn to discriminate between what is of permanent value and what is worthless. The weak point of modern training since the war seems to me that students are encouraged to neglect the enormous heritage of the past, and to concentrate their attention on purely modern work, usually American, itself a more or less skilful pastiche of older work. There is little fear of our returning to the revivalism of the 19th century, but there does seem to me a real danger of our young men turning their backs on the art of the past, very greatly to the detriment of their technique. Crude and ignorant brutality is not the same thing as strength, and fireworks are not to be mistaken for the flash of genius.

In the arts there seems to be no solution of the

perennial problem—who is to say what is good and what is bad in art? The old French Academy spent year after year in the attempt to define 'le bon goust,' and one has to admit with regret that their efforts were unsuccessful. It is a problem that has vexed all thinkers since the days of Aristotle. He referred all such questions to the man of knowledge and enlightenment, and this at least is better than the paralysing verdict of 'quod semper quod ubique quod ab omnibus,' which seems to put a stop to any independent judgment of the past. Yet it is not entirely satisfactory, the men of judgment sometimes differ, and the layman is set the further difficulty of deciding which he is to follow. For the artist himself the problem is less difficult. Every sincere artist who has studied his art and acquired his own technique, inevitably builds up his own conviction as to what he is aiming at, and how he is to set out to reach his ideal. However inarticulate he may be in formulating his ideals, they will be found at the back of all his work. Consciously or unconsciously he will strive to reach certain absolute standards, and the exhortations of his critics will leave him unperturbed. My own view of architecture, both now and in the future, is that the deliberate search after originality is futile. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' These things will come of their own or not at all.

REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

Art. 2.—BIOLOGY AND SOCIAL HYGIENE. ✓

MEDICAL advice in regard to individual health and social hygiene we are familiar with and grateful for, but what can Biology have to say? Yet would it not be strange if the science of organic life had no counsel for us in our endeavour after more life and better life? We hope to show that it has much to suggest, but just because human society is more than a herd of mammals, we give prominence at the outset to the warning that the biological outlook is necessarily partial, and requires to be supplemented and corrected by psychological and sociological considerations. We must take an all-round view. Thus we cannot separate the healthy body from the healthy mind, and all our biological ambitions seek realisation within a social phase—the outcome of an industrial and palæotechnic age—which is much stronger than the individual. The biologist as such has not directly to do with mental training, yet the attention given to his counsel depends largely on education. The value of biological advice might be greatly increased if people ‘changed their mind.’ Similarly what is biologically desirable is not always socially desirable. As Sir Francis Galton always insisted, biologists must respect the existing state of social sentiment. The biologist as such is not directly concerned with improvements in social organisation, and yet he knows that the edge is taken off his advice by obstacles that are social rather than organismal. While the biologist must hold to his ideals, he must anticipate the difficulties of realising these in the present-day psychological and sociological conditions.

What, then, is the biologist’s task in relation to social hygiene? He sees around him diverse aggregates and integrates of men, women, and children with varying degrees of healthfulness and with diverse natural inheritances. Has he any suggestions towards betterment? He sees a great variety of activities and inactivities, some much less wholesome than others, has he, as biologist, any suggestions towards amelioration? He sees a variety of environments, plus and minus again, from the hillside to the slum, has he, as biologist, any suggestions

towards improving or holding fast that which is good, even towards making the best of the worst? In other words, the biological prism for the analysis of life has these three sides, Organism, Function, Environment; or, in human terms, Folk, Work, Place. The hope is that some practical progress may reward clearer understanding.

In looking towards the future we are grateful for what has been achieved in the past. It is a notable fact that the average expectation of life in England increased by over ten years between 1871-80 and 1910-12 (News-holme). There have been great advances in sanitation and preventive medicine, and from time to time there have been waves of enthusiasm towards better health. But the progress that has been made is to the credit of Medicine rather than of Biology, and even if one recalls how zoologists have joined the ranks of Medicine in fighting such diseases as malaria and sleeping sickness, to mention only two, one is bound to say that the help came from parasitologists, entomologists, and the like, rather than from biologists in the stricter sense. The contributions from biology are more difficult to specify, because they relate to clearer thinking rather than to practical advances. But it would be unwarranted pessimism to say that the biological study of heredity and environment, of sex and reproduction, has been without influence on human welfare. There is a large contribution even in the fundamental idea that stable progress must take account of the three sides of Life—Organism, Function, and Environment; Folk, Work, and Place.

We all recognise that there is considerable soundness and wholesomeness in ourselves and others. The facts forbid pessimism, but they do not encourage complacency. Keeping away from problems of social organisation, which are not for the biologist as such, we must all recognise that there are grave reasons for taking counsel together. What is wrong that we wish to help to put right? In the first place, there is far too much actual disease, which may be biologically described as disturbance of the normal routine of the body. When the ordinary processes of metabolism get out of hand, and occur out of place, out of time, and out of tune, that spells some sort of disease. Biologically speaking, we

may distinguish constitutional diseases, occupational diseases, and parasitic diseases, and though the second and third are being resolutely and successfully tackled, there is still far too much of all three. Constitutional diseases, such as some forms of epilepsy and diabetes, appear to be due to inborn or germinal defects or disturbances, and the big fact, that should make us think, is that they are practically unknown in Wild Nature when man does not interfere. The chief reason for this is that if they show face in Wild Nature they are nipped in the bud. Natural Selection is all for health, but man has departed from this regime, without as yet substituting anything as good.

Occupational and habitudinal diseases, such as might be illustrated by lead-poisoning and extreme obesity, are likewise practically unknown in Wild Nature, though common enough among domestic animals. The chief reason is to be found in Nature's stern selection for health and sharp intolerance of bad habits. A rat may live in a sewer, but it is not an unhealthy rat. Most animals, save parasites, have a deeply rooted objection to deteriorative environments and functionings.

As to microbic diseases, such as tuberculosis and malaria, which are so rife in mankind, one must admit the possibility of 'epidemics' in Wild Nature, but there is not much proof of their occurrence except when man has intruded. It is possible that the horses which used to be so abundant in America were exterminated by some Trypanosome carried by some fly, but this is only a speculation. It is possible that some microbic disease hastened the puzzlingly rapid disappearance of the Passenger Pigeon, but this has not been proved. We venture to say that microbic diseases are very unusual in Wild Nature.

The critic may remind us of microbic and fungoid disease in salmon, of a kind of diphtheria among wood-pigeons, of the pebrine that is so fatal to silkworms, of 'foul brood' among hive-bees, and so on through a long list, but in most cases it will be found that the conditions of these animal diseases are not those of Wild Nature, but of human interference. There is a well-known bacterial disease among sandhoppers, well known because such an occurrence is so unusual; but here, again, we

must make sure that pollution by sewage or the like is not to blame.

If the critic refers to the Trypanosomes that occur abundantly in antelopes and other wild animals in Africa—Trypanosomes which are believed by many to be the same as those which cause Sleeping Sickness in man and nagana in domestic stock, the answer is, these internal-beasts-of-prey, as they should be called, seem to be almost harmless to their wild hosts. The exception proves the rule. Similarly, in regard to parasites, which are undoubtedly very common in Wild Nature, the usual state of affairs is that a give-and-take compromise is arrived at between the host and its parasites. Mutual adjustments bring about a *modus vivendi*, and in many cases the presence of numerous parasites is immaterial unless some other factor, such as scarcity of food, enfeebles the vigour of the host. When parasites rapidly destroy an animal, this is usually due to their getting into an entirely novel host that has no natural defences in the way of 'anti-bodies' and so forth. We admit, however, that troubles due to parasites may occur in Wild Nature apart from human interference; we maintain, on the other hand, the important thesis, that there is only a very rare occurrence of constitutional, habitudinal, or microbic disease.

The reasons for this striking and disconcerting contrast between civilised society and Wild Nature are briefly these: (1) that social conditions shield individuals who would be rapidly eliminated by Natural Selection; (2) that the progress of curative medicine makes cobbling practicable and enables man to evade natural penalties; and (3) that our health-conscience is dull.

A second contrast, between civilised society and Wild Nature is that the latter abounds in exuberant vigour, while the former shows an appalling diffusion of gloomy sub-health. It is plain that one must distinguish between the absence of disease, not that this would be a small thing, and *positive* health. Why is there so much depressed vitality in our midst? Partly because man is very easily led astray from health by ambitions so strong that they force him to ignore or disregard the associated deterioration of physical vigour. Partly because of temporarily effective stimulants and fatigues-

disguisers. Partly because there is in civilised mankind little of the resting instinct (*sit venia verbo*) that is so strong and imperative in many wild animals.

No naturalist, however optimistic, would maintain that Wild Nature is without anything corresponding to man's 'unlit lamp and ungirt loin.' For, quite apart from parasitism, there are many instances of animals that take things easily, drifting rather than swimming in the tide of life. But even among those animals that thus show implicit acceptance of such mottoes as 'Ca' canny' and 'Safety first,' there is very little indication of depressed health. The chief reason for this is to be found in the direct competition between organisms and in the struggle between organisms and their changeful environment. For this twofold endeavour is ever insistent on physical fitness. Man, however, is able in a large degree to evade this insistence, and thus depressed vitality becomes almost standardised.

A third, often painful, contrast between civilised society and 'Wild Nature' is that the former shows so much pathology of sex and the latter so little. It is true that there are some ugly sex-facts even among wild animals, but they are not common; and on the whole one must say that if the animal never rises so high as man, it rarely falls so low, except in domestication. But why is it that 'sex' is so often pathological in mankind, so rarely even ugly in, say, birds? Part of the answer is that social and ethical considerations lead to repressions and suppressions which bring dangers and troubles; but another part of the answer is that sex-selection in birds is largely determined by vigour, agility, and the ecstasy of health. There is too little of this kind of selection in mankind, and the lowered standard of health reacts on the expressions of sex.

The biggest fact that lies behind the contrasts that we have discussed is the difference between a human society and a herd. In man's case so much depends on the extra-organismal heritage, which is at once a blessing and a curse. The social heritage of customs and traditions, manners and morals, institutions and enregistered ideals, is indispensable to us, who cannot stand alone; yet it allows of the survival of organisms with a bad natural inheritance, and it brings to us from the past, and from

the industrial palæotechnic age in particular, an objective and a subjective net in which we sometimes seem, even at our best, to be struggling in vain. In a society the force of habits is raised to a higher power, and for evil as well as for good. In a society there are engendered ambitions and appetites (plus and minus again) whose intensity enables them to dominate over our vague 'instincts' of physical health. Much of our disharmony is due to the rapidity of the social evolution, upwards and downwards, to which as organisms we have not had time to adjust ourselves, whether in acquiescence or in rebellion. It comes to this, that biological ideals, such as that of better health, cannot be fully realised without the aid of corresponding social ameliorations.

We must take a balanced view, neither despairing nor complacent. Using our biological prism again—Environment, Function, Organism, or Place, Work, Folk—and taking that order for a change, we must admit that many human surroundings are infra-human. They are impoverished and impoverishing; they are ugly, depressing, and deteriorative. Yet how many present-day efforts there are towards open spaces, gardens, better houses—even homes, developing the egress of cities—wholesome ways out of slumdom! It may be that the influences of wholesome surroundings are not hereditarily entailed, but they may mean heaven or hell for the individual.

As to functions, there are still occupations that are very hard on the man, but every year sees some improvement. The work of miners, for instance, which we cannot at present dispense with, would soon kill most of us, yet the health-rate of miners is not low. Occupational diseases are less common than fifty years ago; hours are better; work-places are more wholesome; holidays are more possible. Perhaps what is most wrong is that much of the functioning lacks *interest*—the interest of art and beauty and of representative share in rewards and the reverse. This mechanisation of man leads to depression and fatigue, and consequent artificial short-cuts out of both. Even in the country, where much of the work is in the open air, it may be too unrelieved, and the brain softens. But even that is passing with the disappearance of distance—whether

through charabanc or wireless. Can any one doubt the reality of betterment? Along with improved functionings must be included improved use of leisure time—more play and less mere looking at it, more truly mind-resting hobbies, such as gardening and music and Natural History. To tell the truth, we are not good at resting; yet we are moulded not only by what we do, but also by what we don't.

Turning to the individual organism again, we must add to the frequency of disease and to the acquiescence with sub-health, a considerable frequency of 'bad habits' in connexion with eating and drinking and sex. Who is quite free from them? Yet gluttony is probably waning and more attention is being paid to diet than ever before in the history of mankind. The social criticism of alcoholism is becoming more stringent and occupational excuse for it less genuine.

As to sex, every clear-headed person must admit that there is much that works against health and happiness, not to speak of progressive evolution. We must admit the deplorable continuance of prostitution, the frequency of venereal disease, the abnormal sensuality of many men, and the numbers of both sexes who sink into the captivity of bad habits. Many fine types are distracted by the disharmonies of the sex-urge; there are too many selfish bachelors who practise only nominal celibacy; there are in our country far too many unmarried women—a disproportion which always lowers the standard of sex-selection on the woman's part. There are also social and economic (e.g. housing) factors that operate undesirably against early marriage. Much of this has its psychological aspect, for while it is difficult to get away from vague surmise, it is to be feared that civilised society suffers from a frequent materialisation of marriage, from a lowering of ethical standards, from too strong a love of pleasure and a growing unwillingness to endure hardness. It is often difficult to say when the bodily aspect of the organism leads, and when the mental; but they cling together, and the ideal is *Mens sana in corpore sano*.

Bad health is so unhappy and sub-health so tiresome that we all seek after health. What need, then, to talk about it? The need is that we do not desire health with

all our heart and mind, nor for our neighbours (in the New Testament sense) as much as we should. There have been prophets of health in the past, men like Edward Carpenter; we need them now. Even when we moderate our hopes in face of the social regime which enmeshes and entangles us, we cannot but feel that a refreshed enthusiasm for health would be a powerful lever. It might even move society. We need a poet of physical fitness. In any case let us not fail to see the good side of games and sport, exploring, scouting, climbing, swimming, even gymnastics, breathing exercises, and the dance. How much in this generation has golf done towards the prolongation of vigorous life, and what a good example it is of the health-testing value of a game. Off your game usually means off your health. The poet of health being still to find, let us consider the ideal scientifically.

(a) Besides making for happiness and efficiency, bodily health is of great importance in some other ways. There have been cases where a very healthy mind was tenant of a weakly or diseased body, but the rule is that bodily health works towards mental health, for the organism is a unity. Conversely, it is well known that something wrong with the eyes may blur the mental vision, and a touch of liver may spoil a philosophy.

(b) Depressed health or sub-health makes man acquiescent with dirt and ugliness, with inaction and muddy thinking. The extreme case is the apathy and despair, the so-called 'tropical depression,' seen in bad cases of hookworm infection; but we need not go to the tropics to find instances of the inhibitions of life that are due either to some disease or to acquiescence in a low standard of health. A mote in the eye blots out the sun, an accumulation of waste products poisons the life. The irritability of dyspepsia breaks up families and friendships.

(c) It cannot be said that vigorous health will free a man from the troubles associated with the imperiousness of sex, but the vigorous man is less likely to form bad habits. Looking at the whole range of life, we venture to say that good health makes for morals as well as manners. If we are frank with ourselves, and are fairly normal to start with, we must admit that the healthful

unity of the organism is an uncommonly testing touchstone of conduct.

(d) As to the economic value of healthfulness all are agreed. The loss to the output of the community through unnecessary illnesses is enormous, and every hard-working man or woman knows how the pitch of their health affects what they can get through in a day. But the influence of health is qualitative as well as quantitative, as has been proved experimentally in the artist's studio as well as in great productive enterprises.

We must now turn to one of the great scientific steps of the 20th century, the discovery of the ductless glands, such as the thyroid, the supra-renal, and the pituitary. This has changed the whole face of physiology and its applications to medicine. These ductless glands have subtle regulative functions which promote harmony of life by means of potent chemical messengers which are carried by the blood to all the holes and corners of the body. There are hormones that excite and chalones that quiet down. They are swept about like invisible floating keys, finding closed locks which they open and open locks which they proceed to close. They regulate development and growth; they affect sex and maternity; they influence body and mind.

If a child suffer from thyroid deficiency it remains arrested in development both bodily and mental—a cretinoid caricature of humanity. By the use of thyroid extract or even by eating the thyroid gland of some mammal like a sheep, the handicap of natural deficiency can be in some measure removed. This is one of the miracles of modern medicine. Sometimes a promising youth comes to grief as he comes of age, and wilts away, or lingers better dead, all because of some perturbation in the regulatory system. Yet in other cases the sicklied youth is tided over the crisis into strong manhood. This is a medical business, but there is a broad biological consideration to which brief reference must be made in the discussion of health.

It may be taken as established that a change in the normal efficiency of the regulatory glands may change the whole tenor of a life, altering mind and mood, character and conduct, as well as the state of health. The possibility of things going wrong is the tax we have

to pay on our equipment with such a wonderful regulatory system which generally secures that things go right. It is also certain that a notable inborn aberration in the activity of one or other of the regulatory glands may affect the whole development, giving rise not merely to unhealthy giants and dwarfs (to be distinguished from the healthy ones), but to arrests and exaggerations and disturbances of many kinds. Thus has arisen the heresy that the glands *determine* the personality—a heresy which illustrates the false simplicity of what we venture to call an illegitimate biologism.

In some cases, as we have admitted, the inborn disturbance of the ductless glands is so serious that it cannot be more than alleviated by any treatment. In most cases, however, the diversities of the endocrine glands are within narrow limits, and can be counteracted. They determine in some measure man's moods and temperaments, but to say that they determine the personality is a gross exaggeration. The ductless glands correspond to accelerators and brakes; but there are not less important factors in the inheritance—the nimble brain, the strong heart, the active liver, not to speak of controlling power and good-will. We protest against the fatalism of the theory that all is settled by the inborn balance of the glands. This is only true in extreme pathological cases. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, nor make bricks without straw, yet careful nurture can make much of not too promising hereditary nature. The personality is made as well as born, and it is for a man, who is not content to drift, to adjust himself to the deficiencies and exaggerations of his ductless glands. Beyond a certain limit, he must dree his weird; up to that limit he is master of his fate and captain of his soul. But he must seek after health and pursue it diligently.

How, then, are we to steer amid this sea of troubles? The first answer, always disappointing to the impatient, is that we must understand the case better before we hurry with our prescriptions. We do not know enough about what is wrong. We need more facts. Secondly, we must be more clear-headed and more unanimous in regard to what we want. We want progress, of course, but what is progress? It is easy to say that a particular

change, such as more light, is *progressive*, but what is progress as a whole? Must we not agree, when we think quietly, that progress is a balanced movement of society as a whole towards fuller embodiment of the supreme values (the good, the beautiful, and the true) in circumstances which increasingly realise the fundamental physical and biological pre-conditions of stability and persistence (namely, wealth and health), and in lives which are increasingly satisfactions in themselves, both individually and socially? This is indeed long-winded, but what we mean is that real progress concerns the big things—the good, the beautiful, and the true, as enrichments of society as a whole, and yet that these cannot be securely attained without a certain amount of wealth, meaning by that, of course, command of natural energies, nor without a much higher degree of positive health. To give one's strength to a particular progressive movement is always worth while, but concerted action is greater, and it depends on a unanimous coveting of the best gifts. Just as the biologist feels sure that stable progress towards the health of the organism must be associated with improved function and environment, so we must recognise that the health of the body is inseparable from the health of the mind, inseparable also from an enthusiasm for the higher values here and now.

Yet it is the way of progressive evolution to work in virtuous circles. Enthusiasm for the good, the beautiful, and the true is sure to make for better health; and this better health will raise the pitch of the higher enthusiasms. Bad health and sub-health, on the other hand, must on the whole tend to shackle aspiration. But what practical proposals may be suggested towards more positive health? There is a true tale of a great statesman who summoned a distinguished man of science and suddenly confronted him with the rottenness of the state of Denmark. What would science suggest should be done to secure an A1 society? The man of science had no counsel to offer and went away cursing himself as a fool. What was really wrong was that he was too wise. But suppose one got such an opportunity, what would one answer to the question: What can be done to raise the health-rate of our nation?

In our recommendations we shall not say anything

about sanitation or preventive medicine in its various forms, since these measures are in active operation and have in some cases reaped a deserved reward. Nor shall we say anything about the detailed ways of improving our personal health. Information on this subject is within the reach of all. What, then, is our counsel?

First, we recommend to the Ministry of Health the discovery and utilisation of itinerant apostles, men and women who are living health-advertisements, whose encouraging presence makes health appear eminently desirable. By their daily walk and conversation, as well as by their doctrine, these apostles would point the way to better health. Some biologists might accompany them as bad examples.

Second, we should start or revive in every town and village a Beautifying Society, with no destructive powers, but with every encouragement to make the bad better and the good best. Its constitution would be Emerson's poem on Art. For a good many years it would be busy with house-hiding devices, for which it would be necessary to plant groves of fig-trees.

Third, we should plead for more conscientious criticism of consumption. That is to say, when we buy something that we are not forced to buy, we should ask ourselves: Did the production of this promote health? This is far-reaching. To buy flowers makes for the healthy occupation of gardening. To buy line-caught fish, if one has a chance, rather than trawled fish, makes for the continuance of a fine race of men, the line fishermen, who are dying out rapidly. To buy a picture for a wedding present, rather than cut glass, promotes the well-being of the artists, who are the salt of the earth. Criticism of consumption is much more important than legislation.

Fourth, we should recommend more selection for health. As we all understand, the dilemma of civilisation, as Spencer called it, is that Man has thrown off the yoke of Natural Selection, but has not put in its place any adequate system of rational or social selection. We cannot get past Spencer's words: 'The law that each creature shall take the benefits and the evils of its own nature has been the law under which life has evolved so far. Any arrangements which, in a considerable

degree, prevent superiority from profiting by the rewards of superiority, or shield inferiority from the evils it entails—any arrangements which tend to make it as well to be inferior as to be superior, are arrangements diametrically opposed to the progress of organisation and the reaching of a higher life.' Now, we cannot cease trying to save life; and though we shall probably have to do something more to prevent the multiplication of the obviously undesirable, we cannot surgically get rid of our social liabilities, and we do not know enough to warrant us in much nipping of buds. These are difficult and debatable questions, but we can all agree in this: to select whenever we can in favour of the healthy. Continually we have to choose between our fellows, as they amongst us. Other things equal, let health tip the balance. In business and in production there is continual selection for efficiency: what we plead for is considering positive health as one of the most reliable of criteria.

Fifth, and that very seriously, we should institute an order of merit for outstanding health. No doubt health brings its own reward, but social recognition should be added. There should be an aristocracy of health. Of course there should be different grades and some differential treatment, for there are some necessary occupations in which the risks of impaired health are great. But, to take an example, there might well be social recognition of a workman who for years is never off work on grounds of health, just as there begins to be for a never-absent school-child. And the most distinguished aristocrats of health would be men and women superbly healthy, not only in themselves, but in their children.

Sixth, the last word, 'children,' leads us to make a plea for practical eugenics—the science and art of breeding well. Wisely, we think, the pioneer society working in this direction has called itself *The Eugenics Education Society*, for we do not, as yet, know enough to be eugenically bold. But it is not premature to educate ourselves towards breeding well—one of the oldest of ambitions; in fact, it is over-due. What, however, can be called practicable Eugenics? In the first place, though we cannot select our parents, we do to

some extent select our partners in life; and while falling in love, or rather rising, is a very subtle thing, not to be standardised, there cannot be any harm in having the mind pre-occupied and the heart garrisoned with ideals of health in the widest and highest sense.

There should be, perhaps there is, a growing prejudice against radically unsound people having children, and against spoiling good seed with bad—by the introduction, for instance, of defects like deaf-mutism, pre-dispositions to well-defined mental instability, certain forms of diabetes and epilepsy, and uncured venereal disease. The time is not ripe for marriage-certificates or parentage-permits; and it is a little suspicious that it is always the other fellow, not oneself, that one thinks of as not a good sort of a person to be a parent. The time is not ripe, if it ever will be, for allowing weakly infants, whose continued life must be more or less miserable, to pass away in their sleep. The serious objections are that many weakly infants, such as Sir Isaac Newton, have grown up to be the makers and shakers of the world, that the Spartan proposals outrun our present secure knowledge, that lopping off twigs may be removing the results of evil without touching the cause, and that we cannot go far in social surgery without outraging social sentiment in its finest expressions and shaking the foundations of our ethical system. It might be thought that lopping off or elimination is just what biologists would approve of, but there are many who see much more hope in fostering pride of race and the old-fashioned hope of having a vigorous family. There is much to do positively in welcoming and encouraging new buds of promise—those variations which are the raw materials of evolution—before we put our hands to the pruning knife. In any case, Herod's methods are not practical politics to-day.

In connexion with Eugenics we must say a little in regard to Birth Control—more or less artificial ways of preventing conception, of keeping a new life from beginning. Let us suppose that this is possible without detriment to the bodily health of the parents, a question for the medical expert. Let us also brush aside the objection that birth control is 'artificial,' for the life of civilised society is interpenetrated with the artificial.

What are the chief objections to deliberate contraception? Dean Fremantle says that rather than artificial restriction he would see continued the struggles of parents with large families, from which he says, 'a large part of the moral greatness of our people has resulted.' We doubt very much this theory that the moral fibre was engendered by this struggle; and against the achievements of those who succeed have to be weighed the misery and hopelessness to which many noble women have been reduced by too rapid succession of births. Dean Inge thinks that high-minded married people should avoid preventives except as a last resource in the failure of self-restraint. It will be disastrous indeed if we settle down into materialistic or farmyard views of marriage and having children, or if we imagine that we can substitute mechanical for moral control without serious loss, but it is foolish to expect the supernatural from ordinary mankind. It is well known that great restraint and great conjugal temperance may soon be followed by too many babies—too many for their health and the mother's too.

Prof. Pembrey, a distinguished physiologist, regards birth control as a degenerate evasion of a virile struggle for existence, but suggests that it may be a blessing in disguise by assisting in the elimination of the types who practise it, 'types in whom physiological processes are inadequately balanced.' But it appears to us that it will be very difficult to prove the lack of balance in most of those who practise birth control. They have had as many children as they can hope to care for well; they have had as many children as the mother's health, in the widest sense, will stand.

In fairness, however, we wish to quote a paragraph from Prof. Pembrey, for the difficulty of the problem must be admitted. We would preface what he says with the note that those who advocate methods of 'birth control,' because they see no other way out, are not advocating more than a *restriction* of parentage. Prof. Pembrey writes:

'The modern crusade of "birth control," supported though it be by some biologists, is not based on biological principles or the theory of evolution. It involves the view that the environment is more potent than the stock; it ignores the

value of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fit. It is no evidence of self-control, sacrifice, and a yearning for the higher life, but a desire for luxury and a loss of belief in the capacity of the offspring. Its practice degrades woman both physically and morally, for the production and rearing of children will always be the biological test of her womanhood and her greatest service to the state.'

Our answer is that even with great conjugal restraint there is often too rapid child-bearing; that this tends to lower health and happiness, and to intensify the struggle for existence beyond the limit of useful sifting. Prof. Pembrey speaks of motives, and one recognises the danger that contraceptives may be used to evade the consequences of self-indulgence and free love, but it is a gross error to suppose that the motives behind the control of births are necessarily selfish.

Our view is that a diminished birth-rate, within limits of safety, tends to improve the health of children and mothers, and may tend to substitute quality for quantity. Better forty millions healthy and vigorous and joyous, than sixty millions riddled with bad health, weakness, and depression. There may be a price to pay for diminishing the birth-rate, but it may have its reward in making life less anxious, more secure, and with greater possibilities of fineness. We need not be afraid of lack of opportunities for struggle, but the hope is of lifting the struggle away from a scramble around the platter of subsistence. Perhaps birth control will make earlier marriages more feasible; perhaps it will still further increase the independence of women and their opportunities, beyond maternity, for self-expression; perhaps it will work against war, which is partly due to expansive population.

Perhaps the objections to birth control, which we have tried to state fairly, are stronger than we think; perhaps the price to be paid is heavier than we realise; our point is simply that large families in rapid succession are productive of much bad health and misery, and we see no way out save in such birth control as medical experts will not disapprove of. At the same time we are sure that if we lose the chivalry and tenderness of lovers, the joyousness of the springtime of the heart, the adventurousness of early marriage, and the delight

in having children while we are young enough to sympathise with them, we are missing the most fragrant flowers of life.

The seventh, and it must be the last, suggestion of the biologist trespasses on the field of psychology, for it concerns education. But it is with biological education that we are concerned; and perhaps the most powerful of all levers is here. There are two points of great importance. The first is that increased urbanisation and pre-occupation with mechanism remove the school children more and more from experiences of Animate Nature and from biological ideas. Nature-study is doing wonders, with the current against it, but its necessity is not sufficiently recognised. Necessity we say, for the advancement of health is in part dependent on having some understanding and appreciation of growing and developing, of varying and habit-forming, of the beauty and ecstasy of life. Much as we may dislike it, there is no escaping the nemesis of being too much taken up with chemistry and physics—wonderlands as they are. There is nothing that can replace biological experience and biological ideas. It is the lack of them that partly accounts for the apathy of many minds to the ideal of health; it is the lack of them that partly accounts for false ideas of wealth and success, and for false methods which forget that things organic cannot be manufactured, but must grow. One always welcomes a statesman or an administrator who knows about the country and loves it.

The biologist's second note on education will probably excite more disapproval. Considered biologically, education is the control of nurture so as to induce the best possible development of hereditary nature, meaning by 'best' that which makes most definitely for the kind of life that is a satisfaction in itself. Education is the endeavour to shorten the individual's recapitulation of racial evolution, and the endeavour to help the individual to utilise the extra-organismal social heritage, that is to say, all that is registered in literature, art, institutions, and stored knowledge.

It is generally admitted that education seeks to develop the personality partly by feeding the mind and partly by mental gymnastics, the two methods often

overlapping. Thus arithmetic is an excellent brain-stretcher, but it is not much of a mental food. History, properly taught, is good food; but it is not a suitable gymnastic for young minds. Now, leaving aside the problem of mental gymnastics, our question is: What is the most profitable, the most indispensable, kind of mental equipment? What are the essential furnishings of the mind, if we mean by furnishings not static pieces of information, but idea-seeds that develop roots and shoots, leaves and flowers and fruit? What kinds of living knowledge are most essential? The sad answer is: those that are most conspicuously absent in the youth leaving school to-day. Our educational endeavours form the most colossal instance of misdirected well-intentioned energy in the world. Our son asks us for bread, and at great cost to ourselves and to him we coerce him into accepting a stone—of varied texture, but never nutritive. Our son asks us for a fish (nature study, of course), and we press upon him a serpent, like premature chemistry; he asks us for an egg (history, for instance), and with a heroic gesture we direct his attention to a scorpion (such as grammar). No doubt all this is passing. Our point is that the quicker it passes the healthier we shall be.

Pupils leaving school should be interested in the world without, both animate and inanimate; they should be able and willing to make short excursions—metaphorical and literal—by themselves. They should have 'open sesames' to treasure-caves and keys to treasure-rooms, and the curiosity to use them. They should be familiar with some good examples, showing how new knowledge has been gained, and how the search for clearness has brought new control over things and life; they should be aware of the general meaning of a Law of Nature—a uniformity of sequence that can be relied on, in which no wishes of man can produce a shadow of turning; and they should have a sense of joyous wonder. To speak thus, you say, is like a child crying for the moon, but that is not so, for all we look for in the case of the less promising material is that their face should be set in the right direction. As things are, we attempt too much and miss the whole. We enforce premature and often insincere analysis, and we kill interest.

In the second place, the pupils leaving school should have, what they almost never have, some vision of human history in the widest sense. They should have familiarity with the more obvious significance of say a score of the greatest events or changes in the historical evolution of mankind. These should have possessed the mind dramatically, through school pageant, tableau, and celebration; and every momentous change should be associated with picturesque personalities and with correlated treasures of literature and art. Every school should have an illumined chart showing the most eventful milestones, but the milestones will be books as well as battles, creations as well as conquests, discoveries as well as dynasties.

But along with some knowledge of the way in which twenty great men and twenty great events and twenty great ideas have counted in human history, there should be a growing awareness that many of the waves—as from Egypt and Athens, Jerusalem and Rome—reached this town or parish, and left their marks there, and that the distant past lives on in our midst. The very stones cry out; there is something to be got from a regional survey which the study of world-history cannot give. The twofold corollary is that the pupils should have the conviction that if they are to understand the present they must know more about the past, and the realisation that history is always a-making, and that they are themselves either swimmers or drifters in the stream. It is also plain that real, as contrasted with regal, history will involve a reasonable amount of human geography, which is the other eye of history.

It is essential, then, that the youth should have some interest in and understanding of the Order of Nature, and secondly, some appreciation of human evolution and its achievements. What is the third essential? To some the answer here suggested will appear a bathos; yet what can the answer be but this—a vivid knowledge of the elementary conditions of health and happiness, using both these words in a broad organismal sense, including psychical just as much as physical aspects. It will also include something between the two—some sensory education; and just as there should be in every school an emblazoned historical chart and some good

pictures, like Medici prints, so there should be an ever-changing, but not always open, case of beautiful natural objects—shells and stones, feathers and withered leaves—which turn into fairy gold. ('What awful joukery-pawkery!')

Much more is meant than lessons in elementary physiology and psychology. There must be some of these, no doubt, but there is great danger in premature analysis and self-vivisection. One wishes rather to cultivate an enthusiasm for vigour, both of mind and body; an awareness of the rapidly increasing control of life, whether through vitamins or Couéism; a knowledge of common-sense ways of avoiding disease and gratuitous mistakes; an understanding of the cult of joy and the art of forgetting; an enjoyment of mental gymnastics as well as of enduring bodily hardness; a letting in of sunlight to kill the microbes that lurk in dark corners of our being; instruction, in short, in the art of life. This is, undoubtedly, the most difficult part of education, especially as its success will be in proportion to its indirectness.

In conclusion, the biologist is in the fortunate position of studying a central science. There is a legitimate field for the chemistry and physics of living creatures, so he must appreciate that. There is also a psychology of many animals and a sociology of a few, so he must appreciate that. And then there is Biology itself. Therefore the biologist has least excuse for partial views, because perforce he must take so many. His final word must therefore be: Let us try to take an all-round view.

The first inclination of many is to plead for wealth, the mastery of natural energies, their economical use and transformation. The great chemist, Sir William Ramsay, once declared that 'real progress consists in learning how better to employ energy—how better to effect its transformation.' This is profoundly true, and yet how very limited! What is wealth without health? No doubt the curse of the poor is their poverty, but the biological ideals rise beyond the transformation of energy to vigour, initiative, adaptation to stimulating and enriching surroundings: health, for short. But the same sort of mistake will be made if we lay all the stress on the healthy body. For what will it avail if the body is

fair and the mind foul? We must complete the trilogy: wealthy, healthy, and wise. We hear about the balance of bodily food, but what of the nurture of the mind? Just as there may be Calcium starvation, so there may be Beauty starvation. We must look to it that we do not shut ourselves off from the ultra-violet rays of the spirit. But even wealthy plus healthy plus wise is incomplete, for we are social organisms in our very essence, citizens of no mean city, members of the body politic, members one of another, folk working together in a given place. Thus social considerations must be supreme, even over the ideals of 'wealthy, healthy, and wise.'

We cannot conclude, however, without a reference to ants, bees, and wasps, which offer a lurid warning to the social reformer. Some people are fond of speaking of 'the human herd' and others play with the phrase 'the human hive.' Both terms are fallacious, but they may be of service in reminding us that we may pay too dear for our socialising. Let us go to the bee, for instance, upheld as an embodiment of all the virtues except hospitality. Bees are wonderful creatures, the finest children of instinct in the world, and the social organisation of the hive is marvellous. But is it admirable? When we look into the matter more critically, what a very seamy side is disclosed! There is the establishment of a reproductive, non-productive caste—a loathsome idea; there is the dependence of the whole system on a huge population of suppressed females, instinctively servile and largely unintelligent; there is the terrible thirling of the queen to her exaggerated maternity; and, as a bitter bathos, there is the massacre of the drones. Heaven help us from going to the bees!

The generalised moral is this, that social organisation is not necessarily a good thing in itself. It requires to be scrutinised not only in terms of wealth and health, both so conspicuous in the bee-hive, but in terms of the higher values—the good, the beautiful, and the true, with their outcome in the evolution of man's personality. 'For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

Art. 3.—PROFIT-SHARING AND SHARE-PURCHASE FOR EMPLOYEES.

MANY speakers and writers have on occasions advocated that some method of sharing the profits of industry with the workers is desirable. The arguments and reasons for the proposed change are as numerous as the variations in the different schemes that have been proposed, but behind all the various and sometimes conflicting proposals, is the main idea that in times of prosperity the workers should receive some definite share of the improved profits.

When labour is dissatisfied with its position, and the reward for its efforts, it is the time to consider any reasonable scheme that may be proposed which may to some extent allay the dissatisfaction, and give to labour a better reward when the industry can afford it. Higher wages when profits are very small, or when losses are being made, can only make the position of the industry still worse, by raising the costs of production, and consequently the charges for the commodities produced, which will lead to a smaller demand and reduced employment, and a smaller dividend on capital. If, as is probable, when an industry is doing badly, the charges cannot be raised, the higher wages lead to still greater losses, and if they be long continued, to the ultimate bankruptcy and closing down of the business or trade. When this happens, both capital and labour suffer, as well as the community.

When, however, trade is good, it would be possible, out of improved profits, to give to labour a share of them. The sharing of the profits would make the workers feel that they were receiving, in addition to their regular wages, a portion of the profits they were helping to create, and that they, as well as the capitalists, were sharing in the improved conditions in the trade. Some of the workers think, and the extremists preach the doctrine, that capital is taking an unfair share of the proceeds of industry. When there are no profits there can be nothing more for labour to take. When there are good profits, if there be some method of profit-sharing with the employees, this argument of the

extremists loses its force, and the workers realise that their income improves with the profits of the organisation in which they work.

The argument may be advanced against profit-sharing that, from the capitalist's point of view, it is 'heads I lose, tails you win.' If there should be good profits, labour takes a share of them, and when there are losses, capital has to bear them all. In a certain sense this may be correct, but when trade is bad and there are no profits, labour as well as capital suffers from the depression. When trade is going through a serious slump, capital receives little or no dividend, but at the same time unemployment is rife and many workers lose their jobs and receive no wages at all; while others work short time or lose the overtime pay which is a usual source of additional income in many industries in times of good trade. There is also another way in which labour does bear a part of the losses in industry. When trade is bad for a long time, the wages are often permanently lowered, and the workers find their standard of living reduced, just as the capitalist—owing to reduced dividends—would find his standard of living reduced if he had not some other source of income.

There are many employers—particularly those who own and control their businesses, and are not merely managing directors controlled by shareholders—who would like to share in some way with their workers the profits that are made in good years. It would be almost impossible for them to raise the wage-rate above that paid by their competitors, as when bad trade returned and small or no profits were made, they would not be able to continue paying the higher rates, and a reduction of wages to the standard rates would cause grave dissatisfaction. The standard wages could be paid to the employees, and in good years a share of the profits, without disturbing the basic rate generally recognised in the trade.

While many employers might be willing to adopt some scheme of profit-sharing with their employees, if they could find a satisfactory method, there are many others who argue that the employees have little to do with the success or profits of the concern, and that they should not, therefore, share in the prosperity. Like

many sweeping statements, there is a measure of truth in this argument. The success and development of any business depend upon the energy, judgment, knowledge, and ability of the few brains which direct and control the organisation, and only to a minor degree upon the efforts of the workers. The truth of this statement can be gauged by comparing the position of two similar businesses in the same locality. The workers may be equally skilled and work as hard in both firms, but in one, losses may be made, and in the other, very handsome profits. The reason for the striking difference in the two concerns lies in the qualities and characteristics of the few men at the head of the successful business, who have abilities which are lacking in their competitors. The successful leaders select able men to assist them, dismiss the incompetent, and train and secure skilled workers; seek new markets and improved methods, scrap their old machinery, and have the business acumen to know when to take a great risk and when to avoid it. These are some of the qualities of commercial leaders, without which labour is impotent, and the importance of these qualities tends to make some persons ignore the aid that labour may be able to give to the management to improve the efficiency and profits of the concern, if its interest and enthusiasm be aroused.

In some industries the ratio of the cost of wages to the value of materials consumed is so small, that the improvements and economies that might be made by labour would have only a negligible effect upon the costs of production: There are, however, a vast number of manufacturing concerns in which the cost of labour is as great or greater than that of material, and it is in these businesses that there is more scope for the economies and improvements that would be the result of a successful profit-sharing scheme.

It may be asked how can a workman affect the cost of production, or suggest economies in a business that is well organised, and in which the overseers and managers are competent men. In modern factory life the work is so subdivided that it is often very monotonous. A man is paid the standard wage to do a certain job, and the tendency is that he will do it in such a way as not to incur the censure of his overseer. Anything outside

his own particular work he would not consider his affair, and he would not venture to make any suggestions for improvement. If, however, he knew that he would receive a share of the profits, and that any waste of time or material, any carelessness or inefficiency, would reduce the profits and his share of them, while higher output, better methods and less waste would increase them, he would take a new view of his position and opportunities. It is true of commercial as well as of military life, that one volunteer is worth several pressed men. Human nature needs the stimulus of personal reward in order that a man should do his best, and the knowledge that any economies he can make or improvements he may suggest will help to swell his share of profits, will arouse his energy and intelligence.

A business in a competitive world can only exist for any length of time if its efficiency be nearly equal to the average efficiency of its competitors. Efficiency has been defined as producing by the best methods in the shortest time, at the lowest cost, the goods or services the customer wishes to obtain. The worker can undoubtedly increase the efficiency if his interest be aroused. A closer study of the customer's requirements—in other words, the instructions the worker receives—greater punctuality, saving of loss of time and waste of material, suggestions for improved methods of working, and a better output, are only some of the means by which the worker can add to the efficiency, and, therefore, the profits. If profit-sharing be successful in stimulating the interest of the worker, it benefits him, the business in which he works, and ultimately the whole community. The great need of every industry in the country is to find means of lowering the cost of production, so as to be able to meet the fierce competition from foreign countries, which have lower wages and a lower standard of living. The best way of reducing costs is to increase the efficiency, rather than to lower wages, to find new and improved methods of production, and thus maintain the standard of living in this country, and by lowered costs, increase our trade and reduce unemployment.

If these are the results of successful profit-sharing, what are the best methods of dividing between capital

and labour the results of profitable trading? There are many schemes that have been tried, but two methods of profit-sharing and one of share-purchase are explained here, which time has proved are successful. They are a framework which can be altered and varied to suit the peculiarities of any business.

It is desirable to give a few definitions before explaining the details of the schemes. The basis of practically all profit-sharing schemes is that there should be a 'minimum dividend upon capital' before any division of profits with labour takes place. Labour receives its wages, and the minimum dividend may be called the 'wages' of capital, which must be paid before any distribution of profits can be made. What would be a fair dividend upon capital depends upon the nature of the business and the risks that are incurred. The minimum dividend may be fixed at 6 per cent., 7 per cent., 8 per cent., or any other figure, but on the average profits of the past few years it should allow a margin of profits for distribution, so that the scheme would start with the probability of a share for labour at the end of the year. The 'capital' should be the ordinary share capital in a company, as the interest on debentures and dividend on preference shares, if any, must be paid before any profits can be shared. In a private firm, the capital would be the assets actually employed in the business. The 'profits' are the net profits made in the current year, as shown in the audited accounts, after paying all the expenses of carrying on the business, and the 'surplus profits' are the balance of the profits after the minimum dividend on capital has been provided for. 'Annual earnings' are the total remuneration, including overtime, paid to the employees entitled to share in the profits.

One method, and a simple one, is as follows. For every 1 per cent. above the minimum dividend that is paid on the ordinary share capital, 1 per cent., or some proportionate rate, is paid on the annual earnings of every employee who is entitled to share in the profits. The employees entitled to share may be limited to those who have been engaged the whole of the year in which the profits have been made, or a shorter term, such as three or six months, could be fixed. All employees,

including managers, overseers, etc., should be included, as each can improve the efficiency and help to increase the profits, and their total earnings are a measure of their capacity to improve the profits. The employees can calculate the 'dividend' on their earnings when they know the dividend on the ordinary capital, and their share rises and falls with the dividend paid to the shareholders.

In some businesses the policy of the directors or proprietors is not to distribute the profits that have been made each year, but to build up sufficient reserves to maintain a fairly even dividend in good and bad years. A uniform dividend may be satisfactory to a shareholder who retains his shares for many years. An employee, however, who had worked well in a year of large profits might feel aggrieved if he received no more than in a year of small profits. The knowledge that the reserved profits would be used to increase the dividend in future years when the profits were small would not satisfy him, as he might lose his job at any time. This objection can be overcome if, after the minimum dividend has been paid, a proportion of the surplus profits—i.e. one-half, one-quarter, or any other fraction previously fixed—is divided amongst the employees in proportion to their annual earnings. The balance of the surplus profits, after the payments to the employees have been made, belongs to capital and may be carried forward, paid out as dividends, placed to reserve, or distributed in the form of bonus shares.

These two suggestions can be modified in various ways, but whatever scheme may be adopted, it is essential that there should be no misunderstanding or suspicion that a 'square deal' is not intended. The details of the scheme should be printed and circulated to the employees, so that they may know exactly the method on which the profits will be distributed, and the audited profit and loss account must be the basis from which the share of the employees is calculated. The annual distribution to the employees might be an opportunity for the principals to address them at a meeting, and explain the reasons for the rise and fall in profits, the probable developments in the future, and thus arouse their interest in the organisation in which they work.

One drawback of modern large-scale production is that employers have few opportunities of meeting their workers, but an annual gathering of this kind—even if there were no profits to distribute—would enable a sympathetic employer to explain to his employees some of the reasons for the fluctuations in the profits, and the particular difficulties which had to be overcome.

It has been suggested above that the whole of the employees' share of the profits should be paid out in cash, but if there should be a works savings bank, each worker's share should be paid into his account, to be drawn out when he desired. If a restriction were placed upon the worker's right to use his share of the profits as he thought best, he might resent the interference with his liberty of action, and lose interest in the scheme.

There are other ways in which the workers' share of the profits might be used for their advantage. Some fixed portion of their share might be allocated to a fund controlled by trustees, to provide pensions for employees who are past work, and who have been continuously employed for a certain number of years. It is a difficult problem for a sympathetic employer to deal with his aged employees who are past work, and if in years of prosperity a strong pension fund were accumulated, the workers could look forward with less dread to their old age, knowing that the Government's Old Age Pension would be augmented by an additional pension from the firm's fund. If the pension fund be controlled by a trust deed, and the powers of the trustees clearly defined, so that the fund can only be used for providing pensions, it is possible, subject to the approval of the income-tax authorities, to obtain a refund of income tax on sums given to the fund, and on the income from investments, and thus provide more pensions. It would be well, however, that part of the workers' share of the profits should be used to benefit the existing employees. A 'bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and many of the younger employees might think they would leave the firm before they reached pensionable age, and would, therefore, have no interest in the scheme.

Any proposals for profit-sharing must be in addition to, and not in lieu of, fair wages. A working man is

used to receiving his wages weekly, and arranges his standard of living accordingly, and it would be unreasonable to expect him to accept less than a fair wage-rate, in the hope that at the end of the year he might receive a part of the profits. The share of the profits, when they exist, should be in addition to the normal wages, and should be looked on by the employees as a bonus which may or may not be repeated in future years.

Profit-sharing schemes such as these are suitable for large or small businesses, and even for those in which the current profits are only sufficient to provide a small margin above the minimum dividend on capital. When the workers realise that any increase in the profits will add to their income, the stimulus for greater efficiency will be provided, and the capitalists and the workers both benefit by any improvements.

It is impossible to foresee all the changes and developments that may occur, and it is desirable that there should be a clause in the scheme by which it can be terminated or modified if the proprietors—whether an individual or the shareholders—should wish to do so. The scheme might be ended by giving six or twelve months' notice to the employees, but the notice should not terminate in the current financial year, as they might consider that the profit-sharing had been altered or abandoned because the profits were likely to be good and the workers would receive a large share.

Another method of sharing profits, which has been adopted by some companies, is to capitalise the employees' share of the profits and to issue some special form of share certificate, with restricted rights of sale or transfer, and future dividends on these shares are paid to the employees. There are two drawbacks to this method. A worker may think, with some justification, that the shareholders receive their profits in cash, and that he should be treated in the same way, as he might prefer to use his share for educating his children, buying furniture, or for some other purpose. It is also possible that the company may not always require additional share capital, and the compulsory increase to dividend-earning stock would be undesirable.

If an opportunity be given to the employees to purchase shares on favourable terms when additional

capital is needed, these difficulties are overcome, and the following scheme has been in existence for twenty-five years, and has led to very satisfactory results. This method is only suitable for a company in which the ordinary shares normally stand at a premium, and the dividends do not fluctuate violently. A special class of employees' ordinary shares should be created, which can be offered for subscription only to the employees at par. If the shares stand at a good premium, the employees will realise that a very favourable offer has been made to them, and those who have saved money, or are willing to do so, will be glad to purchase some shares. The employees' shares could carry the same rights for dividends and voting as the ordinary shares, but as they are issued below their market value, there should be a restricted right of sale. When a holder of employees' shares wishes to sell he *may* do so, and when he leaves the employment of the company he *must* sell, by notifying the directors, who will find another employee willing to purchase them at par—the price the holder paid for them. If the dividends have decreased, the directors may not be able to find an employee willing to purchase the shares at par, and the holder will then be allowed to sell them to any one at any price. The purchaser, and every subsequent holder, must always offer the shares, when he wishes to sell, to the directors, and if they can find an employee willing to buy them at par, the holder must sell them, and the employees' shares thus return to the workers, the persons for whom the shares were originally created. It is necessary to restrict the right of sale in this way, as an employee might be tempted to sell the shares he bought at par, at a premium, to some one not connected with the business, and the object of the employees' shares would be frustrated. The restrictions on the right of transfer can be endorsed on the certificate, and thus prevent any misconception.

Working men and women do not understand the usual methods of buying shares and dealing with stock-brokers, but they are accustomed to regular weekly deductions from their wages. The shares when originally issued could be purchased for cash, or subscribed for by weekly deductions from the wages, of threepence or sixpence per share. Employees paying cash would have

their shares allotted at once, but those paying by instalments would only receive their allotment, and begin to receive dividends, when the payments were completed. As a set-off against the interest on the accumulating instalments, it could be arranged that should a subscriber die before his instalments are completed, the company would make a gift to his heirs of the uncompleted balance of his payments, and the shares would be issued to his heir, if an employee, or sold for his heir's benefit, if he were not employed by the company. Experience has proved that this financial risk is very small, and the offer is an added inducement to the employees to subscribe.

The amount of new capital that is issued by a scheme of this kind is under the control of the directors, and they can allocate the shares to any employees they select. It is probable that no large amount would be taken up at one time, but when the scheme is established, and the employees have been receiving dividends, they would be anxious to take up more shares. It is unlikely that all the employees would be willing or able to purchase shares, as their wages and home responsibilities would vary. Some men spend all they receive, while others—aided by a good housewife—can and do save money. The possession of an imposing share certificate, and the right to attend the annual meetings of the company, add to the employee's position and sense of responsibility. An employees' share scheme of this kind encourages the invaluable qualities of thrift and self-reliance, assists a worker to make provision for the future, and brings to him a sum of ready money if he should lose his job, and at a time when he is most in need of it.

It is not suggested that these are the only methods by which the workers may be permitted to share in the profits they have helped to create. In any business some variations or modifications may be desirable, but the schemes explained have been successfully carried on for a number of years, and time has proved that they meet the exigencies of the commercial life of to-day.

The most important thing in founding any schemes such as have been suggested, is the spirit and the ideals which actuate the employers. If they be actuated by

the generous ideal to find some reasonable method of sharing their prosperity with their employees, to give to them some income over and above their standard wages when the profits will permit them to do so, they will find their reward. The employees will appreciate the offer made to them, and will value their position with the firm still more. When they find that their income depends partly upon the success of the business, they will naturally strive to increase its efficiency, to prevent loss and waste of all kinds, and to reduce the costs of production.

Profit-sharing is not a panacea for all the difficulties and problems that face modern industry. It is, however, a means of bridging in some degree the gap that so often separates capital and labour, employer and employee. It can introduce co-operation where antagonism may exist—co-operation to attain greater efficiency, and give better service to the customer and the community who require the goods produced or the services that may be rendered. The world is crying out for lower costs, which can be attained by higher efficiency. Therefore, when profit-sharing is successfully established, the three parties interested in all industries, the employer, the employee, and the consumer, will each benefit in various ways.

W. HOWARD HAZELL.

Art. 4.—CLASSICAL GHOSTS.

1. *Lectures on Classical Subjects.* By W. R. Hardie. Macmillan, 1903.
2. *Pausanias's Description of Greece.* Translated with a Commentary by Sir J. G. Frazer, LL.D. Macmillan, 1898.
3. *The Letters of Pliny.* With an English translation by William Melmoth, revised by W. M. L. Hutchinson. Loeb Classical Library. Heinemann, 1915.
4. *Darembourg et Saglio. Dictionnaire des Antiquités grecques et romaines.* Tom. II, Art. 'Divination.' Paris: Hachette, 1892.

It is odd to reflect that at the present day, after so many centuries of advance in scientific thought, it is still a question upon which there is no agreement amongst educated people—not even amongst people of the highest level of scientific knowledge—whether the stories which continually circulate, now as of old, about appearances of the dead, are mere fiction and hallucination, or have behind them real phenomena in which some kind of consciousness in an invisible plane of being manifests itself to the living. It may be of interest to survey what is told us about ghosts in the remains of the ancient Greek and Latin literature. Some of these stories belong professedly to the sphere of poetical mythology—the ghosts in Homer and in the Attic tragedians. But even such stories will conform to the general ideas, held at the time, about appearances of the dead—for instance, the idea, which we also find in modern ghost stories, that the dead man looks just like what he looked like in life. Although one might suppose that in another sphere of being, earthly clothes are of no use to him, the ghost appears dressed just as he was dressed on earth. Homer especially notes that the ghost of Patroclus was 'just like himself, the same stature and the same beautiful eyes, the same voice, and dressed in the same sort of clothes' ('Iliad,' XXIII, 66, 67).

In historical times there are a considerable number of stories of the spirits of dead men—*heroes* as they were commonly called—acting in the world for help or for harm. But where they simply bring prosperity or bad

luck, without revealing themselves to sight or hearing or touch, I suppose we can hardly call them ghosts. The Thasians, for instance, at one time were told by the Delphic oracle that their bad harvests were due to the wrath of the dead athlete Theagenes, whose statue they had dishonoured. At Anagyrus in Attica, one is told in the *Lexicon* of Suidas, a man cut down the grove of the local hero, with the result that his wife first died, that then, when he married again, his second wife became possessed by a passion for his son, and falsely accused him to his father, that he then blinded his son, and marooned him on a lonely island, and finally hanged himself; the stepmother committed suicide by throwing herself into a well. No doubt the idea of such activity, beneficent or maleficent, on the part of dead men was common, and must have clung to innumerable burial-places over the Greek country-side. Especially the spirits of men who had been murdered were felt as a dreadful unseen presence in the neighbourhood of their graves. Plato in the 'Laws' (ix, 865, Jowett's translation) speaks of

'a tale of olden time which is to this effect: He who has suffered a violent end, when newly dead, if he has had the soul of a free man in life, is angry with the author of his death; and being himself full of fear and panic by reason of his violent end, when he sees his murderer walking about in his own accustomed haunts, he is stricken with terror and becomes disordered, and this disorder of his, aided by the guilty recollection of the other, is communicated by him with overwhelming force to the murderer and his deeds.'

There is, however, here no suggestion of an actual appearance of the troubled spirit. But in some of the stories we do hear of the appearance of a hero. Sometimes it is a beneficent hero. At the battle of Marathon, says a legend recorded in Plutarch, 'not a few of the fighters believed that they saw in front of them the apparition (*φάσμα*) of Theseus, clad all in armour, charging upon the barbarians.' And there is the other Marathon legend recorded by Pausanias. 'It befell that in the battle there was present a man of rustic aspect and dress, who slaughtered many of the barbarians with a plough, and vanished after the fight. When the Athenians inquired of the god, the only answer he vouchsafed was to bid

them honour the hero Echelæus.' The story was told on the spot to Pausanias in the second century A.D. some 600 years after the event, but an old painting of the fifth century B.C. showed the figure of the hero Echelus or Echelæus in the Greek ranks. Browning, it may be remembered, has taken the story as the subject of a poem. At Salamis the Greeks called upon the spirits of the ancient heroes, Ajax and Telamon, before the battle to be present, and there were those who believed that they saw them—'phantoms of armed men stretching their hands out from Ægina to protect the Greek ships.' At the battle of Leuctra people thought they saw—or so it was afterwards said—the ghost of Aristomenes fighting on the Theban side. Long afterwards when the Spaniards were fighting against the Mexicans they believed they saw St James at their head charging on his white horse against the heathen. As lately as 1914 one of the strange stories going about in the first month of the Great War, was that some of the British soldiers, worn out and almost delirious in the terrible retreat from Mons, thought they saw the soldiers of Marlborough marching alongside of them in the old uniforms near the places where they had fought and fallen 200 years ago. Probably such stories do go back to actual experiences some men have in the abnormal excitement and strain of war.

Sometimes the ghost is maleficent. At Orchomenos there was a legend that the spirit of Actæon had once gone about 'with a stone in its hand,' ravaging the land, and it was only laid when the Orchomenians made an image of it in bronze and clamped it firmly to a rock. We have on a coin a reproduction of this portrait of a ghost. It is disappointing to learn from Sir James Frazer (in his note on Pausanias) that it looks 'just like an ordinary human being.' Pausanias, however, describes for us a more satisfactory portrait of a ghost. This one was horrid in appearance, black, and dressed in a wolf's skin. The ghost in question had haunted Temesa in South Italy, and made itself so obnoxious that the people of Temesa began seriously to think of emigrating from Italy altogether. However, the Delphic oracle explained to them that it was the ghost of a stranger whom the people of the land had put to death long before, and that he would be quite quiet, if they built him a temple and

devoted to him annually the fairest maiden of the land. And so they did, year by year, till the 77th Olympiad (from 472 to 469 B.C.) when the great boxer Euthymus came that way. Euthymus put on armour and fought the ghost, so successfully that the ghost ran down to the sea, jumped in, and vanished for ever. It was after that that the portrait of the ghost was painted which Pausanias saw.

All these stories, however, are only legends, picked up by antiquaries like Pausanias from the mouths of the people many generations after the events were supposed to have occurred. Can we connect ghost-stories with any of the persons we know of in antiquity as substantial historical persons, of whose lives there is a record going back to contemporary documents? Plutarch, who was a believer in ghosts, thinks he can bring two instances to confute unbelievers.

'A kind of talk,' he writes, 'goes on amongst those who deny the reality of such things to the effect that no sensible person would see the apparition of a supernatural being or a ghost. It is only, they say, children and foolish women and people disordered by weakness, who in some distraction of their minds or some unhealthy bodily condition get all kinds of baseless uncanny ideas. The evil spirit, we are told, is in themselves, and its name is Superstition. But if two men like Dio and Brutus, men of grave character, philosophers, not easily upset or dominated by any feeling or emotion, were so affected by seeing a ghost as to narrate their experience to others, I do not see how we can avoid accepting the strange theory of men of long ago, namely that the spirits which are evil and jealous envy good men and put obstacles in the way of their activity, inducing trouble of mind and fear, shaking and unsteady virtue, in order that they may not walk in the right way, without stumbling or sin, and so attain after death to a happier lot than their own' ('Life of Dio,' 2).

That is Plutarch's theory of malignant ghosts. But what were the experiences of Dio and of Brutus to which Plutarch refers? Perhaps it is hardly necessary to retell the stories, since one is embodied in a well-known poem of Wordsworth's and the other is in Shakespeare. Yet there may be some who have never cared to see how they are told in the original text.

As for Dio, we are told that a little while before his

assassination in the year 354 B.C., he was sitting one day in the evening dusk in a veranda of his house, alone and sunk in thought, when he suddenly heard an odd noise at the other end of the colonnade. He looked up in the direction and saw (for there was still enough light) a woman extraordinarily tall, just like one of the Eumenides, as they are described in the tragedies. She had something like a broom in her hand, and with this she was sweeping, sweeping. Dio experienced a sensation of horrible fear and called his friends. They remained with him the whole night in case the apparition should return. But nothing more was seen. Only the catastrophe of Dio's life soon followed.

The story about Brutus is that very late one night, just before he took his army across from Asia Minor to Macedonia, where the final battles were fought near Philippi, he was awake in his tent, meditating. The tent was dimly lit. All around the camp was still. Suddenly he thought he heard some one come into the tent. He glanced up towards the entrance and saw a strange and frightful figure standing there close to him without speaking. Brutus had the courage to address it and say, 'Who on earth are you, man or god, and what do you want?' And the apparition answered, 'I am thy evil genius, Brutus, and thou shalt see me at Philippi.' 'Very well,' Brutus said quietly, 'I shall see you then.' The apparition vanished, and Brutus called in his slaves. They all said that they had heard nothing and seen nothing. According to some accounts which Plutarch had before him, the apparition did recur at Philippi; but Plutarch himself is sceptical about this second appearance. He points out that a philosophic companion of Brutus, who was with him at the time and wrote an account of the campaign, records other omens, but says not a word about the second apparition.*

Of course, the stories of Dio and Brutus are of a very different character from the popular legends we were considering just now. The account in Plutarch is drawn from the writings of contemporaries who had

* One may notice that the story is changed in one important particular in Shakespeare. Shakespeare makes the apparition the ghost of Julius Caesar. There is nothing to this effect in Plutarch. It was some nameless evil power hostile to Brutus.

known Dio and Brutus personally, and Plutarch says that they professed to give the odd experience as it had been told by the two men themselves. It seems quite possible that both Dio in the veranda and Brutus in his tent did have the impression of seeing something uncanny. There is one circumstance, though, about the Brutus story, which makes it more doubtful than it would otherwise be. This is that what is practically the same story is told by Valerius Maximus about a man called Cassius, not Cassius the celebrated fellow-conspirator of Brutus, but an obscurer man, Cassius of Parma, before the battle of Actium. Brutus is a much more important historical figure than this Cassius, and one knows that famous characters have a way of attracting to themselves popular stories that are floating about. It is more likely that a story originally told about Cassius of Parma should get attached to Brutus than the other way round. In any case the stories could be perfectly well explained by sceptics as nightmares coming to men on the verge of sleep, or hallucinations due to nervous overstrain in days of fearful crisis. And our account, even if based on what Dio and Brutus told their friends, is not, as it reaches us, first-hand. We do not know how much it has been embroidered in transmission. Have we from classical antiquity any first-hand account of seeing a ghost? I do not know that we have. Plutarch mentions the case of a haunted building in his own city of Chæronea, where in his own day—so he tells us—uncanny things were seen and heard by people living in the neighbourhood. The building in question was an old vapour-bath-house. About two centuries before, in the days of Lucius Lucullus, a man called Damon, who had been carrying on brigandage in the country round, had been decoyed into the city and then murdered whilst he was in the bath-house. After this apparitions were seen in the place, and noises heard, as of a soul in pain. Plutarch had heard the stories from people of the older generation in Chæronea—and in consequence the door of the building had been walled up, but the haunting, as we have seen, went on. This is very nearly first-hand, because in a little place like Chæronea, Plutarch himself must in all probability have talked to the people who said that they had seen or

heard things in the bath-house. But it is not quite first-hand. Plutarch had not seen or heard anything there himself, or he would have said so ('Life of Cimon,' 1).

In the days when Plutarch wrote, educated people discussed, just as they do to-day, whether there was really such a thing as a ghost. There is a letter of Pliny the Younger's, which he writes to a friend specially in order to get his opinion on the subject (VII, 27).

'I should very much like to know,' he writes, 'whether you believe that there are such things as ghosts with a distinctive appearance of their own and some kind of supernatural reality (*numen aliquod*), or whether you think them wholly baseless figments of our imagination and fear. One of the things which most incline me personally to believe in ghosts is the story of what happened to Curtius Rufus.'

And Pliny goes on to tell a story which is also told with variations by Tacitus. This Curtius Rufus was a man of humble origin who rose to high official position under the Emperor Tiberius, and died probably early in the reign of Nero, that is, soon after 54 A.D., about fifty years before Pliny wrote his letter. It is important in these matters to notice the intervals of time between alleged occurrences and the accounts which we possess. When Rufus was a young man, that is, perhaps a century before Pliny's letter, he had a post in the retinue of the Roman governor of Africa. One afternoon when he was walking in one of the colonnades of Adrumetum, deserted at that time of day, he saw before him the figure of a woman preternaturally tall and beautiful. He was riveted to the spot in terror, and the apparition said to him: 'Rufus, you will come back to this province one day as Governor, and here you will die.' According to Pliny's version the figure also said that she was the genius of the province of Africa. What the apparition said came true. When Rufus, as an old man, came back to take up the government of the province, he saw the same figure again—so Pliny's account says—on the shore as he landed, and knew that his end was near. Probably the story is based on some experience which Curtius Rufus had had. In a comparatively small and close society like the Roman governing aristocracy, the events

of each man's life were commonly known and talked about, and Pliny may quite conceivably have heard the story for the first time not long after Rufus died, from some one who had heard Rufus tell it.

Then Pliny tells another ghost-story. This one would be dated by its connexion with the philosopher Athenodorus, if we knew which of the two philosophers of that name Pliny meant. Supposing it was the one nearest to Pliny's own time, he was a contemporary of Cicero's, which would make a still greater interval of time, perhaps a century and a half, between the alleged event and Pliny's letter. The story is as follows. (I give Melmoth's translation, as revised in the Loeb Classics.)

'There was at Athens a large and spacious, but ill-reputed and pestilential house. In the dead of the night a noise, resembling the clashing of iron, was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of fetters; at first it seemed at a distance, but afterwards approached nearer by degrees; immediately afterward a phantom appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and squalid, with a long beard and bristling hair, rattling the gyves on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants consequently passed sleepless nights under the most dismal terrors imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, threw them into distempers, which, as their horrors of mind increased, proved in the end fatal to their lives. For even in the daytime, though the spectre did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imaginations that it still seemed before their eyes, and their terror remained when the cause of it was gone. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by everybody to be absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in the hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was either to be let or sold.

'It happened that Athenodorus the philosopher came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill ascertained the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to hire it, and, in short, actually did so. When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the forepart of the house, and after calling for a light,

together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire within. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and apparitions, he applied himself to writing with all his faculties. The first part of the night passed with usual silence, then began the clanking of iron fetters; however, he neither lifted up his eyes, nor laid down his pen, but closed his ears by concentrating his attention. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked round and saw the apparition, exactly as it had been described to him; it stood before him beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and bent again to his writing; but the ghost rattling its chains over his head as he wrote, he looked round and saw it beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately took up his lamp and followed it. The ghost slowly stalked along, as if encumbered with its chains; and having turned into the courtyard of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus deserted, marked the spot with a handful of grass and leaves. The next day he went to the magistrates, and advised them to order the spot to be dug up. There they found bones commingled and intertwined with chains; for the body had mouldered away by long lying in the ground, leaving them bare, and corroded by the fetters. The bones were collected, and buried at the public expense; and after the ghost was thus duly laid the house was haunted no more.'

'This story,' Pliny adds, 'I believe upon the affirmation of others.' If, however, the story was 150 years old, it may have gone through a good many transmitters before it reached Pliny. Pliny then goes on to say that he knows one ghost-story at first-hand:

'I have,' he says, 'a freedman named Marcus, who has some tincture of letters. One night, his younger brother, who was sleeping in the same bed with him, saw, as he thought, somebody sitting on the couch, who put a pair of shears to his head, and actually cut off the hair from the very crown of it. When morning came, they found the boy's crown *was* shorn, and the hair lay scattered about on the floor. After a short interval a similar occurrence gave credit to the former. A slave-boy of mine was sleeping amidst several others in their quarters, when two persons clad in white came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, cut off his hair as he lay, and withdrew the same way they entered. Daylight

revealed that this boy too had been shorn, and that his hair was likewise spread about the room. Nothing remarkable followed—unless it were that I escaped prosecution; prosecuted I should have been, if Domitian (in whose reign these things happened) had lived longer.'

This story of the ghosts who shave the head of slave-boys is, so far as I know, the only ghost-story in classical literature which the writer tells us expressly that he gathered from the persons who professed to have had the experience at first-hand, and a very poor, unconvincing story it is. That the figures in white came in through the windows is a suspicious circumstance; it suggests that they were really something more solid than ghosts. I am afraid if such a story were submitted to the Psychical Research Society, they would think that the hypothesis of some one playing tricks was, on the face of it, more probable than that of supernatural agency.

On the other hand, the story of the haunted house at Athens conforms closely to the type of ghost-story which we hear still told to-day—the ghost of a murdered man which haunts a house and is ultimately laid when the corpse, or what remains of it, is discovered and decently buried. Probably it was the normal type of ghost-story in antiquity. You can see this by the ghost-stories which are professedly made up as fiction. In Lucian's satirical dialogue, entitled 'Philopseudes,' 'The Lover of Lies,' in which he represents a company of would-be grave philosophers telling each other a series of supernatural stories, one more outrageous than the last, there is a concocted story parodying this type of ghost-story, perhaps envisaging the story about Athenodorus in particular.

In the play of Plautus, 'Mostellaria,' 'The Haunted House,' a cock-and-bull ghost-story is made up by the slave Tranio to deter his master Theopropides from entering his house, when he comes back after a long time spent abroad. This, too, is evidently based on stories of the same type. And the ancient ghost-story is fairly parallel so far to those commonly current to-day. But in some of the ancient stories of apparitions which have been referred to, there is one noticeable difference from modern ones. In modern stories the apparitions are nearly always those of human beings, dead or at a

distance, whereas in antiquity the unseen world was thought to be tenanted by all sorts of vague powers who were not human at all. The tall woman, like one of the Eumenides, whom Dio saw in the veranda, was not, so far as we gather, the ghost of any dead woman, but one of these vague hostile powers. The figure which appeared to Brutus (or to Cassius of Parma) was again not the ghost of a man, but an evil genius. The figure which appeared to Curtius Rufus described itself, as we saw, in Pliny's version as Africa, the personified spirit of the province. That is quite unlike modern stories; we never heard of anybody who professed to have seen Britannia. Of course, in mediæval stories, appearances of angels and devils are common, and occasionally even in modern times stories go about of such appearances. Fairies have been photographed! But for the great mass of people to-day who believe in manifestations from the other world, such manifestations are thought of exclusively as those of the spirits of men and women who have lived in this world. Even in antiquity, malignant demons may be the spirits of bad men. That, as we saw, was Plutarch's view. The spirits of bad men tried to hinder the living in the path of virtue out of envy.

It is odd that stories of the appearances of living men and women at a distance, upon which the modern theory of telepathy is built up, are so rare in antiquity. There are, of course, stories of people seeing their absent friends in dreams, and the ancients may have classed telepathic appearances of the living under the category of dreams, though in modern accounts they are definitely distinguished from dreams, as occurring to people when they have, in other respects, an ordinary waking consciousness. There is one story in Cicero which looks like telepathy, but as Cicero does not tell us his authority for it, or when it occurred, we cannot build much on it.

Two friends, Arcadians, on a journey came to Megara. One of them took up his abode for the night in a private house, the other one went to an inn. In the night the one in the private house suddenly heard his friend calling him. He thought it was a dream, and turned over again to sleep. Presently he saw the figure of his friend—'in a dream,' Cicero says. The figure spoke to

him, and said, 'Though when I was alive and called to you, you would not come and save me, do not at any rate leave my death unavenged.' The friend went on to say that he had been murdered by the innkeeper, and that his body had been put on a cart covered over with manure, to be taken in the morning out of the city. He asked his living friend to go early and watch at the city-gate for the cart. The living friend went accordingly, and when a cart full of manure came out of the gate, he demanded of the slave who drove it what he had there. The man fled in terror, the corpse was discovered, and the innkeeper brought to justice ('De Divin.' I, § 57).

So far we have been considering only stories in which the apparition occurs spontaneously, but, of course, in antiquity, as to-day, the living often took the initiative in attempts to bring back the dead into communication with themselves. All through the ancient world people resorted to necromancy—the idea and the practice was not confined to any nation or any age. In the Old Testament you have the story of the witch of Endor calling up the spirit of Samuel, and Isaiah rebukes his contemporaries because they resorted to wizards 'who peep and mutter,' that is, probably, speak in a state of trance in a strange thin voice, not their own, understood to be a voice from the other world. 'On behalf of the living,' Isaiah asks indignantly, 'should men seek unto the dead?'

Amongst the Greeks you find the idea of calling up the spirits of the dead as early as Homer, and you find necromancy rife in the last decadence of Greek civilisation. But there is a great difference in the mode by which communication with the dead was sought in antiquity, and the mode by which it is sought to-day. In the practice of modern spiritualists the method is a corporate effort, a séance, in which many people combine with the medium to 'generate power'—I think the phrase is—and the spirit is supposed to communicate by signs, such as table-rapping or automatic writing—only in exceptional cases, as spiritualists call it, 'materialising.' So far as I know, you hear nothing about séances or table-rapping in ancient times. The spirit was called up by a magician or a witch, acting as

an individual, in virtue of certain rites and ceremonies which had magical power, rites and ceremonies often pretty horrible; the spirit did not communicate by signs, but appeared and spoke, if the magic was successful. Sometimes the professional necromancers were attached to a particular shrine, to which people would come to receive oracles from the dead. If you wanted to communicate with the dead, that is to say, you did not ask your friends to sit with you round a table, but you went to the professional wizard or witch and let him or her do it all for you. If you knew the way, and the proper rites and formulas, you might perhaps do it for yourself.

In the earliest description we have of calling up the spirits of the dead in Greek literature, the 11th book of the 'Odyssey,' Odysseus, instructed by the witch Circe, does it for himself. Apparently in the earliest stratum of the story, as we have it in that book, Odysseus does not go to the world of the dead. He is made to do so in the later interpolations in the story, and according to the conversation between himself and Circe in the previous book, which is accommodated to the later idea of his journey. In the original story he sails across the Ocean to the land and city of the Cimmerians, a people of flesh and blood, though, since they live at the extremities of the inhabited earth in a land of perpetual mist and night, it may naturally be easier to establish communications there between this world and the realm of the dead. On the shores of the Ocean, that is to say, still in this living world, Odysseus performs the acts which will have power to bring up the spirits of the dead to him in visible shape from the house of Hades. He digs a small trench, pours libations to the dead of honey and wine and water, sprinkles white meal, prays to the dead, promising future offerings if they will appear, and cuts the throats of the sheep to be sacrificed, so that their blood gushes into the little trench and fills it. And then the shadowy hosts of the dead appear, drawn eagerly to the hot blood. But they are only phantoms without intelligence till they have drunk the blood. Then for a moment they recover the mind they had as living men and converse with the living man.

The great motive which led men to resort to necromancy was not the common motive in modern times,

the desire to regain communication with people whom one has loved here; the great motive was to get knowledge of things which one could not get in the ordinary way—especially knowledge of the future—but any knowledge that might be important for practical purposes. Herodotus tells a story about Periander, the tyrant of Corinth, in the seventh century B.C. Periander had hidden somewhere a treasure which had been entrusted to his keeping by a friend and then forgotten the place. In this embarrassment he sent to the oracle of the dead amongst the Thesprotians, in order that the spirit of his dead wife Melissa might be called up and say where the treasure was hidden. We can imagine that in domestic difficulties in former days, when Periander could not remember where he had put this or that, Melissa had been the natural person to whom he would run in a fret. 'Where on earth, O woman, did I put that wretched'—whatever it might be. And now that she was dead, and Periander was bothered to lay his hand on the hidden deposit, he could think of nothing better than calling up poor Melissa's spirit to tell him where he had put it.

Under the Roman Empire it is plain that many people had recourse to necromancy, and that calling up the dead was one of the things which the professors of magical arts regularly claimed to be able to do—'*crematos suscitare mortuos*,' as the witch Canidia puts it in the catalogue of her accomplishments in Horace. But no writer of classical times that I know gives us any concrete case of the calling up of a spirit which had come within his own experience or the experience of any one known to him, unless we count the case of Apion the Alexandrian grammarian of the first century A.D., whom the elder Pliny as a young man had apparently seen and talked to, and who, according to this same Pliny, used to declare that he had once called up the spirit of Homer and learnt from the ghostly lips of the poet himself in which of the seven cities he had really been born. Some suspicion, however, was cast on the story by the circumstance that when Apion, a blatant self-advertiser, was asked to pass on the precious bit of knowledge, he became coy, and said he felt bound to regard personal information of that kind, when given him by Homer, as strictly confidential. Lucan describes an evocation of the dead

by the witch Erichtho, but she is an imaginary character, and the whole description makes no pretence of being anything but highly coloured poetical fiction, though some of the details—for instance, that the corpse of the man whose spirit was to be called up must have the lungs undecayed—no doubt corresponded with traditional necromantic lore. The most effectual form of necromancy, men thought in those days, was not to procure a filmy ‘materialisation,’ but to compel a spirit to come back into a corpse newly dead and speak with its fleshly tongue. Servius (on the ‘Æneid,’ VI, l. 149) says that the term *necromantia* ought properly to be confined to the re-animation of corpses: the calling up of shadowy appearances ought to be called *sciomantia*. Erichtho in Lucan brings from the battlefield the corpse of a soldier recently slain, but if a fresh corpse was not ready at disposal witches and necromancers were believed to commit murder in order to procure one. Witches were especially believed to kidnap and murder children; probably some of them really did so. And if it might be rather dangerous for people in lower life to commit murder, Emperors, when they wished to consult spirits from the other world, could murder with impunity. Several Emperors went in for necromancy, and we are expressly told of Didius Julianus and Elagabalus that they had little children killed for the purpose. This is a mode of communication with the other world a good deal grimmer than sitting round a table in a drawing-room and asking the spirit to spell out messages by innocent tapping.

When we look at our collection of ancient ghost-stories as a whole, one must, I think, pronounce that they are exceedingly badly authenticated. Except Pliny’s foolish story about the boys who had their heads shorn, all of them rest on hearsay and popular legend. If the modern evidence for ghosts leaves us unbelieving or sceptical, we are not likely to be impressed by these old stories. If, on the other hand, we regard the modern testimony to appearances of the dead as substantial, we shall naturally regard these old stories as having certain real facts of the same nature behind them. I have known at least one man, universally respected for his learning and common sense, who believed that he had one day, when out walking, met a ghost.

EDWYN BEVAN.

Art. 5.—NEWMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

1. *Apologia pro Vita sua*. Longmans, 1864.
2. *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church*. Edited by Anne Mozley. Longmans, 1891.
3. *Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*. By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, 1912.

To the man who would understand Newman—a not impossible task—an excellent starting-point is given in J. A. Froude's famous description, which much pleased Newman when he read it in old age.

'When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety, and men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. . . . I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers. . . . He was the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to Providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. . . . Keble had looked into no lines of thought but his own. Newman had read omnivorously; he had studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms and with all its many-coloured passions. . . . What he said carried conviction along with

it. . . . We came to regard Newman with the affection of pupils for an idolised master. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men *Credo* in Newmannum was the genuine symbol of faith.*

This is a remarkable picture, and it brings out strongly certain parts of Newman's nature which are often overlooked. Newman, as God made him, was not the shrinking scholar, the cloistered saint, devoted and tender, hesitating and anxious, unfit for the rough and tumble of life: rather he was a born leader of men, an ardent and fearless fighter, unwilling to accept defeat, confident in his own powers and able to win over to his side doubters and opponents. He is compared to Cæsar, that versatile man of the world, equally at home at the street corner, in the senate house, in the study, in the drawing-room or on the field, who carved his way to world dominion out of nothing, who again and again staked his career upon a throw, who bestrode this narrow world like a colossus. But these robust and dominant powers, not finding free scope in his life, were slowly eaten away by a growing weakness and self-mistrust. Herein lies his secret; this it was which took the heart out of him and finally led him into the Roman Church, there to lie high and dry like a stranded vessel.

From his earliest years his splendid abilities made an impression upon others, and this must have been well known to him. He was the quickest learner ever seen at his school, and when he entered at Trinity, his tutor greeted his father with the pleasing words, 'Oh, Mr Newman, what have you given us in your son!' At the University he is ambitious and loves to be first; he resents it when owing to his extreme youth he knows less than the others; he 'disdains to say' his friends go too fast and resolves to catch them up. His belief in himself is not shattered by his nervous breakdown in the schools, and he conceives 'the audacious idea' of an Oriel Fellowship, and is 'very confident' of success when others think he has no chance. After his election, a friend speaks of him as a future Archbishop or Lord Chancellor, Whately calls him 'the clearest-headed man

* 'Short Studies,' IV, 272-283.

he knew,' and a year or two later he is styled by Blanco White 'my Oxford Plato.' He is invited to join the Athenæum at 23, is requested as a Deacon to preach a University sermon, and at 27 is appointed Preacher at Whitehall. But we need not pursue the story: enough has been said to show that thus early he was known as a coming man.

Indeed it would be hard to praise too highly his splendid talents. [His intellect was of the first order, strong and penetrating, remorselessly clear and cool; and in youth he exercised it on many fields.] He took, as far as a man may, all forms of learning as his province. He was interested not only in religion, but in philosophy, mathematics, politics, history, science: even abstruse subjects like anatomy and mineralogy were not altogether unknown to him. His mind was as wide as it was powerful.]

But he excelled also on the side of feeling and imagination. His emotions were strong and warm. He loved poetry and was no mean poet himself; perhaps he might have been a great one, had he devoted himself to it. His prose style is one of the finest in the language, possessing a singular force and richness. He was devoted to music, sometimes crying out with the pleasure of it; and as a player on the violin he believed that with regular practice he 'could do what he pleased.' The beauties of nature were an unfailing source of delight; he loved the trees and the green fields, the streams and hills, the birds and clouds and sunshine, and regretted the loss of these glories at Oxford. He could not find adjectives to describe the 'exquisite beauty' of the Isle of Wight, and he sent home glowing accounts of the wonders of his Mediterranean tour.

But if Newman was a thinker and an artist, he was before all a man. He was no Kant, dwelling apart with his philosophy; he was no Wordsworth, content to commune with nature. He might have taken as his motto the old saying in Terence, that he accounted nothing that is human as alien to him. He had very warm affections and sympathies. The death of those whom he loved wrung from him bitter tears and sometimes broke him down. And his friends repaid him with a passionate attachment. W. G. Ward, who was not very

intimate, used to say that his heart began to beat when he heard Newman's step on the staircase, and Church's eyes in old age would light up at the mention of his name. And with this sympathy went a remarkable insight into the human heart. Even as a small boy, his sister had said that he 'always understood everything,' and this secret he never lost. This it was that made no small part of the power of his Oxford sermons: his hearers felt that he was opening to them their very hearts, and that he knew them better than they knew themselves.

Now to these gifts, great as they were, was added yet another, as the crown and coping-stone of the whole. Newman had the power of leadership and an extraordinary personal ascendancy over others. It was not merely that he was abler than other men, but he had the natural force of character, the bold and fearless temper, the strong will, the power of awaking loyalty and inspiring fear, which mark the born ruler. He was a leader in the sense that St Paul or Bonaparte or Wesley were leaders; responsibility was his natural element; he was eminently fitted to stand alone and to create good out of evil. Froude's striking words have already been quoted, and the facts themselves speak the same way. Late in life Newman stated that he had 'generally got on well with juniors, but not with superiors'—a frequent sign of the commanding mind. At school, though he plays no games, he comes to the front: he is often chosen as arbitrator in disputes; he starts and directs magazines and is possessed by a fever for writing; he composes a mock drama and an opera; he founds clubs and societies, of which he is the leading spirit. Doubtless it was all very boyish and raw, but it shows the bent of his mind. When he has grown to manhood and is becoming more and more conscious of his great powers, this capacity of leadership is more manifest. At about the age of 27 he begins to become, as Ward says, 'a spiritual father'* to many; and the feeling that he has a mission to fulfil takes possession of his mind. He cries for an Athanasius or Basil to rise up and meet the evils of the time, and no doubt

* Ward, I, 43.

Ward is right in suggesting that at the back of his mind was the idea that he might play the part himself. Every one knows how in Sicily in 1833 he burst into tears and sat on his bed repeating the words, 'I have a work to do in England.' When the Movement commences, he quickly takes the lead and out-distances the others. He was, says Shairp, 'the centre and soul'; the rest, says Froude, in comparison were 'ciphers.'* 'Mr Newman,' writes Dean Church, 'had drawn ahead and was now in front. Unsought for, the position of leader came to him, because it must come. . . . It was the force of genius, and a lofty character and the statesman's eye, taking in and judging accurately the whole of a complicated scene, which conferred the gifts and imposed inevitably and without dispute the obligations and responsibilities of leadership.' 'Was there ever,' said W. G. Ward, 'anything in history like Newman's power over us at Oxford?' and his son, Newman's biographer, speaks of his position of 'kingship' and of the reputation as a prophet which he had acquired. Affectionate and in some ways easygoing as Newman was to his followers, there was no question whose was the master mind. He was (writes Church) 'exacting and even austere'; he could scold them and put them in fear; sometimes they dared not approach him; they regarded him with 'awe' and 'veneration.' Pattison, long after he had broken with him and when he was himself a distinguished man, meeting him by chance on the train, was in terror of his disapproval, and on his death-bed still addressed him as 'My Master.' In the direction of the Movement, Newman stands in the middle of things; he writes instructions, he claims that he sees everything that is done, said, or written. Even when he begins to waver and to be troubled by the thought of secession, he knows that the key to the situation lies in himself. 'If I can trust myself,' he wrote, 'I can trust others.'† And when the blow fell, it was described as an 'overpowering event,' or a 'thunderbolt,' or, in his own words, as an 'earthquake.' The notion which Newman more and more fostered, that he was not cut out for a leader and that the first place

* Ward, I, 47, 51, 61.

† A. Mozley, II, 319.

fell to him at Oxford without any special fitness or merits of his own, is the opposite of the truth. A man does not, amid the acclamation of all, spring into the captain's place unless he can play the part. No doubt, as Ward says, he 'shrank from recognising the greatness of his position,' but that does not alter the fact. 'My *ἔργον*,' wrote Newman in 1845, 'seems to be the direction or oversight of young men,' and he deliberately set himself to mould the youths under his charge and to spread 'Apostolical' principles. Though he was no vulgar or reckless proselytiser, yet, as Thomas Mozley says, 'it never was possible to be even a quarter of an hour in his company without a man feeling himself incited to take an onward step.'* He pursued his aim with 'fierceness' and with a 'supreme confidence' (the phrases are his own), rejoicing in the discomfiture of his adversaries. 'One gains nothing by sitting still. I am sure the Apostles did not sit still'; 'Men are made of glass; the sooner we break them and get it over, the better'; 'Let those laugh who win; I have gained my point'; 'We must let no one control us'; 'We shall be glad of your co-operation; but if not, we will march past you': such is his tone in the early days. In 1843 a female disciple, hearing that her master was weakening, complained bitterly that he had no right to go away and leave unshepherded those whom he had led and taught; for 'he has formed their minds, not accidentally; he has sought to do so, and he has succeeded.'†

But strong powers like these need sweep and room. A man cannot wield a broadsword when pent in a corner, and a world-wide mind demands a world-wide stage. This, however, was what Newman never obtained. His bold originality and fearless independence never rose to their full height, because his manner of life and thought was too narrow for his true nature.

Let us consider first his outward circumstances. After a few years at school, where he carried everything before him, he entered at the early age of 16 a society which was to be his home for nearly thirty years. Here he lived the academic life, apart from the world; he mixed mainly with intellectual and cultured persons,

* I, 279.

† II, 420.

with scholars and dons and clerics; he spent many long hours alone in his room, reading and writing. He formed a circle of his own and soon began to make a reputation; and before he was 35 this grew into a position of kingship, to which few parallels can be found. Such a life is never without its dangers. The intellectual man, living in a world of his own, shielded from direct contact with the rougher things of life, philosophising in his chamber or experimenting in his laboratory, constantly poring over learned books, having his boots cleaned, his meals cooked, his rubbish removed by other hands, may easily get out of touch with the common herd; he may forget that the needs of the sweep and the miner and the washerwoman have to be satisfied as well as of the professor. And be it remembered that the Oxford of those days was far narrower than it is now: it was conservative and passionately interested in the past, it suspected scientific studies, it was clerical, it was celibate and almost entirely excluded women, it was very much in a groove. To a man of Newman's warm heart and wide powers this atmosphere must have been in some ways profoundly unsatisfying; indeed there are signs that at heart he desired something wider. Much as he loved Oxford, yet he speaks of it as a 'duty to have no plans' beyond a college life,* and describes himself in a poem as a 'prisoner' in his Oxford 'cell.' A friend wrote in 1828, 'You want an outlet for your mind and heart, which are running over where there is no call for their riches. Tell the world at large what you feel and think.' Warm affections and vigorous energies need constant exercise on the widest possible scale; to shut them up is fatal. It may safely be said that if Newman had been alive to the danger, if he could have shaken himself free from Oxford and gone out into the great world, sharing the joys and sorrows of plain folk, arousing his spontaneous love and pity and indignation at first hand, rubbing shoulders on equal terms with men in market-places, preaching his Christian message direct to the labourer and the mill-hand, facing perhaps angry mobs, this direct contact with the hard and rough world would have left little room for the scruples and hesitations and

* I, 230.

anxious doubtings which grew upon him in sheltered Oxford.* And after he left the Church of England, his life was even narrower. Oxford was at least a university; Edgbaston was simply a religious house. Here he lived, surrounded by devoted disciples who looked through his spectacles, busying himself with much routine work, farther away than ever from that great and turbulent world in which he was so well fitted to shine.

This academic and confined life it was that largely encouraged the extreme shyness and reserve, the fastidious shrinking and oversensitiveness on which so many writers comment. His 'morbidly sensitive skin,' as he called it in old age, was a life-long handicap. He shrinks into himself from the hard world, he cannot do himself justice among strangers. On entering Oriel in 1822, he spent days of acute suffering, and his new associates did not know what to make of his 'extreme shyness and vivid self-consciousness.' This in moderation might not be unnatural in a youth entering suddenly the society of older and more famous men, but even so it ought to have passed away as he grew older and became accustomed to use his talents. A man of commanding and original character rather sets the lead than receives it; he makes the best of strange or unfamiliar surroundings and moulds his circumstances to his will. Newman, however, was ever ill at ease in ordinary society, and longed to escape back to his accustomed path. In the fullness of his youthful powers, when enjoying the beauties and the fresh sights of the Mediterranean, he yet yearns for Oxford where he can sport his oak and lie at full length on his sofa. He 'shrinks involuntarily from the world,' finds 'every kind of exertion an effort,' and has an 'almost morbid perception of his deficiencies and absurdities.'† During the height of the Movement he says, 'I have learnt to throw myself on myself. . . . God intends me to be lonely; He has so framed my mind that I am in a great measure beyond the sympathies of others and thrown upon Himself'; and a year later he laments, 'I am very cold and

* Newman (says J. B. Mozley in the 'Christian Remembrancer,' January 1846) 'saw the pen everywhere; . . . he went instinctively to documents, not to life; all came out of himself.'

† I, 321.

reserved to people, but I cannot realise to myself that any one loves me; . . . or I dare not realise it.' When dining out, he complains that he is 'looking like a fool,' and at Rome in 1846 refused invitations because he was 'so bashful and silent in general society.' Twenty-five years later, when one of the most famous men in the country, he will not visit a friend in London, because 'I am sure to make a fool of myself being so shy, and go away gnawing my heart at the thought of the many gaucheries and absurdities I have committed.' And this from the man with the most winning personality in England! Even in his preaching shyness pursued him; he never let himself go, and compared himself to Ulysses in the 'Iliad,' who 'when he began looked like a fool.' His insight and deep earnestness moved men's hearts, but his manner was stiff and unnaturally calm. It was, says a hearer, 'the calmness of suppression,' hiding 'a spirit seething with restless and agitating thoughts,' like the breathless quiet before a mighty thunderstorm.* He never learnt to pour out full and wide the great treasures with which his heart was bursting.

So much for his surroundings. Now we may turn to the growth and development of his mind. Not a great deal is known of his boyhood and upbringing, but there are two facts mentioned by himself that have a very ominous sound.† The first is that his imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans; he thought life might be a dream, or himself an angel, and the world a semblance or a deception. This tendency must be accounted very dangerous. The growing boy, as his mind becomes more robust and prepares to shoulder the responsibilities of manhood, should cast off all childish fancies and get into touch with hard fact. In Newman, however, we find traces of this idea in later years, and he seems never entirely to have shaken it off. Besides, this is no normal childish fancy; it is utterly unreal to doubt the existence of the external world; for all that we do or think is based upon that belief. A man would not exist at all, unless his parents took the

* Whately (son of the Archbishop), 'Personal and Family Glimpses,' p. 16.

† Apologia, Part III.

world as real ; and as a baby, long before he can rise to the notion of God or even think at all, his actions proceed on the same idea ; he eats and drinks, he hugs his mother, he shouts for his rattle. This world may not be final and unchangeable reality, but for us in this dispensation it is real and we must use it as our basis ; otherwise we have nothing to go upon. Just as Rousseau's biographers attribute his fantastic theories partly to the large overdoses of fairy stories which he took in boyhood, so in Newman a certain over-subtlety of mind and aloofness from hard fact is no doubt to be traced to this early feeling of separation from the visible and material world.

The other fact of his boyhood at which we must look askance is his resolution of celibacy at the extremely early age of 15. To accept celibacy in manhood is one thing ; to do so as a boy is quite another. The boy who has determined never to marry tends to have a different outlook towards the other sex during the important years that precede full manhood. The question is already prejudged, and he may regard women as an intrusion or be afraid of them. Even if he mixes freely with them, it is not likely to be on quite the same terms as other young men. At the age of 29 Newman congratulates himself that at Oxford he is out of the way of their 'dangerous fascinations,' and even speaks of them (by implication) as a 'temptation'*—a strange and unnatural tone even for one who does not wish to marry, and quite contrary to the example and practice of the Apostle Paul. Newman's ardent and expansive nature resented barriers at all times ; vows, he once said, are a want of faith ; and we may safely conclude that his early resolution of celibacy was a mistake. Any lingering doubt will be removed by his own statement that this resolution strengthened that feeling of aloofness from the visible world which we have already seen reason to disapprove.

We pass on now to the religious development of his mind. Religion was the root and ground of his being. Much as he loved poetry and music and the fair world of nature, yet all these pleasures were secondary ; indeed

* A. Mozley, I, 230.

at times he even mistrusts them, as liable to seduce him from the one thing needful. He desired to use all his splendid powers in the furtherance of Christianity. But he was living at the beginning of a very difficult age. Fresh truths were coming to light, new movements were beginning of which the end could not be foreseen; a testing-time was at hand for the Church, and the whole religious world was to be shaken to its foundations. Science was on the threshold of those discoveries, on the strength of which she has since endeavoured to carry the war into the theological camp. Lyell, whose 'Principles of Geology' paved the way for Darwin, was three years older than Newman, and Darwin himself was only eight years younger. In Germany a Biblical Criticism was gathering force, claiming a new freedom in the treatment of the Scriptures. It is well known how Pusey's youthful radicalism was turned into conservatism by a recoil from the criticism which he encountered in that country; and the new ideas were slowly penetrating into England. Now Newman's mind felt the tendencies of things very quickly, and he understood clearly what was going to happen. For four or five years after his election to Oriel he had been something of a Liberal himself, and he thoroughly grasped the principle and aims of the scientific method. The reasoning intellect has its place in life and cannot be pushed out: the scientist rightly demands freedom for his studies, and he must be allowed to follow the truth wherever it seems to lead; otherwise science is a mockery. In the same way the critic has his proper part to play. Newman himself stated that the first time he read the opening chapters of Genesis in Hebrew, he saw at once that there were two documents placed alongside. There are difficulties in the Bible which can only be resolved by the use of criticism. All this he saw; but he saw more than this; he took a long view. The scientist and the critic would not be satisfied with half measures, but would claim the right of testing and judging not only the outworks but the very foundation doctrines and documents of the faith. It would not be a case of the age of the world or the composition of the books of Moses, but of the being of God and the credibility of the Gospels. It would be useless to say to the new

teachers, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther'; for they would insist on taking their own line. But the Christian religion was to Newman dearer than life itself. If its holy joys and its triumphant glories were to be torn from him, if a man were to be left to the exercise of his cold reason and to the satisfaction of his lower instincts, then indeed he felt (and rightly) that it were better never to have been born. His heart trembled for the ark of God. Could it ride unharmed on these new and boisterous seas? Would the icy hand of scepticism freeze the warm life out of the Gospel? He starts back in horror; Liberalism becomes anathema to him; his mind leaps away to the early ages of the Church, when great champions arose and great victories were won, when creeds and formulas were created, when out of great dangers a glorious end was achieved. He immerses himself more and more in the Fathers; he gets to be 'hungry for Irenæus and Cyprian'; it becomes 'a paradise of delight to live in imagination' in their times; he draws out elaborate parallels between those days and his own. He idealises the fourth century and brings it in to solve the problems of the 19th. His mind thus acquires a backward rather than a forward look; he meets difficulties not on their merits, not by the aid of the Spirit dwelling in himself, but by reference to a long-forgotten past.

Here, however, he showed a want of faith—faith in the Church and faith in himself. The Church would weather the storm that was beating up, because there is that in her which the scientific reason can neither give nor take away. But then she must launch forth on the troubled seas and fear not. She must discard all adventitious aids; she must give up the idea of any absolute guarantee of success, and trust in the inherent truth within her; for truth is strong and will prevail. And her leaders and captains must keep up a good heart and believe in themselves, remembering that God's treasure is always in earthen vessels. It was useless to call for an Athanasius; even if he could have appeared, he would have been a lost man in the 19th century. A wholly new set of difficulties had arisen, and must perhaps be met on new lines. Athanasius was sufficient for his day, and Newman might, under the guidance of the

Spirit, have been sufficient for his, if only he had dared. But the responsibility frightened him; his excessive humility, his exaggerated hero-worship paralysed him. He is like a general, who thinks the whole art of war lies in following the text-books of the past. He begins to shelter himself behind a supposed ideal age, just as later he sheltered himself behind a supposed infallible Church.

For this false step the influence of Keble seems to be partly answerable. It is very noteworthy that in the crisis in Sicily, when the feeling of a great work to do filled his mind, Newman reproached himself that he was only developing Keble's convictions and not his own.* Considering his own astonishing powers, he was always far too ready to model himself on Keble and to defer to his opinion. Keble was a holy and able man, but Newman by nature had a bold vigour of mind and dominance of character that demanded to take their own line. In truth he was more fitted than any other man to grapple with the difficulties of the hour. He was an all-round man; he understood every type of mind. The example of such a man, at least as able in intellect and imagination as any of the sceptics, standing forth calm and fearless as a great Christian champion, perfectly fair towards science, allowing every liberty to the investigator, yet able to show that the new scientific and critical gospel was one-sided and that the intellectual reason is only part of the mind and not the whole—such a spectacle would have steadied and encouraged the panic-stricken in the Christian camp, and would indeed have softened the bitterness of the conflict between the two sides. But the risk and burden were too great for him.

Nature, however, did not remain unavenged. The consequence of a life that was too small for him was a growing self-mistrust and a general passivity of mind. Instead of being bold and confident, he is over-anxious and desires to lean upon authority; instead of grappling manfully with difficulties, he tends to sit still. Very

* Cf. J. B. Mozley's remark that Newman was originally the convert of the Apostolicals and not their teacher; he 'adopted the movement' and became its 'mouthpiece and organ.'

early his mother was alive to the danger. To her congratulations on his twenty-first birthday he replies that while he is not sorry so great a part of his life is gone (indeed he wishes it were all over), yet he seems now more left to himself, and when he reflects upon his own weakness he has 'cause to shudder.' His mother objects to this tone, and answers: 'I see one great fault in your character, which alarms me, as I observe it grows upon you seriously. . . . Your fault is a want of self-confidence and a dissatisfaction with yourself.*' And although Newman tries to justify himself, yet it is certainly unnatural for a young man of talent to 'shudder at himself' instead of rejoicing in his gifts and the opportunity of using them. The liberalising period of 1822-7, with its new studies and growing reputation, gave a fresh scope to his intellectual faculties, and the Oxford Movement gave an outlet to his powers of leadership, but he never gained the complete freedom which his nature demanded, and the root causes of this self-mistrust remained untouched. After a few years this weakness of mind began to grow stronger; it appears even at the height of his kingship in Oxford, when he was fiercely confident and rejoiced to fight the battle of the Lord; his very unwillingness to acknowledge his great position is an evidence of it. We read sentences like the following:

'No one can be too suspicious about himself' (1832); 'Certainly it is very distressing to have to trust one's own judgment in such important matters, and the despondency resulting is made still more painful by the number of little unimportant matters which must be decided one way or other, though without any good reason to guide the decision' (1834); 'I should be actually afraid myself, without a great deal more learning, to undertake an extensive [parochial] charge. I find daily from reading the Fathers how ignorant we are in matters of practice' (1835); 'RULES would dispense with the necessity of thus doubting' (1836).

When important points, such as the continuation of the Tracts or the giving up St Mary's, present themselves, he tends to put them on the opinion of Keble or other friends rather than to rely on his own excellent judgment. Thus he writes:

* I, 58.

'I have no view, but I will do what you advise. I wish to be prepared with a view' (1838); 'I put myself entirely in your hands. I will do whatever you suggest. If you tell me to make any submission to anyone I will do it. If you tell me what not to do, I will not do it. I will stop anything you advise, etc.' (1838); 'He [Keble] said he wished me to remain. . . . Upon this I felt I ought to remain; because what I wanted to get from him was *leave* to do so' (1840); 'I wish Cornish or some one else would give me some idea whether I shall give up my name [as author of Tract 90]. I do want to know this' (1841); 'I shall not decide the point [St Mary's] myself' (1843).

More and more he is surrendering himself to the idea that Christian humility is simply passivity and submission. That a man should make up his mind resolutely, trust his own judgment, and fight for it to the end even (maybe) against authority, savours to him of presumption and pride, though his hero Athanasius had done this. He is angry with Wesley for his self-confidence; as if a man could inaugurate and conduct a great movement, facing furious mobs and quelling them by the power of his eye and mind, without self-confidence! He himself when criticised by Bishops offers to give way, and, though at heart he is grieved and indignant, talks of his 'real pleasure in submitting.' When young men trust him, he shrinks back in alarm, instead of thanking God and resolving to make himself more worthy of that trust.

'An evil conscience,' he writes in 1843, 'is always haunting me that [friends] place more confidence in me than I deserve. . . . I assure you nothing has haunted me more continually for years than the idea that undergraduates are trusting me more than they should, and I have done many things by way of preventing it. I should not wonder if the feeling ended in separating me from St Mary's.' *

A kind of apathy creeps over him; he tends to let things slide, and to shun active exertion.

'To read and otherwise employ myself with the Fathers without venturing anything of my own is what would give me most peace of *conscience*' (1838); 'I am most conscious that everything I do is imperfect, and therefore soon begin so to suspect everything I do as to have no heart and little

* II, 409.

power to do anything at all. . . . I distrust my own judgment and am getting afraid to speak' (1838); 'Here I cannot realise things enough either to hope or fear' (1839); 'It makes me very downcast; it is such a nuisance taking steps' (1842); 'We are unequal to the great task of judging Churches and had better leave it alone' (1842).

He speaks of himself as 'not worthy of friends,' and as having 'so little faith and hope, as dead as a stone and detesting myself.'* At length he gave up preaching and active duties and retired to Littlemore, where he had nothing to do but to think and to pray and to read. This was evidently its attraction. When he left the village in February 1846, he said that it was perhaps the only place he ever lived in which he could look back on without an evil conscience; at Oxford his responsibilities at St Mary's had always weighed most oppressively on him, but at Littlemore he had spent a very soothing happy period.†

From this growing weakness sprang his secession to the Roman Church. He mistrusted his age and he mistrusted himself, and he desired some sure guarantee to relieve him of the burden of responsibility in religion. For a time he found this in the early ages of the Church: when he was in agreement with the Fathers, he was right; otherwise he was wrong. But the appeal to the Fathers left a good deal of scope to private judgment; it meant also that, if the Bishops disagreed with Newman's interpretation of early orthodoxy, he must bestir himself and fight. There is nothing surprising in the fact that as his self-confidence decayed, his mind at length turned to that Church which almost completely absolves a man from risk and responsibility. In the Church of Rome you need not even consult the Fathers; you are quite safe so long as you obey the present authorities; all you have to do is to submit, and to submit was becoming easier and easier to Newman. Thus it happened that in 1839 the thought struck him, 'Perhaps the Church of Rome is right after all.' It was very unwelcome, and gave him 'a stomach-ache.' In truth freedom was as the very breath of his being, and he felt instinctively that the 'iron form' (as he once

* II, 431, 438.

† Ward, I, 116.

called it afterwards) of the Roman Church would cramp and fetter intolerably an original and dominant mind like his own. And so he beat the idea back for a time, but since he went on living the old life, it recurred. He hates it, he fears it, but he is as it were fascinated by it; he cannot get away from it, and it grows on him. On he drifts, not knowing that the cause and the remedy lie in himself. 'There are things,' he writes in 1841, 'which I neither contemplate nor wish to contemplate, but when I am asked about them ten times a day, at length I begin to contemplate them.' Two years later he talks of the drawing to Rome as 'feelings which I wish otherwise,' and adds, 'I have all along gone against it and think I ought to do so still.'* He can give no definite reason for this drawing except a vague uneasiness of mind.

'I cannot make out,' he writes in 1844, 'that I have any motive but a sense of indefinite risk to my soul in remaining where I am. . . . It is more than five years since the conviction first came upon me, though I struggled against it and overcame it. I believe all my feelings and wishes are against change. I have nothing to draw me elsewhere. . . . But I cannot but think—though I can no more realise it than being made Bishop of Durham—that some day it will be and at a definite distance of time. As far as I can make out I am in the state of mind which divines call indifference, inculcating it as a duty to be set on nothing, but to be ready to take whatever Providence wills. How *can* I at my age and with my past trials be set on anything?' †

Like other over-anxious and scrupulous souls, he begins to live more strictly; and he regularly sends to Keble lists of his sins or possible sins, so that the latter may try to trace there the cause of his Romeward tendency. 'What has been my sin,' he cries more than once, 'that I am given up to a delusion, if it be one?' But the more he worried and was anxious, the worse he became. His sin, if that is the right word, was not of a kind to be remedied by microscopic examination, but by cultivating a more robust, healthy, and confident tone of mind. He needed to break away at all costs from anything that hindered the free use of his powers, he needed to stand more upon his own legs, he needed to assure

* A. Mozley, II, 377, 430.

II 445.

himself that he, John Henry Newman, fallible as he might be, had and must have the duty of using his own judgment in religion, had responsibilities of which he could not divest himself, he needed to believe in the direct guiding of the Spirit in his own heart; and the spell would have been broken, the idea of Rome would have vanished. An excellent description of his helplessness and drifting is given in a letter at the end of 1844.

'When I recollect the long time that certain views and feelings have been more or less familiar to me, and sometimes pressing on me, it would seem as if anything might happen. And I must confess that they are very much clearer and stronger than they were over a year ago. I can no more calculate how soon they may affect my will and become practical than a person who has long had a bodily ailment on him (though I hope and trust it is not an ailment) can tell when it may assume some critical shape, though it may do so any day.'*

At length he gives up the struggle and awaits the inevitable end. He tries to comfort himself with the thought that somehow or other the responsibility may be left to God. In a rather plaintive letter to his sister he writes:

'May one not resign oneself to the event, whatever it turns out to be? May one not hope and believe, though one does not see it, that God's hand is in the deed, if a deed there is to be? . . . What right have you to judge me? I may be wrong, but He that judgeth me is the Lord. His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. He may have purposes as merciful as they are beyond us. Let us do our best and leave the event to Him; He will give us strength to bear. . . . Am I not trying to do my best? May we not trust it will turn to the best?'†

The whole of this remarkable letter reveals a man who feels that he is drifting upon the rocks—'throwing himself away,' he says in another letter—but cannot now save himself and feebly hopes that a miraculous salvation will arise. And thus it came to pass that he made the great surrender and passed into the Church of Rome on Oct. 9, 1845. How he fared in that Church, we will consider in the next number of this Review.

* II, 432.

† II, 460.

J. F. MOZLEY.

Art. 6.—IRISH HISTORY SINCE THE UNION.

History of Ireland, 1798-1924. By the Rt Hon. Sir James O'Connor, K.C. 2 Vols. Arnold, 1925.

THE publication of this work is a matter of great historical and social importance. The majority of the writers of Irish History have been but too ready to represent incidents in the past as bearing upon the political controversies of the present day. This cannot be said of them all. The late Richard Bagwell, D.C.L., though a man of the strongest Unionist views, succeeded in his well-known 'History of Ireland in Tudor and Stuart Times,' in giving an impartial view of the events in those days. Froude in his brilliant writing cannot conceal a violent anti-Irish bias. Lecky, one of the most scrupulous of men, though a sincere Unionist to the end of his life, started with an excessive admiration of Irish popular movements, from which he was never able to emancipate himself.

It is important to know who Sir James O'Connor is, and to consider the environment in which he was brought up. His whole life has been spent in an intensely Nationalist atmosphere. He is a Roman Catholic and deeply attached to his country and his Church. After some time spent in practice as a solicitor, he was called to the Bar, and very rapidly went to the top of his profession: he became Solicitor-General, then Attorney-General, then a Judge of the High Court in the Chancery Division, from which last position he was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal. As a lawyer he stands in the very front rank, and few Irishmen of his time have possessed a contemplative power so deep, or a vision so keen. Above all, he stands out as a man of the highest courage. The well-meaning self-righteous Englishman he convicts of criminal stupidity—yielding when he should stand firm and inexorable at the wrong time. The self-deceiving dishonest Irishman, living and moving in the great game of deceit, he tramples on with scorn and contempt. His legal training has put him in a position, from which he can look on affairs with an eye more or less impartial. There are not many who will be able to agree with him throughout,

but there is hardly any one who will fail to recognise the transparent honesty of a writer, who though still a Home Ruler, and one who approves of the Treaty, has no words strong enough to denounce the means used to bring it about. While full of admiration for Mr Kevin O'Higgins, whom he considers a prodigy, he has his doubts as to the future, and is by no means convinced that political assassination is a sound foundation for any Christian State.

The old catch cries which have been the stock of every agitator from O'Connell to Parnell, and by which the minds of the Irish and a large number of the British people have been poisoned, ought henceforth to be heard no more. Among the more prominent of the false beliefs which have held the field so long and have been responsible for the embittered relations of Great Britain and Ireland are the following—that the English Government deliberately provoked the rebellion of 1798 in order to carry the Union; that the Union was carried by a vast scheme of money bribes; that Roman Catholic opinion was unanimous against it; that Pitt broke his word; that Ireland's prosperity languished under the Union; that Ireland was over-taxed under it; that England caused the famine of 1848 and took no real steps to relieve it; that in the landlord and tenant struggle the right was always on the tenant's side. The writer ruthlessly demolishes all these baseless and mischievous beliefs, but we cannot be certain that they will not emerge in some form if required, in the future. Sir James draws a wonderful picture of O'Connell, perhaps the greatest demagogue that ever lived. He had all the qualifications for swaying at will an emotional and ignorant people: he had a commanding figure and a magnificent voice; he knew every turn and twist of the Irish peasant's mind, and could appeal effectively in turn as pleased him, to his religion or his greed; his success as an advocate was immense, though he could hardly be called a lawyer at all; he is reputed to have received the largest income ever made at the Irish Bar—8000*l.* p.a.; he was eloquent, ingenious, and tricky; he browbeat and insulted judges, and his speeches were nearly always unscrupulous if not dishonest. When he became a professional agitator he sacrificed all his legal career, but

he was well compensated by the famous Tribute; in the first year after Emancipation it reached 50,000*l.*, and from 1829 to 1834 he swept in more than 91,000*l.* In the matter of personal courage he stands high, and the way he faced d'Esterre, a noted duellist, was admired by all classes. He poured the foulest abuse on his opponents and on the English people—the most besotted and dishonest that had ever been in the world.' He called Wellington 'a stunted corporal,' 'the chance victor of Waterloo'—Lyndhurst, 'a lying miscreant,' 'a contumelious cur'—Hardinge, 'a one-armed ruffian'—D'Israeli, 'a disgrace to his species'; he declared that nineteen out of every twenty English women had illegitimate children before marriage, and yet he fawned on and flattered George III and presented a laurel crown to George IV when he landed at Kingstown in 1821. Sir James O'Connor believes that he debauched the Irish people morally and mentally, and that much of their dishonesty and shiftiness of character is due to his successful example. When he was sent to Richmond Penitentiary for sedition, the Roman Catholic Bishops framed a prayer for public use, beseeching God that grace might be granted to him and his friends to bear their trials with fortitude, but the prisoners had a royal time. The Governor and the deputy Governor turned out of their quarters to make room for them; they had their own servants and were supplied by their friends with every luxury. O'Connell, the most attractive of hosts, entertained distinguished guests at a grand banquet every night. Then came the writ of error, and the House of Lords by a majority of one set aside the proceedings, and put an end to these delightful festivities—base English Justice! The Liberator, when liberated, went home in a cab—which was a sad error, for his stage managers had other views. The book gives a most amusing account of the great prisoner being obliged to return to the prison, where he begged to be taken in. This was managed with difficulty, and on the next day he was liberated by the people of Ireland in a procession six miles long with bands and banners—the hero sitting on the top of a triumphal chariot of three platforms and drawn by six horses.

The man was a mass of contradictions. He was

sincerely religious and passionately attached to his wife and family: at the same time he had strong animal passions and seems to have indulged them promiscuously. He was detested by the young Irishmen, by Grattan, Gavan Duffy, the poet Moore, and many other Irishmen on the popular side. It is plain that Sir James O'Connor is of opinion that the Liberator, on the balance, injured the country he loved, to a far greater degree than he served her. O'Connell condemned violence and abhorred bloodshed, but his unmeasured language could not but create violence. His great achievement was Catholic Emancipation in 1829, but by that time the tide of English public opinion was strongly flowing in favour of the measure. It is only fair to him to say, notwithstanding the opinion of Grattan, that he anticipated it by a decade. Moreover, he was certainly a great personality and a man of European fame. Whatever his faults, and they were many and grievous, he could not have attracted and retained the affection of the majority of his countrymen, if he had not possessed many great and generous qualities.

The book presents most luminously the facts connected with the famine of 1848. Ireland had none of the potentialities of a manufacturing country. The population multiplied rapidly owing to the encouragement of early marriages by the Church, and soon after the Union it was doubled. The agitators and the clergy thundered against emigration as a crime against the nation. Subletting, the curse of Ireland, which was prohibited by many British statutes, was encouraged by them. Fairly sized holdings disappeared and were replaced by specks on the earth's surface, insufficient to provide sustenance for one person, much less for two and their progeny. One-third of the population was always on the verge of starvation and the potato was their only food. The blight in 1847 turned the whole crop into a mass of rotting vegetation and an enormous helpless population looked on in black despair. The Irish people at home and abroad have always been told that the famine was caused by the Government, and that England stood by and gloated over the sufferings of the wretched victims. This is the kind of poisonous lie that has driven many an Irishman to the belief that

the murder of an English soldier or loyal policeman was not a crime. What is the truth of the matter? No sooner had the famine become an established fact than the best brains of the Civil Service were at once employed to organise relief: distribution of food and relief works were set on foot on a vast scale; Queen Victoria proclaimed a day of fast and prayer—a sum of 1,000,000*l.* was quickly raised by private subscription, and seven millions of public money were spent on relief, but notwithstanding such noble and generous action on the part of Great Britain, and great sacrifices on the part of the landlords—afterwards to be so much abused—many thousands of poor people perished miserably. When it was too late, ill-regulated and panicky emigration took place, and the poor Irish were left at the American sea-ports ‘festered and degraded.’ The book then goes on to describe the Insurrection of 1848—the most foolish and ridiculous rebellion in the history of any country, and yet many of those who set it on foot were men of high character, and were neither mean, false, nor cowardly.

The Fenian Conspiracy of 1866 was in the main a by-product of the American Civil War. At no time did it cause serious anxiety to the Government, for the military command was in the capable hands of Lord Strathnairn, and the forces of the Crown easily controlled the situation. The trial of the conspirators in Dublin had one remarkable consequence, they were defended by the great Irish lawyer, Isaac Butt, and although he was till then a Conservative, he was so impressed by the honesty and sincerity of some of his clients, that he was moved to evolve the policy of Home Rule, which held the field down to the time of the Treaty. Butt fought his battle in the House of Commons with great brilliancy, and was assisted by a small but able band of Irish members, who always respected the rules of the House. Notwithstanding their efforts it cannot be said that they made any substantial progress in bringing round British opinion to favour Home Rule till there appeared on the scene the most extraordinary figure that ever took a part in any political movement—Charles Stewart Parnell. He had not a drop of Irish blood in his veins—his education was wholly English—he knew nothing of History—he read

no books—he had by nature no gift of eloquence, and broke down miserably in his first public speech. He was the last man in the world likely to attract Irish popular enthusiasm—he was an aristocrat and a Protestant—he had an exaggerated pride in the Parnell name and history—he was full of superstitions. He despised his band of clever lieutenants, ‘sweeps and guttersnipes’ he called them, but he was a great personality—he knew his own mind—he had an inflexible will, indomitable courage, and tenacity; above all, he had a deadly hatred of England. What made this strange man espouse the cause of the Irish tenant? It always was and always will be a mystery. Did he use the Irish situation as a weapon for the punishment of hated England, as Dean Swift to some extent had done before him? He joined himself to another strange performer—Joseph Biggar, the Ulster Republican, who like himself had an unbounded contempt and hatred for everything that was English. By shameless obstruction they broke down all the conventions and rules of the House of Commons. When Butt protested he rang his own death knell in Ireland, for Irish sympathy was all with the Parliamentary anarchists. Down to the year 1879, however, Parnell had not made much progress in Ireland; but in that year Davitt, a real democrat, following the principles of confiscation started by Fintan Lawlor, threw the land into the scale. The appeal to greed has always been more effective in Ireland than the appeal to patriotism. The bad harvests 1877–79 played into their hands; a large number of tenants were unable to pay their rents, a still larger number took advantage of the situation to keep their rents in their pockets. The landlords were by no means well advised, and the end of the matter was that this strange aristocrat, the very contrary of O’Connell, wielded all the power once possessed by the great demagogue, and the long struggle went on. Fortune was always on the side of Parnell till the final catastrophe, not least when the blunder of holding a State trial in Dublin was committed. Only once did he receive a staggering blow, caused by the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke in 1882. When this happened he was on the point of throwing up the whole game, for he must have known that his never-ending

incitements to hatred produced the atmosphere in which the Invincibles acted.

The next stage in his career was his long contest with the 'Times' newspaper. He had very little interest in the matter, he cared nothing whatever for British opinion on the question of his guilt or innocence, but after the discovery of the Piggott forgeries he was raised to the highest pinnacle of distinction. The demonstration in the House of Commons to celebrate his victory in the great contest he treated with open contempt, for he cared as little for their admiration as for their condemnation, but throughout he played his game skilfully with the ambitions of the two great parties, and came in contact with all the leading politicians of the time—Gladstone, Morley, Chamberlain, Randolph Churchill, and Carnarvon. He used them all for his own purposes; he used Chamberlain to get rid of W. E. Forster, a representative of true British integrity, who was a great inconvenience to him; he used Churchill to get rid of Lord Spencer; Carnarvon to stimulate Gladstone—every one seemed to fall under his spell. There was only one great obstacle in his path, which he never made light of—the cold steel of Ulster, which he could neither bend nor break. He never exhibited any hatred against them, and no doubt admired their dour determination and will power as inflexible as his own. He kept his supporters, many of whom hated him, subservient to his imperious authority. He was the master of their souls and was contemptuous of their feelings. Was there ever such a scene, as when in a Dublin hotel he cut short the eloquence of the presentation Committee, took the big cheque from the Lord Mayor, and put it in his pocket without a word of thanks? He appeared and disappeared when he chose, giving no explanation to anybody, but the fickle goddess who had always befriended him, was waiting to destroy him at the last. He marched to his final doom fearless, contemptuous, and defiant. A more amazing drama was never acted in any country. When the master hand was gone, the Irish party drifted about helplessly for many years, until at last, when the walls of the British Constitution had been broken down to admit the Wooden Horse, Home Rule of some kind became a certainty.

Sir James O'Connor takes us rapidly to the rebellion of 1916. No portion of this remarkable book is more vivid than the chapter describing this event. The sun as it rose on Easter Monday looked down upon a peaceful, prosperous, and apparently happy Ireland, protected by the British fleet against the ravages of the war that was devastating the homes of other countries. Ireland's contribution of men from North and South was purely voluntary, there was plenty of money and plenty of food, all the industries were flourishing—agriculture, shipbuilding, linen, and tobacco. No country in proportion to its population was so wealthy. Imports and exports came to 200,000,000*l.* each way, there was no unemployment. The system of primary education was adequate; the long demanded Catholic University had been set up; Local Government was in the hands of the people; Ireland had got the benefit of all the beneficent legislation passed at Westminster: the Factory Acts; the Children's Act; the Housing Acts; the Workmen's Compensation Acts; the National Insurance Act; the Old Age Pensions Acts; and the Labourers Act, under which 50,000 labourers were in occupation of comfortable cottages with an acre or half an acre of land attached at rents from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* a week. The legal and medical professions and the Civil Service of the Empire were open to every Irishman. Two and a half millions of Irish Roman Catholics had their homes in Great Britain. A Home Rule Act was on the Statute Book. None of the men of '98 or of '48 could have dreamed of such a paradise. The sun as it set on that fatal day saw Ireland in the throes of a German-aided rebellion, and the results were—the conversion of this fair land into a slaughter-house, degradation and demoralisation of the people, anarchy and permanent loss of character.

The suppression of the rebellion by Sir John Maxwell was not a matter of any great difficulty, but the injury to the public and private buildings was immense. The huge cost of compensation was ultimately borne for the most part by the British Government. At first no doubt the sympathy of the populace was against the rebels and with the troops, but later it veered round in a very marked way. An unfortunate event, which took place in September 1917, gave an enormous fillip to the Sinn

Fein movement. Thomas Ashe, a National school teacher, who in 1916 had successfully ambushed a party of constabulary at Ashbourne, in which the County inspector and a considerable number of his men were killed, had been sentenced to death, but was reprieved. When the amnesty came he was released, whereupon he began again to take part in seditious movements. He was then re-arrested and sent to Mountjoy prison, where he went on hunger strike. The prison authorities to save his life had him forcibly fed, which in some way affected his heart, and he died a few hours after the food had been administered. An inquest was held, and furious attacks were made on the Government, on Mr Max Greene, John Redmond's son-in-law, and on the prison doctor. Ashe's body lay in state in the City Hall, and the funeral that followed, headed by a Roman Catholic Bishop and a hundred priests, was enormous. The people were told that the Government had murdered Ashe, and the popular indignation became intense. Sir James O'Connor regards the Ashe affair as one of primary importance in the history of the revolution. Prior to that event the Bishops had frowned on Sinn Fein, but from that time he thinks it received its full quota of the grace of Ecclesiastical sanction. Then followed the so-called Anglo-Irish war, which consisted in the systematic murder of the members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Notwithstanding this terrible form of attack, the discipline of the famous Irish force kept the men steady for a time, but when combined with this, their families and relatives all over the country were terrorised and persecuted, the line began to give way. No time or place was sacred to win sanctuary from the gun-men. The book gives a moving description of the Roman Catholic Benediction service. After this was given in a Tipperary village on St Patrick's Day 1917, two local policemen who attended it, on leaving had barely got beyond the porch when they fell dead riddled with bullets. The shooting of policemen, armed and unarmed, on duty and off duty, by night or day, went on, and no person was ever made amenable. Then the policy advanced to a further stage—the shooting of civilians engaged in Government service—the shooting of persons suspected of giving information, and the intimidation of

the Press and of the people. These acts of violence were followed by attacks on outlying police barracks—destruction of property and general espionage. The attempted murder of Lord French startled the whole world. Flying columns of rebels began to operate all over the country, and as no discipline could stand the strain on the police, the Government decided to reinforce them by bringing over officers and men of the British army—the Black and Tans and the Auxiliaries. The book denounces in unmeasured language the proceedings of these forces, but the unaccustomed method of fighting adopted against them was almost enough to unhinge the minds of any men. It was a strange experiment made in the strangest of times, but that should have led the authorities to insist that the control of the force should have been of the strictest character, and it certainly was not, as the men frequently got out of hand. At length the weary Government, on Dec. 6, 1921, signed the Treaty which has fundamentally altered the relations of these islands. Many were relieved at the news of the Treaty, but there was one great man to whom it was and is loathsome and horrible—Lord Carson. In dealing with him the book exhausts the language of eulogy. Sir James writes that his political success was not so much an intellectual success as a character success. His speeches were the reflexion of his own nature, simple, direct, honest. Finesse was not in his armoury, nor was expediency his polestar. Then follows a fine Tacitean phrase, 'he was a political success because he was not a politician at all.' Lord Carson's so-called treasonable action in the North meets with the writer's strongest condemnation. He asks how far Carson and his colleagues are to be held responsible for the 1916 rebellion. It is simply incredible that any person acquainted with the state of things in Ireland would believe, that if there had been no preparation for resistance in the North—the German-instigated outbreak in 1916 would never have taken place. Treason felony it may have been according to law, but what was Ulster to do? It was proposed to expel her people out of the British system of freedom in which they had been born and to put them under the control of a hostile power. Was it morally wrong for them to say they would not recognise

an authority demonstrated to be hostile to the King, hostile to the Empire, and bitterly hostile to themselves? They said they would die in their boots before they would submit, and they were ready to do it. This was Ulster's treason which Sir James says begat treason in the South. Had Washington and his men anything like such good reason for resistance as the Ulstermen? And yet the whole world—including the defeated British—applauds them, and says they were right. What is the result of their action to-day? The Northerners are still free men and living under British law.

The book contains a graphic account of the Irish-Irish war, where the author shows that the Free State had no scruple in applying to rebellion remedies far more severe than those of the hated Saxon, against which they had never ceased to excite the world's pity and horror. They executed scores of rebels—seventy-seven in all. When the irregulars murdered Mr Hales they took out four Republicans and shot them. Their views on the morality of hunger strikes have undergone a great change. Sir James believes these severe measures to have been absolutely necessary. He dwells on the high courage displayed by the ministers of the Free State, and attributes the comparative peace that is now enjoyed as the result of their vigorous action. The author, to make sure of his facts, has consulted every possible authority and gives chapter and verse for all his statements. The book will offend many in the North and still more in the South, but no one will fail to admire it as a fearless history written by an intrepid man. In all honesty he writes the truth as it appears to him, careless whom it enrages or gratifies. He is no flatterer—Ireland has had enough and more than enough of their baleful breed. False words, as Socrates has said, are not merely evil in themselves, but infect the soul with evil. While he believes that Ireland has been debauched by lies and demoralised by crime, he is confident that there is virtue and courage enough in the people to enable them to learn the truth and to act upon it. He believes that she will make real progress when she repudiates mendacity and organised crime as political weapons. It may well be said in her case, '*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis Tempus eget.*'

Southern Ireland has a great opportunity for turning her face to the light and entering on a noble future, as she is now governed by men of her own choosing, who have displayed remarkable courage and statesmanship. These men are entitled to the goodwill and support of all right-thinking people whatever their views may have been in the past. She must make her momentous choice for good or evil. She is no longer in any kind of bondage or tutelage, the responsibility rests on herself alone. If she wallows in the slough of race animosity and religious hatred—if she prefers the lie to the truth—she has no future whatever. If, on the other hand, she chooses the nobler part—to look realities in the face—to give up brooding on the unhappiness of the dead past—to act with scrupulous justice as between all her children of every kind and of every creed—to associate herself closely with her friendly neighbours in the North and across the St George's Channel—there is no limit to what she may achieve.

JOHN ROSS.

Art. 7.—THE ENGLISH JEST-BOOK.

1. *A C. Mery Talys*. London: Johannes Rastell, 1526.
2. *Wit and Mirth, Chargeably Collected out of Taverns, Ordinaries, Innes, Bowling-Greens and Allyes, Ale-houses, Tobacco-shops, Highwayes and Water-passages. Made up, and fashioned into Clinches, Bulls, Quirkes, Yerkes, Quips and Jerkes. Apothegmatically bundled up and garbled at the request of old John Garrett's Ghost.* By John Taylor. London, 1630.
3. *Joe Miller's Jests: or, the Wits Vade-Mecum. Being a Collection of the most brilliant Jests; the politest Repartees; the most elegant Bons Mots, and most pleasant short stories in the English Language. First carefully collected in the Company, and many of them transcribed from the mouth of the facetious Gentleman whose name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable friend and former companion, Elijah Jenkins Esq.* London, 1739.
4. *The Jest-Book: The Choicest Anecdotes and Sayings.* Selected by Mark Lemon. Macmillan, 1864.
5. *Bubble and Squeak.* London: 'Sphere and Tatler,' 1925.

THE growth of the printing-press, the widening of horizons consequent upon the rediscovery of the Western Continent, the stir and movement of life that attended the rapid development of international trade in the early decades of the 16th century, marked a change which meant the passing of the last aspects of mediævalism, the beginning of modernity in European civilisation. In England especially was the change marked: by the quickening of that national consciousness which found its boldest expression in the King's establishment of a Church denying the authority of the Pope; by the acquisition of the habit of peace, by the growth of trade both at home and with foreign parts; by the development of the secular stage, and other things of seemingly minor moment which were yet of real significance.

Among those seemingly minor manifestations of that change is the one with which we are here concerned—the first appearance in the national life of the jest-book. It was a manifestation that has received but scant

attention, yet one that was to have incalculable developments; for it is scarcely fanciful to see in the attempt to provide a collection of easily remembered and readily repeated stories one of the first steps towards the slow democratising of literature. The earlier products of the printing-press were in the main tomes for wealthy buyers, for scholars, for monastery libraries; the production of an anecdote miscellany cannot but have been an attempt to reach something of a wider public among those who had acquired the art of reading.

The printing of the first English jest-book preceded by nearly ten years the printing of the first English Bible, and that this should have been so is doubtless in accordance with man's development; tales must have been told long before Bibles were made. The demand for a story may, indeed, be believed to be as old as the capacity for supplying it. The caves probably echoed to the laughter of our troglodytic ancestry when primitive wit scored off some boring narrator of his own exploits in dodging a saurian pursuer, or in enlarging upon the size of some monster he had 'nearly' entrapped. It may well be that many of our 'chestnuts' have their roots in that dim past, and during succeeding ages have been subjected to the evolutionary laws of variation and adaptation before being manifested in modern leaves. Mr Hardecastle's untold story of grouse in the gunroom may have been but a variant of some anecdote of pre-historic man finally revised to accord with 18th-century ideas of the humorous; for the persistence of the jest is constant, it may be looked upon as one of the vitamins essential to the continuance of healthy human society. As to the persistence of the essentials of fun as embodied in anecdote, it seems generally recognised in the readiness with which we reproach the utterer of a 'good thing' with filching from some coiner of witty currency who has become a tradition. Such readiness is doubtless far older than the printing of our earliest jest-book. Still is the name of a fifth-rate jester of a couple of centuries ago used in this manner, and before Joe Miller won to unmerited immortality it would seem that the first of our jest-books served the slow-minded in similar fashion as a ready snub for a quick-witted companion. We learn from 'Much Ado About Nothing' that Benedick

said of Beatrice that she had her good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales.' In earlier times there were, it may be believed, a succession of fellows of infinite jest whose names were held in remembrance for the purpose of snubbing their successors; we appear ever to have something of a distrust of the man of wit that makes us loth to recognise him in a contemporary—it is as if we believed in wit the day before yesterday, and wit yesterday, but never wit to-day. The classicist goes so far as to say 'all our jokes are said to come from Athenæus.' The grain of truth in the generalisation concerning the staleness of jests seems to be that the fundamentals of wit and humour—after due allowance for changes in taste and fashion—were the same in the earliest records as in the latest comic journal.

It is possible that in the burning of the great library of Alexandria the first of jest-books may have perished, for even if we do not know that such works were then actually compiled we do know that the suggestion was made in the fourth century B.C. that they should be; for in the time of Demosthenes there was in Athens a club known as the Sixty, and it is said that Philip of Macedon, regretting that he was not able to join it, asked that all the good things uttered at its gatherings should be sent to him. Such a request from such a personage might seem in the nature of a command—certainly if the Sixty included in its number some diligent and obsequious Attic Boswell—but history does not record whether it was complied with. Athenæus tells us of the request but no more, so it is to his own account of the Banquet of Laurentius that, with W. P. Courtney, we may look as the first of jest-books, though it is not strictly such in that it does not exist for the telling of stories, but simply includes them as it were by way of literary spicing. The numerous company of diners not only discuss food literally but also indulge in such a plenitude of literary extracts as suggest that the writers who in the third century of our era were counted the ancients had been greatly concerned with eating and drinking as inspiring themes. The men and women gathered at the banquet showed an extraordinary knowledge of what was evidently then recondite literature; and incidentally we learn from them that capping verses,

the asking of riddles, and such trifling pleasantries were freely indulged in close upon two thousand years ago.

So far as is recorded there appears to have been no collection of anecdotes in English to which the name of jest-book can be given before the invention of printing, yet within half a century of William Caxton setting up his first press at Westminster the earliest English jest-book was printed in the City of London. Of this work there have come down to us but two copies, and those of two distinct editions; one (undated) incompletely made up 'from an assortment of mutilated leaves,' the other, a perfect copy (small folio, black letter), is in the Royal Library of the University of Göttingen, and is very explicitly described by its printer as 'Emprynted at London at the sygne of the Merymayd at Powlys gate next to chepe syde. ¶ The yere of our Lorde .M.v.C.xxvi. ¶ The .xxii. day of Novēber.' Which of these two editions was the earlier it is impossible to determine, and though Hazlitt claimed that the faulty copy preserved in England and Oesterly that the perfect copy at Göttingen was the earlier, and though—how useful is the non-committal judgment of Landlord Tunley—there is much to be said on both sides, on neither are the arguments adduced wholly convincing. The balance of probabilities are, I think, in favour of the Göttingen copy representing the original issue of the work. Four stories (Nos. 2, 9, 91, 98) in the 1526 volume are omitted from the undated text, and the three used to replace them are all placed at the end; the title of the undated edition may indeed be regarded as a misnomer, for it includes no story numbered 98. It would seem more likely, too, that the absence of the date on the one copy should be an omission than that the elaborate dating of the other should be an addition.

During the four centuries that have elapsed since the issue of that modest volume—in the matter of size, for in regard to content the adjective would be inappropriate—our jest-book literature has grown to an extent that would probably astound most people. A chronological bibliographical list which I began some years ago, and have been adding to from time to time, has already reached the respectable total of five hundred titles. Finality in such a list has, of course, become impossible;

so many jest-books in the ephemeral form of pamphlet and chap-book have had their day and ceased to be, leaving no traceable copies. Without overstretching the meaning of the term jest-book, I think it probable that not far short of a thousand different works of this character—including new editions, which in the majority of cases are found to be something more than reissues—have been published since the enterprising John Rastell put forth 'A C. Mery Talys' from 'the sygne of the Merymayd.' I should like to think that it was a facetious compositor who was responsible for the appropriately unusual spelling of Mermaid.*

Seeing the age and extent of our jest-book literature it is indeed strange that this literary byway has been so little explored. There have been blazers of the trail, most notable among them being W. Carew Hazlitt, though long before he made his inquiries into the growth of the jest-book there had been a pioneer who had shown the way. There appeared in 'The London Magazine' (Eliä's 'London') of 1823-24 articles, nine in number, which dealt with as many jest-books, taken more or less at random from those published between 1607 and 1679. The anonymous writer gave a fairly full bibliographical description of each of the books treated and accompanied it with representative jests. That anonymous author may, I think, with some assurance be identified as the humorous George Daniel, who declared that he lived for 'old books, old wines, old customs, and old friends,' and who a few years earlier had given nineteen guineas for one of the only two known copies of that collection of 'Merry Tales and Quicke Answers' which ranks as the second of our English jest-books. In a brief paragraph prefatory to his 'Facetiæ Bibliographicae; or, The Old English Jesters,' the writer forestalled Hazlitt when he said of the old jest-books

'contained, as they are, in pamphlets of very rare occurrence and exorbitant price, the merriments of our ancestors have

* It is not unreasonable to suppose that Rastell's 'Mermaid' may have been the same building as that which became the Mermaid Tavern where Shakespeare, Jonson, Raleigh, Beaumont, and others gathered, and to which they gave immortality by their merry tales. If this were so it is possible that in the pictorial 'mark' of the printer we have the original sign of the famous inn.

been accessible to a few collectors only, whose perseverance and pockets have been equally taxed in the acquisition. Strange, however, as it may appear, they are entitled to a much more general attention; for their contents are always curious, and information, on many minute points of literary history and the manners of the times, may frequently be gleaned from these fugitive collections, which would be sought for in vain in works of a higher character.*

'A C. Mery Talys' of 1526, the volume with which our dated and separate jest-book literature begins, is a small folio of twenty-eight leaves (that is, 56 pages) printed in black letter. The first two leaves give the title, set amid crude and disconnected decorative wood-blocks, obviously not designed for the purpose, and the 'Kalender' or contents list, affording descriptive titles of the tales, though such titles do not accompany the text of the tales themselves. A couple of entries in this 'Kalender' will illustrate the method:

¶ of the mylner that sayd he harde never but of .ii. com-
mañdemens and .ii. dowyts. folio i.

¶ of hym that playd the deuyll and came thorow the
wāren & mayd theym that stale the connys to rounne away.
fo i.*

The tales themselves are of varied character, though for the greater part of a kind to appeal to the broad basic sense of humour. Lewdness and impropriety, as such are judged to-day, were perhaps not more extensively, but were assuredly more frankly, indulged in when Henry VIII reigned, and thus it is that about one-fourth of the hundred stories printed by Rastell would need to be excised to bring the collection within the standards of modern taste. After such the most numerous of the tales are those in which priests and friars are exposed for their lewdness, their ignorance, and their greed, and by these we are afforded an interesting side-light on the growth of public opinion. The forcefulness

* Hazlitt, who but reprinted in 1864 Singer's reprint of half a century earlier of the incomplete undated copy, and Oesterley, who in 1886 printed in modern type the text of the 1526 volume, both give numbers and titles to the separate stories without indicating whether they appear in the originals; in the latter case they do not.

of the great reformers, Erasmus, More, and Colet, in emphasising or satirising the abuses in the Church, reached but the comparatively small scholarly class; the 'ragged, tattered, and jagged' rhyme of Skelton, conveyed much the same ideas to a somewhat wider circle; the compiler of the 'Hundred Merry Tales' put these matters into brief anecdotes which, read and repeated, probably went on echoing through all classes, and so may have played no unimportant part in preparing the ground for the Reformation in England. In trying to keep his country Catholic, and yet to establish it as not Pope-Catholic, Henry VIII attempted the impossible, and stories such as many of those told here may well have helped to make the people acquiesce more readily in the suppression of religious houses, the occupants of which were shown in current tales in such unfavourable light. Ridicule is a solvent more rapid than reason.

Before discussing the problem of the authorship of this volume two or three of the shorter stories may be cited to illustrate the generally simple and direct method of the telling. I have modernised the spelling.

'A woman there was which had had four husbands. It fortun'd also that this fourth husband died and was brought to church upon the bier, whom this woman followed, and made great moan and waxed very sorry. In so much that her neighbours thought she would swoon and die for sorrow, wherefore one of her gossips came to her and spake to her in her ear and bade her for God's sake to comfort herself and refrain that lamentation, or else it would hurt her greatly and peradventure put her in jeopardy of her life. To whom this woman answered and said, I wis good gossip I have great cause to mourn if ye knew all, for I have buried three husbands beside this man, but I was never in the case that I am now, for there was not one of them but when that I followed the corpse to church yet I was sure alway of an other husband before that the corpse came out of my house, and now I am sure of no nother husband and therefore ye may be sure I have great cause to be sad and heavy.

'By this tale ye may see that the old proverb is true that it is as great pity to see a woman weep as a goose to go barefoot.'

Woman's inconstancy was a favourite theme, and this tale is immediately followed by another account of a woman at the funeral of her husband who on being

spoken to by a young man said: 'Sir, by my troth I am sorry that ye come so late for I am sped all ready, for I was made sure yester day to a nother man.' The following story indicates the persistence with which we find something ludicrous in associating sermonising with somnolence.

'A merchant's wife there was in Bow parish in London somewhat stept in age to whom her maid came on a Sunday in Lent after dinner and said, Mistress, quoth she, they ring at Saint Thomas of Acres for there shall be a sermon preached anon, to whom the mistress answered and said Marry, God's blessing on thy heart for warning me thereof and because I slept not well all this night I pray thee bring my stole with me for I will go thither to look whether I can take a nap there while the priest is preaching.

'By this ye may see that many one goeth to church as much for other things as devotion.'

In marriage mankind appears ever to have found a theme of amusement—and there is an extraordinary similarity of note between the oldest and the newest jests devised against the institution; it is as though the natural man had never got over the surprise with which he passed from the tip and run of promiscuity to the long innings of monogamous matrimony. This one of the Hundred Tales might come from the latest comic paper instead of from our earliest jest-book:

'A man asked his neighbour which was bút late married to a widow how he agreed with his wife, for he said that her first husband and she could never agree. By God, quoth the other, we agree marvellous well. I pray thee how so? Marry, quoth the other, I shall tell ye, when I am merry she is merry and when I am sad she is sad, for when I go out of my doors I am merry to go from her and so is she, and when I come in again I am sad and so is she.'

This is one of the tales to which no 'moral' is appended. In the stories cited, and in most of the others, it is humour in its simplest and most naïve aspects that is represented; in the practical joke, the quick turning of the tables by one person on another, the belittling of pretentiousness, our forefathers found fun as do our sons, and echoes of or close parallels to these earliest stories are found again and again throughout the jest-books of four centuries.

An interesting problem is that concerning the authorship of 'A Hundred Merry Tales.' Dr Oesterley did not hazard any suggestion on the subject; Hazlitt did not touch upon it when he reprinted the dateless faulty copy in 1864, but devoted considerable attention to it in the introduction which he contributed twenty-three years later to a limited issue of a photo-lithographic facsimile of the perfect specimen of 1526. With little real evidence and some freedom of surmising he came to the conclusion that the work was that of John Heywood with the assistance of Sir Thomas More. Curiously enough the very point which Hazlitt made as clinching his argument in favour of Heywood's authorship is somewhat stronger evidence against it. He says:

'Without any note of the year, but presumably in 1519, and at all events prior to the appearance of the "Tales," John Rastell printed the Interlude of the "Four Elements." This piece is usually regarded as anonymous; and I cannot go so far as to positively lift the veil from the authorship. But it is curious enough that No. 19 of the Tales treats "Of the iiii elemētys where they sould be found." The affinity of title and subject may amount to nothing, although it is to be borne in mind that the dramatic profession, at this time, had very few followers, and that the topic was a peculiar one. But independently of all that, there is a link between the little entry in the old story-book and the interlude of a far more pronounced character.'

Hazlitt then quotes from the play the following passage:

Humanity. Thou art a mad guest, by this light!
Sensual Appetite. Yea, Sir, it is a fellow that never fails:
But canst get my master a dish of quails,
Some birds, swallows, or wagtails?
They be light of digestion.
Taverner. Light of digestion! for what reason?
Sens. For phisic putteth this reason thereto
Because those birds fly to and fro,
And be continual moving.
Tav. Then know I a lighter meat than that.
Hum. I pray thee, tell me what.
Tav. If ye will needs know, at short and long
It is even a woman's tongue,
For that is ever stirring.'

The ninth of the 'Hundred Merry Tales' runs thus :

'A certain artificer in London there was which was sore sick, that could not well digest his meat; to whom a physician came to give him counsel, and said that he must use to eat meats that be light of digestion as small birds, as sparrows or swallows and especial the bird that is called a wagtail whose flesh is marvellous light of digestion, because that bird is ever moving and stirring. The sick man hearing the physician said so answered him and said, Sir, if that be the cause that those birds be light of digestion, then I know a meat much lighter of digestion than either sparrow, swallow or wagtail, and that is my wife's tongue for it is never in rest but ever moving and stirring.'

In Hazlitt's view the two passages are sufficiently alike to have proceeded from the same pen, and by an extraordinary example of fallacious reasoning he hazards the suggestion that because the same story is used in the Interlude as in the jest-book, therefore Heywood was probably the author of the Interlude, and because the story is in the jest-book as well as in the Interlude therefore we may regard Heywood as the compiler of 'A C. Mery Talys.' It is probable that the two works are by one writer, though it must be recalled that the story in question was an old one.* Such evidence as we possess concerning the authorship of the 'Interlude of the Four Elements' points to its being the work of John Rastell, and it is credited to him in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' It is to Rastell that I should with some confidence ascribe the authorship of 'A C. Mery Talys' of which he was the printer. Printers who were also authors appear to have been rather the rule than the exception in early Tudor days, and little as we know of Rastell we do know that among the books which he printed between 1516 and 1529 were several of which he was the author, and the 'Four Elements' of 1519 and the 'Merry Tales' of 1526 may not unreasonably be believed to belong to such.

John Rastell is said to have been born in London, somewhere I surmise about 1478. He was educated at

* Hazlitt himself notes that it is given as No. 132, 'De Linguis Mulierum,' of Thomas Wright's 'Latin Stories from MSS. of the 13th and 14th Centuries,' 1842.

Oxford and later entered Lincoln's Inn, where it is likely he came in contact with Thomas More who entered the same inn in 1496. Rastell appears to have become a somewhat successful lawyer, and at some unascertained date before 1508 he married Elizabeth, the younger sister of More. When he set up a printing-press is not known, but it is thought that he may have done so first in association with Wynkyn de Worde, and at some date before 1516. Later he became a member of Parliament, 1529-36, for Dunheved in Cornwall. Evidence of his direct interest in stage matters has curiously been hitherto overlooked. It is to be found in the pleadings in a theatrical law suit in the 'Records of the Court of Requests, *John Rastell v. Henry Walton*.* About 1530-31 Rastell sought to recover the value (20 marks) of a number of costumes which he had left with Walton over four years earlier as a security for a debt for 50 shillings incurred for setting up a stage for players 'in Rastell's ground beside Finsbury.' From the fifteen legal documents in this case—with never a date among them—we learn not only that Rastell had a strong interest in 'stage plays' and interludes, but also that he had spent six months in France, and it may be surmised that he accompanied his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas More, when he went to Amiens in 1527 or to Cambray in 1528. Before the close of his life in 1536 Rastell fell on evil days. His connexion with More may have made him suspect or his own views on ticklish problems of Church polity may have made him obnoxious to the authorities; at any rate he is supposed to have died in prison, and it was probably from prison that in the year of his death he penned an appeal to Cromwell in which he indicated his former success alike as lawyer and as printer, saying,

'Where before I got forty marks a year, that was twenty nobles a term at least, and printed every year two or three hundred reams of paper, which was more yearly profit to me than the gains that I got by the law, I assure you I get not now forty shillings a year by the law, nor I printed not a hundred reams of paper this two years.'

Whether John Rastell was himself a practical printer,

* The pleadings are printed in full in 'Fifteenth Century Prose and Verse,' with an Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard, 1903.

or merely the owner of a press, cannot be said with certainty, though of his versatility we have sufficient evidence. He compiled several of the books that he printed,* and it is more than probable that he was himself the compiler of 'A Hundred Merry Tales,' though it is likely that More, whose fondness for jests and jesting is well known, may have helped him with materials or at least with pointing out the old works from which appropriate stories might be conveyed. That Thomas More, the witty talker ever ready with an apposite story with which to illustrate his conversation, might himself have compiled the book is certain; that he did so we have no evidence other than his family connexion with the printer. Such slight evidence as we possess, as I have said, seems rather to favour the crediting of John Rastell with being the author as well as the printer of this earliest of our jest-books.

A year before Rastell had published a small book that from its name might seem better to deserve the title—'The Wydow Edyth: Twelve mery gestys of one called Edyth, the lyeing wydow whyche still lyveth.' That book, however, consists of a dozen versified stories concerning the doings of one person. The word 'jest,' it should be noted, was as at first employed but a variant of 'geste,' an exploit or narrative of an exploit, and had not its later significance of a joke. The two meanings of the word may be said to have overlapped, for in 'Pasquill's Jests' of 1604, we have the newer meaning of the word, while in 'The Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele' of 1607, the old meaning of the word is employed though the new spelling is used, for the 'gestes' of Peele are narratives of his exploits, more what we should now term short humorous stories than jest-book brevities. The 'gestes' in modern literature are most closely represented by the series of short stories told round one linking personality—of which our writers of fiction have given us many instances.

* A notable example is 'The Pastyme of People. The Chronicle of Divers Realmes; and Most Specially of the Realm of England' (1529), with vigorous woodcut portraits which have been ascribed to Rastell himself. As to the title of this work, I would hazard the suggestion that 'Pastyme' is merely a characteristic example of the orthography of the period, and that in modern rendering the title of the work should be 'The Past Time of People.'

The second English jest-book followed the first after an interval of seven or eight years; for, though the date of the original publication of 'Mery Tales, Wittie Questions and Quicke Answers' has not been fixed, I think this quarto of Thomas Berthelet's must have been issued about 1533. Some writers date it 1530, and Hazlitt suggests 1535, but a date between seems indicated by the fact that in one of the stories the Pope is given his accustomed style, while in another he is referred to as the Bishop of Rome. It was in 1533 that Henry VIII and his Parliament decreed that the Pope should henceforth be referred to merely as the Bishop of Rome, and the use of the two styles in one small book suggests that it must have been produced during that period of transition when desire to conform to the new regulation was unable wholly to overcome the trammels of use and wont.

The 'Hundred Merry Tales' and its immediate successor appear to have been reprinted several times during the 16th century, and they certainly had a number of successors, 'The Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham,' the 'Jests' of Scoggin, Tarleton, Peele, and others, for the custom of attaching current stories to popular names was an early variation of the jest-book miscellany. I pass over nearly fifty titles to reach the most notable book of this kind issued about a century after Rastell's pioneer work. This is the 'Wit and Mirth' of John Taylor, the Water-Poet, the earliest known edition of which forms part of that folio volume in which in 1630 the wonderful waterman of the Thames brought together sixty-three books and pamphlets which he had produced during the preceding eighteen years. Although I have so far failed to trace any earlier and separate issue of the 'Wit and Mirth,' I feel confident that such there must have been. Taylor was little likely to have had such a collection of jests as the 138 items that make up his 'Wit and Mirth' without having given them out in the form of most of his writings. In 1635 the work was reissued with fifteen of the jests omitted.

Taylor's 'Wit and Mirth' is a miscellany in which the presentation of the jests has become terser, and something of a change of fashion is already indicated in that we are made to realise that the coarse stories under the

second of the Stuart kings are more self-consciously coarse, and therefore more offensive than they were under the second of the Tudors. The author himself appears to have been aware of this, and a flagrantly filthy story of his collection is defiantly headed: 'This tale I writ on purpose to stick in the teeth of my proud, squeamish nice criticall reader.' Despite this aspect of 'Wit and Mirth,' it is one of the best of our jest-books, and much superior to that collection of about a century later which has strangely taken its place as by far the best known work in this branch of literature. The author says in effect that the collection is a poor thing, but his own, and he is unaware that any of 'these my poor and beggarly wardrobe of witty jests' have been in print before. Though some of the stories are found in early collections it must on the whole have been unusually fresh at the time, though a goodly number of the items have since taken their place among the foundation materials of the majority of jest-books. Two or three of the stories will indicate this:

'Twelve scholars riding together, one of them said, My masters, let us ride faster. Why, quoth another, methinks we ride a good pace, I'll warrant it is four mile an hour. Alas, said the first, what is four mile an hour amongst all us?'

'A man was very angry with his maid because his eggs were boiled too hard. Truly, said she, I have made them boil a long hour; but the next you have shall boil two hours, but they shall be tender enough.'

'A reverend preacher once reproved his auditors for sleeping at his sermons, but yet (said he) I pray you do not refrain from coming to church, though you do sleep; for God Almighty may chance to take some of you napping.'

'One said that he had travelled so far that he had laid his hand upon the hole where the wind came forth; a second said that he had been at the furthest edge of the world, and driven a nail quite through it; the third replied that he had been further, for he was then on the other side of the world and clenched that nail.'

Taylor includes several of his own mild jestings and certain stories evidently of his own devising, in some of which (as in one concerning Bias the philosopher as the inventor of the game of bowls) he goes on in a

sustained punning strain that was much imitated and developed in the 18th and 19th centuries, until it may be said to have died in the odour of pantomime and burlesque, to be resuscitated from time to time in the service of advertising commercialism.

For the period between 1630 and 1739 there are about sixty jest-book titles old and new—showing the second century of this literary manifestation as but little more productive than the previous one, which might suggest a merely stabilised popularity if we did not recall that the period covers the disturbed years of the Civil War, and of the Commonwealth. The most notable of the books which I thus pass over was the 'Banquet of Jests' associated with the name of Archie Armstrong, jester to the first two Stuart kings. The earliest edition of that book belongs indeed to the same year as Taylor's 'Wit and Mirth,' and might equally well serve as marking an epoch in the growth of the jest-book.

In the year 1739 there was published a slim shilling book of seventy pages with the title 'Joe Miller's Jests: or, the Wits Vade-Mecum'—a small book that has won great fame on surprisingly slender merits. The compiler, doing as many men had done before, utilised the name of a lately deceased popular comedian as title to his somewhat mediocre collection of jests. This proved so promptly popular that, it is said, eleven editions were published within nine years; and the name of Joe Miller became so valuable a trade-label among the booksellers that for well over a century it was used on the title page of a great diversity of jest-books in which all connexion with the original, other than nominal, had been lost. The original 'Joe Miller' consisted of 247 jests,* in the main no better and no worse than in dozens of volumes that had preceded it, and many of them still marked by such coarseness of theme and language as characterised in varying degree most of the collections up to the close of the 18th century. The contemporary popularity of the book was perhaps partly a reflexion of the popularity of the Drury Lane actor whose name it bore, and partly in consequence of the popular price at which it was published.

* In Bohn's edition of 'Joe Miller's Jest-Book' (1859), the number of jests had grown to 1546.

The jest-book bearing the name of Joe Miller marks a notable stage in the history of the English jest-book rather from the position accorded it by tradition than from the possession of any outstanding qualities justifying that position. Its success seems to have had the effect of extraordinarily increasing the popularity of the jest-book generally, for between 1739 and 1864, the year of the next landmark jest-book that I have chosen, my tentative bibliographical list has upwards of 320 titles. By the time that Mark Lemon compiled 'The Jest-Book,' first published in 1864, popular taste had so improved that the publication of coarse and salacious jests was no longer tolerated, and though such are absent he made his collection include 1711 items—the pick of the good things that had appeared in earlier jest-books along with many uttered by or fathered on the wits of the 19th century. His collection illustrated an increased appreciation of the witty saying as against the merely droll or mildly humorous; he, however, followed an example set by other compilers and unduly bombasted out his collection of jests with epigrams, the artistry of which ill accords with the naturalness, the naïveté it may be, the seeming spontaneity, the casual anecdotal character of the ordinary run of jest-book material. The success of Mark Lemon's work may be gauged not only from the fact that it has been reprinted many times, but also because since the year of its first issue there does not appear to have been any new issue of Joe Miller.

Since 1864 there have probably been published upwards of a hundred more jest-books, and to take up one of the latest, 'Bubble and Squeak,' is to be struck by the similarity of the appeal to the sense of humour that runs through this class of literature from its earliest to its latest manifestations; though new conditions, new fashions, new inventions, may vary the setting. If, however, the earlier jest-books are to be taken as throwing light on the social history of their time, this aspect has been lost or much modified by the habit compilers have of taking an old story and redressing it to suit their own day, or attributing to a contemporary something said or done in an earlier time. The first story of our latest jest-book is a case in point.

'A certain well-known professor on the medical side of one of our universities in the north was honoured by a royal appointment. With a touch of pride he wrote on a black-board in his laboratory, "Professor — informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the King." After the class had assembled, he had occasion to leave the room for a short time, and on his return found that some one had added the words, "God Save the King."'

The implication is, of course, that this is a story of a present-day professor and King George; some of us, however, can recall that it was recorded many years ago of Prof. Wilson of Edinburgh and Queen Victoria.

In essentials it may be said that the British jest-book arrived at maturity from the first. Such differences as we find between the first ones published in the 16th century and the latest published in the 20th are differences of detail, differences of omission owing to change of taste rather than anything else, with perhaps evidence of a growing appreciation of wit as an added spice to the simpler fare of humour; the incidents in which fun is found are curiously constant through the centuries. Man's circumstances change, but man remains much the same.

Though the past hundred years produced considerably fewer jest-books than the century before, the change that might seem to be indicated is merely one of appearance. The growth of the popular periodical press with its constant succession of journals which might almost be regarded as serialised jest-books, may have had the effect of diminishing the output of jest-books themselves; but the output of jest-book material is probably greater in the present generation than at any time before. The popular appetite for anecdote for which John Rastell first catered with a few *hors-d'œuvres* in 1526 appears to have grown to a veritable bulimy when we see bookstalls with their weekly-renewed piles of the productions of the comic press.

WALTER JERROLD.

Art. 8.—HUNGARY OF TO-DAY.

WHEN one contracts the habit of spending a month or more out of each year on the Orient Express the glamour of a transcontinental voyage begins to wear off. In the inevitable battle for a waggon-lit 'seul'—that is to say, for a compartment where you can snore from Calais to Constantinople without intimate competition—the exultation over victory or the indignation at defeat, so keen in the earlier days, dwindle into mild reflexions upon the rapacity of one's fellow-man. Once on that polyglot train the babble of tongues that seven years ago were mostly unintelligible and always mysterious no longer excites curiosity or even interest. Such are the uses of familiarity. But though the Orient Express has lost its glamour, I confess that whenever it bears me across four or five frontiers to Hungary the prospect of again seeing Budapest, even after a short absence, never ceases to give me a thrill of anticipation. For me, Budapest has a charm and an appeal to the æsthetic possessed by no other city of Europe. Most of my friends from England and America seeing for the first time, black and sharp against a setting sun, the silhouette of mediæval Citadel, royal Palace, and Coronation Church that crown with tower, spire, dome, and rampart the ancient hill of Buda—'for centuries the prize in the struggle between East and West'—or who watch at night the Danube flashing back a thousand lights, have said: 'How is it we did not know it was so beautiful?'

And then, of course, as in every other country, come the disillusionments and the irritations, less or greater according to the provincialism of the foreign visitor. When you desire something done and when two Hungarians are there to do it, there will almost certainly ensue a torrent of conversation worthy of an Eastern bazaar. They love to talk. To the foreigner this loquacity is all the more annoying because, with rare exceptions, he is unable to understand a word that is said. The Magyar language is unlike any other known language, and no one knows exactly from which part of Asia it originated. The Hungarians are very

proud of it, and it undoubtedly has been and still is a vital factor in the preservation for over a thousand years of the Magyars as a nation, in spite of almost unparalleled difficulties. The language does not lend itself to brevity in expression, but I am more inclined to attribute the prolixity of the average Hungarian to national temperament than to any defect of his native tongue. A wise old Hungarian banker once said to me, 'The trouble with my country is too much wine, too much paprika, and too much talk.' Paprika is a national product almost as much in evidence as national pride. It appears in some form or other in most Hungarian dishes, and until 'Sweet Pepper' became one of the 'best sellers' was generally and quite reasonably mistaken by the cautious English visitor for cayenne pepper and therefore eluded. Excessive consumption of paprika is supposed to make for hot-temper, just as when I was a boy we thought all Anglo-Indians must be 'peppery' because they ate so much curry powder. There may be something in the theory; certainly my old banker friend was right in describing his own countrymen as hot-tempered and talkative. The influence of wine upon national character, especially in a wine-growing country such as Hungary, is a question far too complex and controversial for me to tackle, but from personal observations over two or three years in almost all parts of Hungary, I should not say that wine drinking appreciably affected the efficiency of the country.

In any mention of the irritations encountered by foreigners—and I fear that most of us imperfect people allow our opinions of a foreign country to be disproportionately influenced by what we find irritating or what we cannot understand—one must write about Hungarian noise. The Hungarians delight in noise. Noisy music: noisy colours: noisy meetings: motors with horns tooting only for exuberance and exhausts blowing through the city streets with a roar that would have terrified the occupying Turks into speedy evacuation—these abound. To betray in any public or private place approval of the Cigány (Gipsy) band playing Hungarian music is to bring to your side, or rather to within an inch or so of your ear, the leader of the band, who, with violin and body swaying to the tune, will

play until you find some way of escape. The nearer he is to the ear, and the longer and louder he plays, the happier the average Hungarian becomes. I have watched many a time in country towns and villages peasants toughened by years of toil in the sun, high booted, bearded, and illiterate, throw their heads back on their chairs and lie, as if in a trance, for perhaps more than an hour while the little brown Cigány fiddles into their ears the airs of old Hungary. The comparison is absurdly incongruous, but the sight always recalled to my mind the picture of Svengali hypnotising Trilby.

The influence of music, their own original kind of music, upon a people so virile is remarkable even after one makes full allowance for its appeal to a national fondness for noise. The virility is easy to understand and to explain once you realise that the Hungarians are first and last an open-air, out-of-doors people. This is true not only of the agriculturists, who constitute about 60 per cent. of the population, but also of the industrial and office workers in the towns. In the summer evenings the banks of the Danube for several miles around Budapest are brown with human bodies—brown because men, women, and children in Hungary tan themselves in the sun, indeed the sunbath lasts much longer than the actual bathing. They are perhaps the cleanest people on the Continent, and as one observes the physique of the stripped thousands along the banks, or those swimming in the natural springs or the floating baths that are almost without number in the neighbourhood of Budapest, one is inclined to think they are also the finest people physically. They are perpetually keeping themselves 'fit.' Evening after evening the Danube is packed with rowing craft. I have never seen so many boats on any river. Outrigger after outrigger goes by, and in many of them are men past middle age, bald-headed, taking their daily exercise in bathing costume after office hours with scull or oar. Always a sport-loving people, particularly keen on riding and shooting, the Hungarians are to-day developing athletics on what might be called English lines. The doings of their representatives at the last Olympic Games and subsequently at athletic meetings in England—and they did quite well—were followed with a national pride and interest far more

intense than anything I have seen elsewhere. But most significant is the new-found devotion for Association football. In little villages, isolated from the rest of the world by vast stretches of wheat plains, you will find the goal-posts. In Budapest, to watch what is only an inter-club football match on a Sunday afternoon, there are often twenty or thirty thousand spectators. Where the newspaper offices display news bulletins you can scarcely pass in the street for the crowds awaiting football results. There is more betting to-day on football than on horse-racing. The ambition of the average Hungarian boy is not to slaughter thousands of his enemies, but to have enough money to buy a pair of football boots. The old order is changing, and what the change will lead to no one can foresee. The middle-aged politician who never played football in his life, and probably never saw it played until quite recently, is not in the least able to judge how this new spirit and this new preoccupation of the rising generation will affect the future.

One of the few unimpaired survivals of the old order is devotion to swordsmanship. This is natural in a people that venerate so deeply the memory of their first king, St Stephen, who did not hesitate to use the sword, and use it with effect, in converting Hungary to Christianity. Moreover, despite football, the Hungarians have not forgotten Kinizsy, whom my friend 'George A. Birmingham,' in his delightful book, 'A Wayfarer in Hungary,' thus describes :

'There was a mighty Hungarian warrior, one Kinizsy, whom the Turks called a superhuman devil. It was his habit to fight with a huge sword in each hand, which perhaps terrified his enemies but must have been inconvenient to the man himself. He once celebrated a victory by a dance of triumph, carrying, as he pranced about, the bodies of three dead Turks, one in each hand and one gripped between his teeth'

In international sabre contests the Hungarians are to-day generally able to carry off the 'spoils.' It is with sabres that their duels are still fought. To English ears the survival of the duelling code sounds so anachronistic as to be almost on a par with cannibalism. I am afraid the Hungarians are impenitent. Reproved for

their uncivilised methods they will probably reply: 'When our personal honour is attacked we fight to protect it, because honour is as dear as life. When your personal honour is attacked you hire a lot of lawyers, wash any amount of dirty linen in the courts, and sometimes get satisfaction in the shape of money. We don't care to measure our honour by a pecuniary standard.'

In all the crises and vicissitudes which occurred in connexion with the reconstruction of Austria and Hungary my heart was never more nearly in my mouth than on account of a duel. Hungary was confronted with financial ruin. The negotiations between the Allied Powers and within the Reparation Commission, upon which her fate rested, were at their most critical and delicate stage. If that stage could be successfully passed I felt fairly sure that a plan of reconstruction could be arranged, with the aid of the League of Nations, and an international loan floated. Just at that crisis Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister of Hungary, on whose personality depended, to an extraordinary degree, the success of the whole plan, both from an external and internal point of view, was challenged to a duel by a political opponent. I was as near despair as I have allowed myself to be in all my 'lost causes.' If the Prime Minister refused the challenge on the sensible and obvious grounds of the national emergency, I knew perfectly well that he would lose his influence at home. No man in Hungary, not even the Prime Minister, may decline such a challenge with political or social impunity. If he fought the duel he would lose his influence abroad because a refined outside world would say it was impossible to regard a country as civilised whose Prime Minister, at a moment of national peril, fought duels with his political opponents. Moreover, the international bankers would close their safes with a horrified bang. If the duel was fought and had a fatal result—the complications suggested by such a possibility were not altogether mitigated by assurances from various friends that in spite of his apparently frail physique Count Bethlen was a magnificent swordsman. Fortunately for Hungary it never became necessary to put that qualification to the test because, to my intense relief, a Court of Honour

found satisfaction for both opponents without recourse to arms.

In order to understand what has been happening during the last few years and what is likely to happen in Hungary, it is essential to know something about this Prime Minister who never even contemplated the advisability of not fighting the duel and who is now the senior Prime Minister in Europe. Count Bethlen's character and his hold over his people are perhaps best illustrated by what occurred early in 1923. He had just returned to Hungary from Paris, where his appeal to the Reparation Commission for permission to enlist the aid of the League of Nations in the reconstruction of Hungary had been rejected by the casting vote of France, and against the votes of the British and Italian delegates. Hungarian money was daily rushing down the hill of depreciation and prices were soaring. The State was faced with bankruptcy, and the people with individual ruin. Opposition newspapers declared that Count Bethlen had failed hopelessly, and in addition had dragged Hungary in the ashes of humiliation by agreeing to League of Nations control. At this crisis Count Bethlen made a speech at a great open-air meeting in Eastern Hungary. Most men in such a predicament could have been forgiven for putting the blame on France and the Succession States; few Prime Ministers could have resisted the temptation to fill the air with reassuring promises of foreign loans that were sure to come some day. Instead, this was the keynote of his speech:

'The regaining of our spiritual equilibrium must first be aimed at, by the aid of which we shall regain our economic balance. The war is ended: in place of war, after the conclusion of peace, there must be not only an economic but a spiritual solidarity. And I confidently trust that the time is not far distant when not only we proclaim this but also the great nations who lead European civilisation. For this time will we keep our powder dry—by which I do not mean gunpowder but our cultural and national spirit. For this time will we conserve our strength. For if our affair is successful before the forum of the great Powers of Europe, then will the time have come for which we are all striving, the time of economic equilibrium and social peace.'

To preach the gospel of spiritual solidarity at such a moment required rare courage. The fact that Count Bethlen had such courage is as much as anything responsible for the rapid recovery of Hungary. It also accounts for the fact that his position as Prime Minister in his own country is probably even safer than that of Mr Baldwin with his great majority. Count Bethlen is generally described as an astute and experienced politician, but although for many years a member of Parliament, with Liberal tendencies, he never held office in any Hungarian Government until in 1921 he became Prime Minister. Two years later he went, a complete stranger, to London, Paris, and Rome, on a desperate pilgrimage to beg the Allied Governments so to suspend the Reparation Sword of Damocles as to permit Hungary to remain alive. It was very largely due to the recognition of his transparent integrity and common-sense by the various Allied Foreign Ministers and their Cabinet colleagues, that Hungary succeeded in this appeal to the outside world. At home he was probably the only man who could have impelled the Hungarians, desperately proud as they are, to accept control by the League of Nations. He is middle-aged, slight of figure, rather delicate, but with untiring nerve strength and undiminished love of sport, puritanically simple in habits yet with a keen sense of humour. Like his ancestors, the Princes of Transylvania, who raised armies and fought in the cause of John Knox and religious freedom, Count Bethlen is a Calvinist. He is not yet so well-known in England and outside Hungary as some other less important figures that flit evanescently, but with no little self-advertisement, on and off the stage of Continental politics. That is due to his own shyness and hatred of display. At Geneva, when the League Assembly gathers and when all the little statesmen scramble to find rooms in the hotels patronised by the big statesmen—the statesmen representing the Great Powers—Count Bethlen will not be in Geneva at all unless he has something really important to say, but, if there, invariably secluded in a little old-fashioned hotel across the Rhone praying that he may not have to attend any formal ‘functions.’

A more picturesque figure in Hungary for such

journalists and foreign visitors as have only two or three days in which to 'do' the country, is Admiral Horthy, the Regent. It was inevitable and fitting that world interest should be attracted to a sailor who in 1919 pulled together, with a handful of men, the disorganised remnant of a defeated army, and restored order after the Bolshevist régime of Bela Kun and the Roumanian occupation. That was no small job, as the Americans say, and it was done with no light hand by a sailor who, true to type, regards the spirit of discipline in his ship as of more importance than the praise of kings or the blame of politicians. In the same spirit, when the late ex-Emperor Karl in face of Allied prohibition made two attempts to regain the Throne of Hungary for the House of Hapsburg, Admiral Horthy, in his capacity as Regent, was compelled to put his country before his King. Now, when the days of Bela Kun and armed 'putsches' to replace a Hapsburg on the Throne of St Stephen have passed, Admiral Horthy, with a sense of proportion that is as rare as it is commendable, contents himself with unostentatiously fulfilling the Constitutional duties of a Regent. From intimate experience of the executive I have good reason for knowing that there is not the slightest interference on the part of the Regent with the functions of representative Government. He has probably just as little to do with the governance of the country as the President of the Austrian Republic, whose name is scarcely ever remembered by Austrians themselves.

Exactly for whom Admiral Horthy is Regent is a question which some day or other will have to be answered. In the opinion of most level-headed Hungarians with any real influence, the later this question is settled the better for Hungary. Constitutionally there is now nothing to prevent the Hungarians from electing any one they fancy as king. Otto, the eldest son of the late Emperor Karl, is now only fourteen years old, and no one until sixteen years of age is eligible for election to the Throne, and then only under exceptional circumstances. The normal age for ascending to the Throne is eighteen. Meantime there are factions that support the claims of one or other of the Hapsburg Archdukes who, through intermarriage with Hungarians or by long

residential association, continue to have peculiarly close ties with this part of the former Dual Empire, despite the loss of a war, the creation of a Republic, the partition of a Kingdom, a Bolshevik régime, an occupation of the capital by foreign troops, a Regency, and control by the League of Nations. All these things have happened since 1918, but the Hungarian Archdukes and their families take much the same pleasant social part in the life of Hungary as they did in former times. There is an infinitesimal handful of people, mostly followers of Count Michael Károlyi, now more talked about abroad than in Hungary, who would again like to see a Republic, such as was formed in 1918, but which existed only a few months with Károlyi as President. It is safe to say there is not the slightest probability of Hungary becoming a Republic. The only serious contingency is how long she will remain under a Regency. If there were a plebiscite to-day, and if the Hungarians were told that they had to elect a king, and that the Allied Powers were indifferent as to whether Otto Hapsburg or anybody else were chosen, I think they would give a large majority for Otto as soon as he became of kingly age. There is a natural sentimental tenderness for the good-looking fatherless little boy now in exile in Spain, practically dependent upon the charity of a few loyal friends, and who by birth has the first hereditary right to the Crown of St Stephen. But at the moment, as I have said, it is not a matter of practical politics, although it is a European nut which may have to be cracked before many years have passed.

By their unnatural behaviour when their country was threatened with financial and economic ruin, Count Michael Károlyi and his little band of emigrés, who seven years ago set up the short-lived Republic which quickly graduated into Bolshevism, killed any slight hopes that remained of regaining prestige in Hungary. Their intrigues in America and elsewhere in 1924, and again in 1925 against the League of Nations scheme of reconstruction and the Hungarian loan by means of attacks in the foreign press—generally either quite unfounded or grotesquely exaggerated—sealed their political fate. This mistaken policy also weakened the position of the Socialists, who in a Parliament of 245

number only 24, and have recently been further weakened by a split in their ranks. Hungary would probably profit by having a stronger parliamentary opposition, but, unfortunately, the Socialists appear to lack in genius of leadership and in courage. When the legislation providing the powers for League of Nations control was introduced in 1924 by the Government, the Socialists obstructed at every point, and as the rules of procedure then permitted no closure, Parliament sat continuously for several weeks from seven o'clock in the morning to one, two, or even three o'clock the next morning. Physical exhaustion ended the obstruction, but after all this parade of opposition the Socialists had not the courage to vote against the League proposal. An unfortunate, but I hope a disappearing, factor has been a tendency on the part of some foreign countries to interfere in the internal politics of Hungary. Before the relations between Hungary and her neighbours so happily improved, there seemed to be a fatuous idea on the part of more than one foreign Government that by giving moral and even pecuniary support to anti-Government elements in Hungarian political life, Hungarian irredentism might be eliminated. As events have proved, what Hungary needed in the days of emergency was a strong Government, regardless of its political complexion. That is no argument against the existence now of a strong constitutional opposition, particularly as the repetition of the Bela Kun episode is highly improbable. It is, however, almost impossible to exaggerate how acute is the recollection of what was suffered when Bela Kun reigned in Budapest. That short period of Bolshevism left a mark which to-day seems individually and collectively deeper than that left by the ruinous four years' war. Although the outside world has almost forgotten the name of Bela Kun, the terror with which so many Hungarians regard a possibility of a return to those times is strangely real. The recent discovery and frustration in Budapest of a Bolshevik conspiracy, which if the country had been in a disturbed condition might have had serious consequences, helps to keep these fears alive. It explains, although perhaps it may not excuse, what to the foreign observer is the serious anachronism of certain offences against the State being tried by secret

court martial. It also serves to throw light on Hungary's reluctance to adopt the secret ballot as a universal system. Secrecy of the ballot prevails only in Budapest and other cities having municipal rights, or, roughly speaking, for about 30 per cent. of the total electorate. In other constituencies the voting is open, and 196 out of the 245 members of Parliament are elected by this system. The franchise is tolerably broad and gives the vote to men of twenty-four and women of thirty. The laws for preserving the purity and freedom of elections, both open and secret, are exceptionally strict; if any public servant endeavours to influence electors he is liable to two years' imprisonment and a fine; if any one illegally by bribe or otherwise endeavours to influence the free execution of the franchise he may be sent to prison for six months. If one points out that visiting journalists, and legislators from highly civilised countries such as Mr Saklatvala, are certain to denounce the 'iniquities of the open ballot' and 'the dragooning of the voters,' one will almost invariably be told that it was only by slow stages and numerous legislative steps over a number of years that England arrived at her present basis of franchise, that the franchise in Hungary is in advance of what France has so far ventured, and that the Hungarian peasant has not yet arrived at the stage of political and educational development where he is fitted for the secret ballot. 'We must go slowly,' they say. What they are really afraid of is that the peasant, perhaps somewhat simple-minded as regards politics though by no means simple-minded in selling his produce, would be gulled by specious promises of free land and free living by Communist and Bolshevik agitators. Despite all the legal safeguards, open voting undoubtedly makes it more difficult for such agitators to secure a good poll. To an English mind it all sounds very out-of-date if not uncivilised. I had hoped that when recently a new electoral law was passed there would have been an extension of secret voting, but some of the peasant party who had been loudest in their demands for this privilege changed their minds, and Count Bethlen had to use all his influence in order to prevent even the existing rights of secret voting from being seriously reduced.

Another question of more than local interest is Hungarian Land Reform. This is not very drastic, partly due to the fact that when Hungary was partitioned under the Treaty of Peace, about 50 per cent. of the land was in holdings not exceeding 100 cadastral acres (1 cad. acre = 1.55 English acres), which in this part of the world are not regarded as large estates. Under a capital levy imposed in 1920-21 all estates of over 1000 cadastral acres had to surrender 17 per cent. of their land to the Government. Fair progress has also been made in the creation of allotments, small holdings, and small farm leaseholds. The land reform is based on the principle of purchase and private ownership, with the underlying intention to preserve the intensity of production. Like most compromise measures it has created neither great enthusiasm nor great discontent.

I have been frequently asked as to the treatment of Jews in Hungary. The questions naturally arise out of the bad treatment of Jews in the past, and particularly in the more recent period generally described as the 'White Terror,' which followed the 'Red Terror' of Bela Kun. The association of so many Jews with the Bolshevik régime led, as it did in other countries, to a desire on the part of those who suffered to wreak vengeance on any members of that race regardless of their individual innocence. I think one can safely say that no Jew on account of his race or faith need fear molestation to-day in Hungary. It must not be forgotten, however, that the financial predominance of the Jew, who generally owns the only shop in the smaller villages, who is invariably the money-lender of the neighbourhood, and who without question controls the larger banks and trading concerns, is almost bound to mark him as the target for any mob violence arising out of hunger, poverty, or anti-capitalism. The unwisdom of the undue predominance of the Jew is so clearly recognised that some of the more far-sighted Jewish bankers are doing all they can to encourage the sons of Christians of good family to enter their banks, because they feel that if the banking business is almost entirely monopolised by the Jews, it is bound to be bad both for the Jews and the business. Numbers of young Hungarians of aristocratic Christian family are to-day

going into financial and commercial life, a proceeding which before the war was exceptional. Writing rather loosely about a particularly complex problem, it has seemed to me that the Jew in Hungary enters more into the national life and assumes more of the character of the country than elsewhere in Central and Eastern Europe. The Bethlen Government is constantly accused of being pro-Jewish in its sympathies, principally on account of the close co-operation which necessity and common sense dictated between the Government and the banks over matters connected with the financial reconstruction of the country. A Jewish grievance, shortly to be aired, I believe, at Geneva, is the *numerus clausus* which limits the number of Jews that can be admitted to the University at Budapest to 5 per cent. of the total students. I gather that the Jews themselves are not unanimous in their views on this system, which is based on the theory that Jews form about 5 per cent. of the population, and that, as the capacity of the University is limited, the richer class should not deprive the poorer of educational advantages.

One of the most satisfactory episodes in the life of new Hungary has been the administration of the League reconstruction plan under the American Commissioner-General, Mr Jeremiah Smith, Jun., of Boston. Few men going for the first time to a foreign country and undertaking a task thought to be thankless and known to be difficult can have experienced such complete success. Once the Hungarians had decided to swallow their pride and agreed to League control, they complied not merely with all the conditions imposed, but did far more in almost every direction than they had undertaken, and with results infinitely better than could possibly have been expected. Without unusual tact and sympathetic co-operation on the part of Mr Jeremiah Smith this would have been impossible. He was fortunate in surrounding himself with a small but efficient staff with experience of the same sort of work gathered in Paris, Vienna, and elsewhere. The new National Bank of Hungary, created as part of the League plan, was equally fortunate in obtaining as adviser Mr H. A. Siepmann, formerly of our own Treasury. As I am trying to describe the general conditions of Hungary

to-day, I will not go into financial details with which I have been most closely associated, except to say that out of 11 million sterling borrowed under the League's auspices it has only been found necessary to use, both for Budget and investment purposes, less than 5 millions; that instead of a Budget deficit of 100 million Gold Kronen anticipated as inevitable by the League for the year ending June 1925, there was a surplus of 63 million Gold Kronen; that the trade balance for last August and September showed a surplus of exports over imports; and that the Hungarian loan which, unlike the Austrian loan, was issued without the guarantee of any foreign Government—and with no little trepidation on the part of English and other bankers—is now at a premium of between 9 and 10 per cent. in London and New York. It is a striking instance of what can be done when the Reparation Commission is reasonable, when a sound and sympathetic Commissioner-General supervises on behalf of the League, and when a temporarily embarrassed country is willing to go through the mills of reconstruction with courage and loyalty.

What of the future? Although Hungary lost 72 per cent. of her former territory she has proved her ability to carry on as an economic unit. Her present population is only 8 million, compared with 21 million before the Peace Treaty, but is now more homogeneous and, incidentally, more dense than in pre-war days. She has also become one of the politically stable countries of Europe. In no other country has there been no change of Government since 1921. All the serious outstanding differences, and their name was legion, with her neighbours, and particularly with those neighbours who had increased their own territories at the expense of Hungary, were amicably settled before the League reconstruction plan came into force. To say that the Hungarian people are resigned to the loss of practically three-quarters of their former territory would be no more true or no more probable than to have expected France to be resigned to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. Nor are the Hungarians at all resigned to what they believe to be the injustice inflicted upon Magyar minorities in countries to which the Treaty of Peace has assigned them. On the other hand, it is ridiculous

to imagine that those who really influence public opinion in Hungary harbour warlike intentions against their victorious neighbours. The catchword of irredentism, seen more often than heard throughout Hungary to-day, 'Nem, nem, soha' (No, no, never), which of course applies to the lost provinces, has a picturesque and sonorous appeal which frequently leads the foreign visitor to attach to it a realistic importance which is somewhat misleading. The Hungarian, with all his nationalism and patriotism, is, like most people sprung from the soil, pretty sensible, and as a general rule he has no delusion that a country with an army of only 35,000 can do anything against an encircling combination such as the Little Entente, which has a fully equipped army of about a million men and man-power strength for war of approximately four million. Every now and again one or other of the Little Entente States drags out the bogey of an impending return of the Hapsburgs or the peril of the Awakening Hungarians. With the Hapsburg question I have already dealt. The Awakening Hungarians are what might be described as the Fascist or extreme Right element. Like the Socialists, but for exactly opposite reasons, they are bitter critics of the Bethlen administration, but have only eight representatives in a National Assembly of 245. They are unlikely to increase appreciably their numbers so long as Hungary continues to have a Government which the Socialists denounce as reactionary. More far-sighted Hungarians, so far as I have ascertained, are inclined to believe that if they continue to prove their ability to maintain economic and political stability within such territory as has been left to them, and if their neighbours continue to treat Hungarian minorities inequitably, there will inevitably come a day when without resort to arms or without intervention on the part of Hungary, a reversion of territory and of people must occur automatically.

A more immediate problem which appears, in the preoccupation of Locarno and the Rhine, to have escaped the attention of British and other Allied statesmen, is the future foreign policy of Hungary. Her geographical position is peculiarly vulnerable but, in certain eventualities, might become of great importance to the rest

of Europe. Now that there is no Austro-Hungarian Empire, Hungary is isolated with Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, Yugo-Slavia, and the Austrian Republic on her frontiers. The first three States are in armed defensive alliance against her under the Little Entente Treaties; while the Austrian Republic is theoretically pledged to closer union with Germany. Assuming that the *Anschluss* with Germany became a *fait accompli*, Hungary would have to consider seriously the question of closer relations with Germany which, in those circumstances, would be in control of Hungary's principal market. Naturally enough there has never been any strong pro-German feeling in a country that fought so long to free herself from the German influence of Austria, and the alliance with Germany for the duration of the war does not appear to have altered this pre-war detachment. The vulnerability of a country thus situated, without an ally, disarmed, and with only 8 million inhabitants, is self-evident. On the other hand, Hungary lies on the flank of Roumania, Yugo-Slavia, and Czecho-Slovakia. What would happen in the event of Russia endeavouring by force of arms to retake Bessarabia? Would Yugo-Slavian troops be permitted to pass through Hungary in their hurry to help their Roumanian ally—assuming that Slav would really fight Slav? If so, and if Russia marched victorious over Roumania, what would be the vengeance when she reached the defenceless Hungarian frontier? Incidentally, there is no marked feeling either of enmity or friendship between Hungary and Russia as a nation. The Hungarians have never forgotten, however, that it was through the intervention of the Russian Army they failed to win complete independence from Austria in the last century. Against the Russian Soviet there is deep-seated repugnance, so much so that even Count Bethlen has so far been unable to get Parliament to ratify the commercial treaty he concluded months ago with the Soviet representatives. This, I believe, is his only failure, and it illustrates the tenacity with which the fear of Bolshevism survives and permeates the social and political life of Hungary, even when it involves material disadvantage. To revert, what would be the attitude of Hungary in case of any trouble between Yugo-Slavia and Italy, or between

Germany and Czecho-Slovakia? I put these questions, not because I think that any of these eventualities are impending or perhaps even probable, but because they serve to illustrate the difficulty of the problems connected with the foreign policy of Hungary and the potential importance to Europe of whatever policy she may pursue or, under *force majeure*, may be compelled to pursue. In so far as it is possible and under the leadership of Count Bethlen, Hungary is likely to maintain her present policy of friendly relations with all countries and alliances with none. A Hungarian politician said some time ago, with cynical realism, 'No one wants an ally that is poor and unarmed'; but Hungary is not so poor as when that was said, and her policy cannot be a matter of indifference to England or the rest of Europe.

Whatever the future may hold in store for Hungarians, I trust it will not deprive them of reward for the courage they have shown during the tempestuous happenings since the Armistice and during the reconstruction period. One can only write about people as one finds them; and during the three years I have had the privilege of trying to help Hungary onto her economic legs, I have found her people to possess, in addition to their frailties, most of the qualities which peculiarly appeal to British mentality. A high sense of honour, perhaps a little on the lines of the public school-boy's code, loquacious, devoted to sport, hot-tempered, affectionate, alarmingly frank, horribly unpunctual, wonderfully hospitable, religiously apathetic, courageous, with a keen sense of humour and a childlike vanity in all national achievement—in short, intensely human and possessing character: that is the Hungarian as I know him.

WILLIAM GOODE.

Art. 9.—THE 'NEW' POETRY, 1911-1925: A SURVEY.

It is now some fifteen years since the first faint beginnings of what at its height was called, without much elegance but not without a degree of accuracy, 'the boom in poetry.' The wave which then raised its head has run up the shingle and seems to have retreated again, at least for the time. The present, therefore, seems to be a suitable moment for inquiring whether it has gone back into the ocean to return in full flood, or whether it was only one of those waves which some accident of wind or current selects for a delusive prominence out of a falling tide.

That the movement, whatever it was, should have been described as a 'boom' was not altogether the fault of the generation which produced it. Among the legacies which the Victorian age left to its successors there was one, in the sphere of literature, which has been an unqualified hindrance ever since. In that period literary creation and literary criticism began to develop a self-consciousness which they have not yet lost and show no signs of losing.

In previous ages the existence of great poets, no matter what interest or admiration they might arouse, was never the occasion of any twittering excitement; they were, so to speak, the sort of thing which it was natural to have about. It might, indeed, be held at any given moment that there were none; and that was an evil, an accident to be regretted, but not a thing to make any one despair of the race. It was like childlessness in a family; and in the same way the appearance of a poet caused the warm but unastonished gladness which in healthy times is caused by the birth of a child.

The vast and sudden material prosperity of the Victorian age produced a different point of view. It seemed necessary that among its glories there should be a poet great enough to be worthy of it, and, for the first time, the interested public looked for that poet with a lingering anxiety lest he should not be there to be found. He was in fact found and, by great good fortune, he bore a certain resemblance, freely recognised by himself, to the chief poet of the Augustan age of

Rome. But already the idea was abroad that great poets were a kind of creatures that existed in earlier times, but were not to be looked for now. Disraeli, writing of Tennyson to Carlyle, clearly implied this view: to him it was not possible to think that his own time should provide the equal of—one supposes—Byron. And when Tennyson died there ensued a feverish search for his successor which was as injurious to both poetry and all standards of criticism as anything could be; and the successor was not forthcoming. Morris and Swinburne were still alive and had been virtually enthroned; but neither was young and there seemed to be no young man acceptable even as a candidate for greatness. Mr Kipling, who alone inherited Tennyson's popular favour, fine poet though at his best he is, was not quite fitted for the position. Then, after the brief, unsuccessful burst which we generally call 'the Movement of the 'Nineties,' poetry fell for nearly twenty years into a greater neglect and contempt than it has ever known in all the history of English literature.

It was not that there were not good poets to uphold the honour of the art. It could indeed be argued that there have been periods of greater barrenness. But with each of the poets of that time there was something that stood in the way of public recognition, and led the critics to champion their favourites a shade too eagerly and too consciously. There were Francis Thompson and Herbert Trench. But Trench, at any rate in his more easily assimilable poems, was getting a good glean- ing from Arnold's fields, and Thompson, though there is more to be said of him, is not unfairly described as a splendid anachronism. Mr Bridges, the spiritual heir of Thomas Campion, went on performing his chamber- music to a very small if delighted and intelligent audience. Among the poets of the 'nineties there were two of importance—John Davidson and Mr Yeats. But Davidson mixed up good and bad so inextricably that to this day no critic has seriously attempted the task of disentangling them, and Mr Yeats, the one poet of the 'nineties who in English carried that world-wide inspi- ration to the point of greatness, so firmly proclaimed himself to be essentially Irish that every one believed him.

And the reading public during these years turned away from almost everything written in verse in a manner quite unprecedented. The public, to be sure, was changed, though the influences which produced the change and its characteristics are too many and too complex for analysis here. But it was larger and lazier, and, by way of the novel, it was more and more deliberately being led into pastures easier for it than the concentration of verse. It was certainly not the same public as had made the fortunes of Byron and Moore, had been by no means unkind to Wordsworth, and might have been as kind to Keats, if he had lived a few years longer, as it later was to Tennyson. But these considerations do not modify the fact that, during this time, the writer who felt verse to be his natural mode of expression, seemed to himself and to others to have drifted into a backwater, to have engaged in an occupation that had ever less and less to do with life. It is a relevant fact that during these years the poet had in almost all cases to bear the cost of publishing his work. It is a relevant fact that in organs of criticism the smallest space was given to consideration of contemporary verse and, even so, in a patronising and pitying tone. There existed in short an atmosphere of slighting inattention in which poetry could not flourish or even maintain a healthy, if humble, existence.

The reaction which has since taken place is generally considered to have some connexion with the war, and indeed the 'boom' may be considered to have begun in 1915 with the presentation of Rupert Brooke to the popular imagination as a romantic figure. For many persons, in some queer way, his life and death did seem to rehabilitate poetry, to give it once again some sort of standing as a serious, not a trivial, human activity. He became the type of a war-poet, and just the sort of critic who had spent the previous August in complaining that the Great War had produced no Great Poetry was now ready to declare that this was the sort of Poetry he meant. True war-poetry, poetry springing from the war in both substance and spirit, was to come later, and, when it came, was very different from Brooke's sonnets, which were the expression of an ardent civilian preparing himself to be a soldier. There is all the difference in

the world, in temper as in material, between his 'Blow out, you bugles, over the rich dead,' and Wilfred Owen's:—

'What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.'

The first is the abstract poetry of anticipation, the second is poetry of concrete experience. To this point we shall have to return later. In the meanwhile it is clear that during the first twelve months of the war there came into existence a vague but none the less powerful emotional craving which found more satisfaction in both the reading and the writing of verse than in any other form of literature. We did not in those days know what we were at, neither what war was nor the real nature of our reactions to it, and in that confused, distressed time the intensity of poetry afforded a relief and a tonic to strained spirits. There grew and spread widely an atmosphere in which poetry could draw upon life.

But, like many other things which have had a similar fate, the poetic revival began before the war and was already in existence to be fostered by war conditions. Perhaps there is no recent period of which our minds retain a less distinct recollection, as to details at any rate, than the three years preceding August 1914. We certainly have almost forgotten now that in 1913 moralists were complaining of the modern mania for dancing, of the unhealthy frequentation of night clubs, of the freedom of manners prevalent among the younger generation, and of the immodesty of women's dress. In the same way we have almost forgotten that critics were speaking of a revival in poetry some years before the war, and that by this they meant both that better poetry was being written and that the intelligent public was taking a more living interest in it. And for both these contentions they could cite adequate proofs. There was a movement and a stirring, people began to argue, and even to quarrel, about poetry as though it were really of some importance, and—what is always a significant sign—the charlatan began to lift an alert and interested head.

If a date is to be fixed for this change, the year 1911, I think, will do as well or better than any other. It saw the publication of Mr Masefield's 'Everlasting Mercy' and of Brooke's first volume, and these—not, for the moment, to consider their merits—caused a quite surprising amount of serious discussion. In the next year came the first issue of Mr Marsh's 'Georgian Poetry,' published by Mr Harold Monro at the Poetry Bookshop—itsself another sign of the times. Mr Marsh claimed that English poetry had recently taken on a new power, and in this faith he compiled his anthology which was a greater success than its promoters had expected.

To trace any particular movement in poetry to its ultimate sources in the life of the people is hard and doubtful enough when history has put all before the critic and he is far enough removed in time to see events in some sort of pattern. I shall not attempt to relate this movement to the undoubted intellectual and emotional quickenings of the years before the war otherwise than by saying that it was clearly one of them. There are, however, two poets of the 'interregnum,' not fully recognised before this time, who are often credited with having influenced the Georgian poets.

And yet I doubt whether Mr Thomas Hardy or Mr A. E. Housman exercised more than a superficial or incidental influence in those early days. They were, rather, premature Georgians themselves, like guns secretly established and waiting for the course of events to unmask them. Certainly until this time their importance was not properly realised. Mr Hardy was obstinately supposed to be a veteran novelist, who had turned poet, as a man might take up a retiring post, and who deserved to be indulged in this relaxation of his later years. Mr Housman's 'Shropshire Lad' existed in such isolation and was surrounded by circumstances so peculiar that it was almost impossible to look on it as a significant part of the main stream of English poetry. But both Mr Hardy and Mr Housman, in their different ways, turned from the exhausted and etiolated Tennysonian manner and from that Swinburnian manner which was so fatally easy for any imitator to acquire and so impossible for any imitator to put to the smallest living use. Poetry goes down the hill when poets

mechanically look at things as their predecessors have looked at them. The change that occurs when they rub their eyes and look for themselves is generally slight, or appears slight, when criticism attempts to describe it. But it implies a return to reality and the novelty, whatever it may be, is priceless. Mr Hardy and Mr Housman achieved this return, and each contributed a new method of using language, Mr Hardy *compelling* words to evoke such emotions as he chose, and Mr Housman expressing lyrical feeling in a simple, epigrammatic, almost lapidary style.

Neither, however, has at any time been considered a revolutionary, and yet this epithet, odd as it may now seem to recall it, was freely applied to the Georgians of 1912, who attempted the same return with less success. The most prominent and characteristic of them were Brooke, Mr Masfield, Mr W. W. Gibson, and Mr Lascelles Abercrombie. The first two were accused of wantonly introducing ugliness into poetry, which should be used only for the embodiment of beautiful images. Brooke referred with rather rhetorical gusto to the physical details of sea-sickness and to the more unpleasant physical signs of senile decay. Mr Masfield made his country brooks run over rusty pots and pans, and dealt in the violence of prize-fights and murder committed by a navvy on his mistress. Mr Gibson avowedly turned from his early, rather pallid decorations to the nobility of labour, the tragedy of poverty and views from slum-windows. Mr Abercrombie, besides some essays in Masfieldian violence of action, was violent in thought and language: his muse was decidedly muscular, and his prosody sometimes suggested the lumpy biceps of the Strong Man at a fair. All four seemed to be of Synge's opinion that, before anything else can be achieved, our poetry must learn again to be brutal.

All four, of course, sought the return to fact more consciously and with fewer resources than Mr Hardy and Mr Housman. It was a rebellion deliberately undertaken against the exhausted conventions of the preceding twenty years, only in a lesser degree, not a natural and instinctive new opening of the eyes, and much of the rebellious violence was a sign of struggle and restlessness rather than of settled inclination. It must be observed too

that the label 'Georgian,' though very happily chosen, had, to begin with, an exceedingly vague connotation. That first selection made by Mr Marsh included several writers who were afterwards acknowledged to be incongruous bedfellows. But besides these there were poets who belonged to their time but can hardly be forced into the description which roughly covers the four I have already named. There was James Elroy Flecker, who avowed Mr Housman as his master in style, but who, aiming at the creation of concrete beauty, really felt stronger affinities with the French Parnassians. Mr Harold Monro made odd excursions into a half-world of dreams merging into nightmare that had at moments a reality of its own. And there was the unassuming but very cunning naïveté of Mr W. H. Davies's small poems upon birds, bees, flowers, and children, which afterwards had a great deal to answer for. Also, there was Mr de la Mare, expressing, by symbols of magic and by magically subtle rhythms, a very human attitude towards life. In all of them, in their degrees, was the element of novelty, the new opening of the eyes. In these four whom I have just mentioned it was perhaps more natural, there was less conscious rebellion, than in the others. But no formula, however ingenious, can impose the unity of a school on the first Georgians who worked from different inspirations and in many cases were not personally known to one another.

Then came the war, and Brooke died in the French hospital-ship off Scyros, and Flecker in the sanitarium at Davos. These accidental happenings touched the imagination of a public which erroneously believed it to be characteristic of good poets to die young, and encouraged the growth of that new atmosphere of appreciation to which I have already referred. The emotions of war became a forcing-house for this very tender shoot of a poetic revival. It was inevitable that sentimentalism should rage, and the early war-poetry was of a predominantly sentimental character. Speculations have often been attempted as to the manner in which Brooke would have developed if he had lived. It is possible that his poems were only the youthful efflorescence of a genius not destined for poetry at all, that he would have excelled as a critic, perhaps as a novelist, even more

probably as a dramatist. What is as certain as anything can be is that if he had survived to accompany the Naval Division in its battles on the Somme in 1916 he would not have continued to write in the manner of the '1914' sonnets. These, fine as they are, are yet typical of all the work produced by the same crisis. A restless, dissatisfied, introspective generation, believing little in the possibility of war, and not at all that war could ever touch it closely, was suddenly, among infinite clamours and paroxysms of mixed emotions, summoned to prepare itself for battle. It was impossible that the poets of this generation should not be over-conscious of their own position, of their own emotions. The attitude of patriotism or of self-sacrifice into which the moment threw them was, for the moment, the sole reality. They knew that they had chosen to fight: the concrete meaning of that choice was as yet only to be imagined. It was later, when some of them had seen real warfare in the trenches, that a more solid and more actual war-poetry began to be written.

The change wrought by experience may be seen if we contrast one of Brooke's sonnets with a sonnet written later by Mr Sassoon. Brooke, having made, like thousands of others, his heroic choice, can comprehend its meaning only in general terms. He cries:

'If I should die think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

'And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.'

It is a beautiful poem, it is sincerely passionate. For a contrast to it I have chosen not one of Mr Sassoon's vivid, sharply drawn scenes of trench-life but a sonnet

no less personal than this. He fought and suffered: he suffered as much in the persons of the others as in his own. He revolted against the war and in consequence he was withdrawn from it. Then he wrote:

'I am banished from the patient men who fight.
They smote my heart to pity, built my pride.
Shoulder to aching shoulder, side by side,
They trudged away from life's broad wealds of light.
Their wrongs were mine; and ever in my sight
They went arrayed in honour. But they died,—
Not one by one; and mutinous I cried
To those who sent them out into the night.
The darkness tells how vainly I have striven
To free them from the pit where they must dwell,
In outcast gloom convulsed and jagged and riven
By grappling guns. Love drove me to rebel.
Love drives me back to grope with them through hell;
And in their tortured eyes I stand forgiven.'

The difference, not merely in degree, but equally in kind, of self-consciousness, is at once apparent. Brooke's subject is the impact made on his mind by the imagined possibility of death in certain circumstances. Mr Sassoon is moved by something a great deal more definite. His emotion is more urgent and more poignant, and the experience contained in the poem is at once richer, more complex, and more directly expressed. Of this nature was the true war-poetry which began to be written when warfare had become for many a fact of daily life. It makes up most of the work of Wilfred Owen and Mr Sassoon, some part of the work of Mr Robert Graves and Mr Edmund Blunden. Of these, Mr Blunden, who still retains a passionately remembering interest in his experiences of war, seems the most likely to give us a full picture of the life of those days. Removal in time has not weakened his creative grasp of it, but more and more enables him to disentangle its essential spirit from passing accidents.

But it was not only in writing of war that the new poets developed. More sprang up behind the first line, four more times did collections of 'Georgian Poetry' appear, and presently all sorts of anthologies of contemporary verse were produced. Critics and public continued to supply at least an atmosphere of serious

attention, though, not unnaturally, there were protests against the floods of little books of verse which this atmosphere encouraged and against the discovery by too enthusiastic reviewers of a great new poet twice or thrice in every publishing season. But before long more serious notes of dissatisfaction began to be heard, and certain critics, some of them entitled to be listened to, began to find grave faults in much of the work that had been so much applauded. On the one hand, it was not revolutionary, it made no innovation in technique or in diction or in subject-matter or in thought, but continued in the ways of the poetry that had gone before it. On the other hand, it was told, and by such learned and acute-minded critics as Mr Middleton Murry and Mr T. S. Eliot, not to congratulate itself on continuing the tradition of English poetry, for a poet who merely derives from his predecessors and presents their thoughts and images worn and at second-hand does nothing of the sort.

Now strictly technical innovation is not at this point of time very easy to accomplish without an altogether disabling degree of eccentricity. The most revolutionary change of recent years is that suggested by the Poet Laureate's experiments in quantitative verse—experiments which, however, seem likely to be more useful in sharpening the ears of poets using the customary metres than in furnishing a new instrument for English poetry. *Vers libre*, of course, is no new thing, and the truth about most *vers libre* was expressed by Mr Chesterton when he said that it was no more a revolution in poetry than sleeping in a ditch was a revolution in architecture. There are exceptions. Serious attempts have been made in England during the last fifteen years to establish a technique of free verse, attempts largely inspired by the example of such French poets as M. Georges Duhamel and M. Charles Vildrac, who themselves were chiefly concerned to make a system out of the example of Walt Whitman. These attempts proved, it seems, that in free verse it is possible to achieve new effects without sacrificing the discipline, the precision, and the sensuous beauty afforded by regular metres, but that this is done only rarely and with great difficulty and that on the whole the few successes barely justify the many failures. Of all

the earnest experimenters who at one time called themselves 'Imagistes,' only one has had anything like a consistent success, the American writer who signs her poems 'H. D.' and whose beautiful but minute and remote talent is to be seen in such passages as:

'In my garden
the winds have beaten
the ripe lilies;
in my garden, the salt
has wilted the first flakes
of young narcissus,
and the lesser hyacinth,
and the salt has crept
under the leaves of the white hyacinth.'

The pauses made by the short lines create a subdued, tenderly pulsing rhythm, and the form justifies itself. But is this anything more than a surer, because a somewhat drier and quieter, accomplishment of what Arnold attempted in 'The Strayed Reveller'? It is to be noted that 'H. D.' has recently showed a tendency towards the use of rhyme and even of fixed stanza forms. And, with less austere spirits, free verse, by reason of its want of discipline, generally tempts to garrulous commonplace or to pretentious rhetoric. Mr D. H. Lawrence writes:

'And if I never see her again?
I think, if they told me so,
I could convulse the heavens with my horror
I think I could alter the frame of things in my agony.
I think I could alter the System with my heart.
I think in my convulsion the skies would break'

—which he might not have done, if he had had even only a metrical restraint imposed upon him. I do not mean that there is never any difference between free verse and chopped, violent prose or that it is impossible for free verse to express emotion at the temperature proper to poetry. I mean that this happens only with exceptional persons or on exceptional occasions, and that nothing has occurred to suggest that free verse contains in itself any revivifying principle. The way of movement seems to be in the execution of bold variations on the customary rhythms and perhaps in the use of such unbroken fields as the rhymeless lyric.

The critics who demand that modern poetry should render more fully and more richly the modern consciousness and the world it lives in stand on surer ground. The most able of the critics who have made this demand, Mr T. S. Eliot, is also the most formidable of the poets who have attempted to comply with it. He began under the inspiration of Jules Laforgue, as Hamlet or as Pierrot, laughing bitterly at life and then more bitterly at himself for paying life so extravagantly serious a compliment; and, like Laforgue, he managed to free himself very noticeably from the conventional use of poetic ornament and image, choosing unexpected similes as, of an evening, 'Like a patient etherised upon a table.' This manner is deliberately adopted and has a coldness that is often repellent. But it is not just to say of Mr Eliot, as some have said, that his is a mechanically excellent intellect which has mistakenly strayed into poetry. He has at times a genuinely singing note and, if he had chosen to write in a conventional manner, might have produced work easily recognisable as beautiful. But his most ambitious work, 'The Waste Land,' affords an almost exclusively intellectual pleasure, and that of two kinds. One enjoys the effort of following his thought and endeavouring to ascertain his meaning. There is also a pleasure comparable with that to be derived from a very superior acrostic or from one of those crossword puzzles which cannot be solved without an exhaustive knowledge of the Latin poets. Mr Eliot makes in his poem—I forget how many quotations from other more or less well-known poems and furnishes it with notes referring the reader to various treatises on anthropology and the like for a proper understanding of his symbolism. The style suggests that the author, an acute analyst of poetic styles, has here attempted something like an operation of synthesis. Having resolved Marlowe, Jonson, Dryden, and others into their elements, he has sought to reassemble some of these elements as constituents of a style of his own; but synthetic products generally lack a vital something which is to be found in the works of nature. What is more important to observe is that this poem expresses a typical mood of disillusionment: the modern consciousness finds the world in which it lives a waste land.

Now disillusionment may be a source of poetic emotion like another, but it is an infertile source and, in practice, the poetry which issues from it is thin and lacking in heat. As a matter of fact, the modern consciousness is ill represented by modern poetry, but perhaps most narrowly by the poetry of disillusionment. And, it must be remembered, this, being a source of emotion like another, may bring forth only sentimentality like another. Mr Aldous Huxley has gone perilously near this lapse. But then Mr Huxley seems to have deserted verse for prose, which is perhaps a natural development.

It remains only to notice the writers who have sought to revivify poetry by the deliberate adoption of a new set of similes and metaphors. Miss Edith Sitwell believes that the senses of 'the modernist poet . . . have become broadened and cosmopolitanised; they are no longer little islands, speaking only their own narrow language, living their sleepy life alone. When the speech of one sense is insufficient to convey his entire meaning, he uses the language of another.' This enables Miss Sitwell to declare that

'Each dull, blunt, wooden stalactite
Of rain creaks, hardened by the light,'

and even to justify in prose her use of these words. It introduces a novelty into poetic imagery: one can only regret that what would seem to be so important a revolution in human consciousness should have resulted in poems of so little importance. Miss Sitwell (with whom, less strikingly, her brothers, Mr Osbert Sitwell and Mr Sacheverell Sitwell) has done something mildly novel in purely impressionist notation, but the intellectual and emotional force of the whole family does not appear to be equal to anything more than the occasional production of rather lively and bizarre words, which, however arrayed, do not mean anything in particular. These writers are at all points on a level with the writers of magazine lyrics, but they disguise their status by being meaningless instead of maudlin, and for this they should be given as much credit as the achievement may seem to deserve.

So much for the revolutionaries or conscious modernists. To call all the rest traditionalists would be

to beg too many questions and to impute a unity much greater than they themselves feel and greater than in fact exists. But there is a distinction, hard as it may be to apply in individual cases, between the poets who have deliberately sought modernism along the path of one theory or another and those who have encountered it, if at all, as led by their own natures and experience. It is among these that we must look for an answer to the question whether the poetic revival has justified itself.

It has justified itself in the sense that it has added to the canon of our poetry an amount of new work not yet to be estimated but certainly perceptible. It has been, however, disappointing. Two of the older writers are established. Mr Walter de la Mare, gradually augmenting the body of his lyrics, was suddenly seen to be a writer who, if he had attempted no organised work on a major scale, had nevertheless ended by completely expressing a certain conception of life and a full cycle of experience. His glimpses into paradise and the world of dreams, his fairies and his goblins, attain to unity as the magical embodiment of a philosophy. The poem which ends:

'When music sounds, all that I was I am
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;
And from Time's woods break into distant song
The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along,'

is a beautiful thing by itself but it means as much in its place in his whole work as does a detachable passage from one of Shakespeare's plays. The same thing, that he has produced a body of work, not an assemblage of separate pieces, may also be said of Mr W. H. Davies. His nature is simpler, his experience less rich and less deep; but all his poetry is one in expressing an innocently sensual appreciation of the delights of the world.

The case of the younger men is different, and though some of them early produced work of fine quality, nearly all of them seem to have delayed in redeeming that promise. By delaying they have incurred the just charge of being 'anthology poets,' in the sense that their best work is detachable and makes a deeper impression when found isolated in anthologies than when read in

their own collections. They have refrained from larger works, and not one of them has yet made it plain that the growing bulk of his lyrics can be regarded as a whole. Mr Robert Nichols, in his second, and first noticeable, volume, 'Ardours and Endurances,' had a naïve magnificence, an exuberant imagination and a power of vivid language. But though he has made a fine attempt at a prose play, he has flagged in the writing of verse. Mr W. J. Turner, by combining a power of so approaching common things, as to make them seem newly strange, with a fascinating imagery of distant and imaginary lands, suggested that he might be evolving a universe of his own, as consistent and exciting as Mr de la Mare's. But of his last two books, 'Landscape of Cytherea' (he meant 'Cythera') is wilfully obscure and tangled and 'The Seven Days of the Sun' is a perverse, though witty, piece of petulant eccentricity.

These are only examples of disappointments that have occurred during the post-war years. Mr Blunden, working away with quiet assurance at his two subjects, the war and the English countryside, is producing a body of poetry that never fails in accuracy or sincerity, though his method is a little narrow and inelastic. His motive is perhaps the chronicler's desire to preserve two things which are disappearing from human knowledge. Mr Robert Graves, delving into a subsoil to which he believes psycho-analysis has shown him the way, may have discovered a principle of poetic being for himself. It may be that the revival flags because inspiration, too violently stimulated by events since 1914, is for a little while in need of recuperation. It may be that public encouragement is suffering from fatigue similarly induced. It is possible, as some assert, that the wireless will rejuvenate poetry by restoring to it the direct vocal appeal which it has been gradually losing over a period of some two thousand years. But it is certain that at this moment English poetry is in a depressed and languid, though by no means hopeless, condition.

EDWARD SHANKS.

Art. 10.—GOOD ESTATE MANAGEMENT.

1. *The Land and its People.* By Lord Ernle. Hutchinson, 1925.
2. *The Tenure of Agricultural Land.* By C. S. Orwin and W. R. Peel. Cambridge University Press, 1925.
3. *The Land and the Nation: Rural Report of the Liberal Land Committee,* 1923-25.

SECTION 4, subsection (7) of the Agriculture Act of 1920 enacted that

‘Where the Minister is of opinion, after consultation with the agricultural committee, that the owner of any agricultural estate situate wholly or partly in the area of the committee, whether the estate or any part thereof is or is not in the occupation of the tenants, grossly mismanages the estate to such an extent as to prejudice materially the production of food thereon or the welfare of those who are engaged in the cultivation of the estate, the Minister may, if he thinks it necessary or desirable so to do in the national interest, and after holding such public inquiry as he thinks proper and after taking into consideration any representations made to him by the owner, by order appoint such person as he thinks fit to act as receiver and manager of the estate or any part thereof.’

In the following year this clause was repealed by the Corn Production Acts (Repeal) Act, and it has not since been re-enacted. But the fact that it remained for a year on the Statute Book is significant of the present tendency to regard agricultural land not solely as private property, but as held in trust by the landowner for the benefit of the community. It has become a matter in which the nation is vitally interested. If the landowner should fail in his duty as a trustee it has been enacted that he should be relieved of his trusteeship. This raises the further question—what are the obligations of the trusteeship, and what is to be done if the landowner, through no fault of his own, is unable to carry them out? Answers have been suggested by successive Ministers of Agriculture. The traditional duty of the landlord is to supply the equipment capital, which enables the farmer to use the land productively. Lord

Ernle has stated that, on the evidence available, landowners receive a net revenue of something like $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their capital outlay on equipment, but nothing is paid to them for the use of the productive powers of the land. Our system of agricultural landowner and tenant operates in fact as a method of cheap agricultural credit, founded, not on State aid, but entirely on private capital. A lease or tenancy agreement is practically a loan of land equipped for cultivation, at a low average rate of interest on the capital expended in equipment. The farmer, who as tenant accepts the loan, is thus free to use his own capital for the cultivation of the soil. Mr Wood, in a speech made on Dec. 9, 1924, recognised that the equipment capital of land, as opposed to the current working capital (supplied by the tenant farmer), has hitherto been supplied by the old landowners at an astonishingly cheap rate of interest. He also asked what was going to happen if that class, by taxation or for one reason or another, should gradually disappear. The new occupying owners would find it exceedingly difficult to supply the equipment capital as well as the working capital. That meant either that farms would become impoverished and production diminished, or that the State would have to take the place of the old landlord by lending capital. In the latter event the State would certainly claim some measure of control in the business which it was financing, so that within thirty or forty years something like nationalisation by a side wind might be expected.

The view is developed by two writers, each of whom has a practical experience of agriculture under post-war conditions—Mr C. S. Orwin, Director of the Institute of Agricultural Economics, and Lieut-Colonel Peel, University Lecturer in Agriculture at Oxford. They go further than did Mr Wood. Regretfully, but none the less, convinced, that the old system can no longer stand, and that the break up of estates will proceed at a greater rate, they have thought it better to look for an alternative now, rather than acquiesce in a policy of drift. And their alternative is the acquisition by the State of all agricultural land in England and Wales. They have arrived at this solution by a line of reasoning different from that pursued by earlier

advocates of land nationalisation. The traditional argument, as they point out, in favour of the expropriation of the landlord is an argument for the transference of the unearned increment of the land to the State. The basis of the schemes of Thomas Paine and the 18th-century reformers; of Henry George and his disciples; of the English Land Restoration League, or the Land Nationalisation Society, is the assumption that private property in land is immoral, and most of them are frankly confiscatory in character. Perhaps for this reason none of them have obtained any considerable public support. They are definitely rejected by the authors of the proposals now under consideration. Mr Orwin and Colonel Peel have noticed that the trend of events and of agricultural legislation has been more and more to restrict the scope of the landlord as an active participator in the development of the rural industry. The incidence of taxation, and notably of the death duties, owing to special circumstances, has pressed with undue severity on the landowner. They believe that he can no longer carry on, and support their contention by the long list of estates sold in the post-war period. Their practical experience prevents them from believing that the situation can be saved by any one of the remedies now constantly advertised—agricultural education and research, agricultural credits, co-operation, or the multiplication of small holders or small owners. And if State aid is essential to agriculture, they can discern no answer to the argument that

‘any benefit to the land will accrue sooner or later to the landlord. . . . An all-round improvement in farming fortune produces a competition for farms, which results inevitably in passing on some measure of the value of this improvement to the landlord; how much of it passes to him, and how soon, will vary in many cases, but it is a question only of time and degree.’

If the landlord can no longer carry out his part in the agricultural co-partnership, the State cannot be expected to assume his obligations without ensuring that it will secure the benefits to be derived. Definite proposals are, therefore, put forward for the State to buy out on equitable terms the owners of all agricultural

land, subject to such minor exceptions as special circumstances may require, in return for National Land Bonds, and for the subsequent administration of the estates of England and Wales by Government officials. It is claimed that under State ownership there would be a great simplification in such matters as the provision of land for public purposes, land settlement, afforestation and the development of the timber resources of the country, taxation, and the preservation of places of historical interest. The administration should be economical. It would be decentralised on a County basis, under County and District Land Agents. Difficulties now inherent in the management of small or scattered estates would be removed.

It is frankly stated that 'no advantage, on balance, is claimed for the system of State ownership when contrasted with the system of private ownership which has prevailed so long; it is only put forward to provide an orderly way out of the difficulties which the breakdown of the old system is creating.' But no such moderation is discernible in a subsequent publication—the Rural Report of the Liberal Land Committee, 1923-25. Without attempting to summarise a considerable volume, it may be broadly stated that the Committee has satisfied itself that the state of British agriculture is bad, and that the existing system of landlord and tenant is at fault. It, therefore, proposes that the State should 'resume possession' of all agricultural land, buying out the present owners by annuities, that the land should be relet to so-called 'cultivating tenants,' and the future administration entrusted to 'County Agricultural Authorities.'

It is clear that the Committee has spared no pains in its investigations, though to one with personal knowledge of several of the authorities quoted, the conclusions derived from their evidence are somewhat surprising. The writer has attempted to test some of them by the facts experienced in the management of a scattered agricultural property of some 30,000 acres, during the past fifteen years. On this property the general standard of farming has steadily improved. Since the war it has only been thought necessary to apply in three cases for a certificate from a County Agricultural Committee that a holding was not being cultivated according to the

rules of good husbandry, and in two of these cases the certificate was not granted. Generally speaking, the standard of cultivation is lowest on the holdings let to County Councils or Parish Councils to provide small holdings or allotments. Rents were raised by agreement with the tenants after the war, and have not been reduced: applications for allowances in special cases have been dealt with on their merits. If competition for vacant farms is a fair test, the tenants are not dissatisfied. Since the war there has been one case of bankruptcy. At the moment one holding on the estate is giving cause for anxiety, and this one—no doubt by some unkind coincidence—is farmed by a Dane. But this is very different from the picture of rural England to-day suggested by the Report of the Liberal Land Committee.

It is not proposed here to attempt any detailed criticism of a policy which has already attracted hostile comment from more authoritative sources. But for the present purpose it may be safely said that neither the proposals of Mr Orwin and Colonel Peel, nor those of the Committee, are likely to commend themselves to the agricultural community. Most tenant farmers only wish to remain tenant farmers. Where this has not been possible, most of those who have bought their farms have done so reluctantly. The last thing that any of them are likely to desire is to hold their farms under Government officials or a County Agricultural Authority. And as the industry cannot possibly be carried on without the present farming class, their views on such proposals are entitled to serious consideration. Administration of farms by Government or Local Government officials is not an untried experiment. In recent years probably every County Council in England and Wales has acquired and administered land for the provision of small holdings, and it has been stated that since the war nearly 50 per cent. of the capital involved in the experiment has been lost. It is urged that for the settlement of ex-soldiers on the land loss was inevitable; but when the policy was adopted a loss of 50 per cent. formed no part of the official programme.

Proposals to abolish agricultural landlords as such are open to criticism upon other than economic grounds.

A generous tribute has been paid to the part played by the landowner in the social well-being of the countryside. Industrial strife in the agricultural industry, one of the largest industries in the country, is almost unknown. This is attributed rightly to the fact that a potent cause of social unrest is the segregation of classes, and that in agriculture this is now averted by the co-partnership of landlord, tenant, and labourer. It is suggested by the advocates of State purchase that the landlord, freed from the anxieties of land, would continue to play his part under the new régime, and to apply himself to local administration and the needs of local society. But—with the best intentions in the world—he could not do so. He owes his present position in the rural community to the fact that he owns land and shares all its vicissitudes with farmers and labourers: this is the essential link between them. If he is merely a well-to-do man living in the country, he may be described in the village as ‘a very nice gentleman,’ but the bases of a mutual understanding between himself and his neighbours no longer exist.

There is another aspect of the results of the disappearance of the landowner as such. The writer has drawn attention in a previous article to a truism which is often overlooked—that agriculture can absorb and employ economically a great deal of low-grade labour, which is practically unemployable elsewhere. The reason is that it matters little if certain simple agricultural work is done slowly, so long as it is done conscientiously and correctly. And for the well-to-do, country life and the obligations of a landowner afford an occupation and sphere of usefulness for which no adequate substitute could be found. So long as a wealthy class exists—and there is every indication that it will continue to exist—the ownership of land, whether it be regarded merely as a luxury, or the lowest yielding form of gilt-edged investment, can provide at least a respectable background for its activities. But it can do far more than this. It can provide those whose lives are devoted to public life or industry with the necessary relaxation, and on retirement with a field for useful endeavour in which they can still perform valuable service. It can ensure the best environment for the upbringing of their sons, before

they too leave the countryside to play their part in the world. It is recorded that the earliest ambition of Warren Hastings was to repurchase the family estate of Daylesford, and that in his declining years he devoted his time and money to his farms there. A century later Cecil Rhodes purchased a property in Suffolk and recorded in his will, 'I humbly believe that one of the secrets of England's strength has been the existence of a class, termed the country landlords, who devote their efforts to the maintenance of those on their own property.'

If the replacement of the landowner by the State is undesirable on economic and social grounds, the time has not come to say that it is inevitable. Mr Orwin and Colonel Peel have prefaced their proposals with a careful analysis of the distribution of ownership to-day. In round figures, there are 30,000,000 acres of cultivated land in England and Wales. Less than one-twentieth is owned by public or quasi-public bodies—the Crown, the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Universities, Colleges, Schools, Hospitals, and County Councils. One-quarter is now in the hands of owner-occupiers, whose numbers have almost exactly doubled since the war. This fact is cited as the strongest evidence of the breakdown of the old system. But presumably many of these owner-occupiers are also landlords, who occupy only a portion of their estates, and the admirable practice of keeping a farm or farms in hand is steadily increasing. Many of the estates sold have in fact been outlying estates, belonging to 'pluralist' owners, who took advantage of the temporary land boom to sell outlying or distant estates with which they had no close personal connexion. A tendency must not be mistaken for revolution—particularly a tendency which manifests itself in a period of abnormal conditions. Within this period—between 1920 and 1922—the average price of agricultural commodities dropped by 120 points, whereas in the twenty years of the so-called agricultural depression, between 1873 and 1893, they only dropped by 50 points. In these circumstances it is not surprising that changes in the ownership of land are recorded.

Happily there are indications that prices are now more or less stabilised: there have been fewer startling fluctuations within the past three years. And to the

ordinary observer the general conditions of the countryside remain much what they were. In the district best known to the writer, an area roughly twenty miles in length and breadth, two of the principal estates (one of them comprising 9000 acres) have come under the hammer, and the farms are now in the hands of owner-occupiers. But at least twenty-five other estates remain in the hands of private owners, and—what is more remarkable—most of them are resident owners. In some cases land has been bought by new-comers whose wealth is derived from other sources. No doubt a similar state of things would be reported from other counties. In the history of the countryside this sort of displacement is nothing new—it occurred after the Norman Conquest, after the Wars of the Roses, and again in the 18th century—but the continuity of land tenure remained unbroken.

It is sometimes said that, apart from the burdens on an agricultural property, the restrictions upon ownership imposed by successive Agricultural Holdings Acts are such that there is no longer any inducement for a landowner to retain or acquire more land than he intends to occupy himself. It is now almost impossible to terminate an agricultural tenancy, except for bad farming or on the death of the tenant, without paying the equivalent of at least a year's rent as compensation for 'unreasonable disturbance': this is often described as the beginning of dual ownership. It is open to the landlord or the tenant to demand an arbitration as to the proper rent to be paid for the holding: this is said to foreshadow a Rent Court. If a landlord of the so-called Golden Age of British Agriculture, which followed the Napoleonic Wars, were to return to see how the family estates were faring to-day, he would no doubt be shocked to find that he could no longer prescribe a system of cropping for his tenants; that they were entitled to sell their hay and straw, and to kill rabbits or hares; that he must compensate them for damage done to their crops by game; that he could not give notice to quit to an undesirable tenant—a drunkard or a profligate—without compensating him for unreasonable disturbance; and that any tenant on the estate could require him to carry out, or render himself liable to

compensation for various improvements, and either to submit to the decision of an arbitrator with regard to a fair rent for the holding, or render himself liable to payment of a year's rent as compensation should the tenant elect to leave.

But it will occur to his grandson, the present owner of the family estates, that the net result of these legal enactments compels him to do no more than he was already prepared to do, as a fair-minded landlord who moved with the times. In some respects he gains, for the obligations of a tenant are now legally defined, as well as those of the landlord. The tenant whose only idea of meeting his difficulties is to demand a reduction of rent can properly be referred to the panel arbitrator, and the landlord need not feel under the same obligation to endure an incompetent tenant because his grandfather was a good fellow. He will certainly discover that most of his tenants are surprisingly indifferent to the benefits conferred on them by legislation, and are prepared to meet him in any difficulty in the same spirit of mutual forbearance that obtained before the days of Agricultural Holdings Acts. Perhaps the ownership of land no longer carries the prestige which it did a century ago, but it still creates a relationship of special value between the landowner and his country neighbours. And though figures are frequently cited to prove that land under modern conditions can scarcely be regarded as a 3 per cent. investment, many have discovered to their cost that a higher yield is not infrequently the prelude to a loss of capital. The real obstacle to the survival of the landowner as such is the increase of taxation, particularly of the death duties. In a recent letter to the 'Times,' Mr Francis Acland has instanced an estate upon which the probate duty in 1879 would have been about 2000*l*. In 1899, on a change of ownership, the duties actually paid were about 30,000*l*., increased on another change in 1919 to 130,000*l*. on a considerably diminished estate. Lord Aberdeen, in his book, 'We Twa,' states that, when he succeeded to the Haddo Estate in 1870, the total imperial and local taxation was 800*l*.: in 1919 on the same estate it was 19,000*l*.

Despite these startling figures, the fact remains that people continue to own estates, and—even more sur-

prising—continue to purchase estates. And if it is admitted that all deserve well of their country who conscientiously continue to carry out obligations which must otherwise be assumed by the State, it is worth considering how they can best play their part in the changed circumstances resulting from the war. For though it is generally conceded that the agricultural landlords have done creditably in the past, there is no reason why they should not do even better in the present critical period.

Hitherto the expression 'a good landlord' has too frequently suggested a noble extravagance—it conveys a picture of good farm buildings, low rents, and generous allowances; expensive improvements on the estate, a model home farm, liberal subscriptions for all purposes, good port for the neighbours, and good beer for every one. In a few favoured cases the type may still survive, and has been picturesquely if inaccurately described as the last ditch of the feudal system. This is magnificent, but not estate management. To-day it is a very doubtful benefit to the countryside, for it sets an uneconomic and impossible standard. If the ownership of land can only be carried on upon these lines, the days of the private landowner are indeed numbered.

The pinch of circumstances has impelled the vast majority of landowners to depart from this generous though mistaken tradition; and they may find consolation in reflecting that agriculture probably gains more from business methods applied to estate management than from an indiscriminate liberality. It is a constant reproach against the farmer that he is too conservative in his methods, and for his landlord, too, the time may well have come to recast some of his ideas on estate management. Already experience has shown that surprising financial results may be achieved by estate management on economic lines.

Clearly the first necessity for the reforming landlord is that the agency should be good—if the staff work is bad the whole plan of campaign is frustrated. Under normal conditions the estate office, whatever form it may take, must be the directing power for economies, improvements, and judicious administration: this applies whether the landowner is his own estate office, or

delegates the whole or part of his authority. Land agency, formerly regarded as the happy hunting ground of the amateur, is now a serious profession. Both the Surveyors' Institute and the Land Agents' Society have established qualifying examinations, so that the landowner can be satisfied that any agent who holds these qualifications has at least mastered the technicalities of a profession which requires technical knowledge. This is an undoubted advance on the old idea that the landowner should be represented by a good fellow or a good sportsman, without technical qualifications, who should presumably accumulate his experience at the expense of the estate. At present there is no lack of competent and qualified land agents. It is, however, sometimes difficult for the owner of a small estate to decide on the system of administration to be adopted. A first-class estate agent commands—or should command—a first-class salary, which will make the overhead charges for the ordinary 3000-acre property too high; nor will the duties entailed by such an estate keep a first-class man fully employed. Various alternatives may be adopted in such a case, according to the circumstances or inclinations of the particular owner. He may have sufficient knowledge himself to depend on a young agent, with the necessary technical knowledge, but without experience; he may combine with a neighbouring landowner to employ a first-class agent, or he may entrust the management to a good firm of agents, which is able to employ suitable experts in every branch owing to the extent of their business. The whole problem has been immensely simplified by the advent of the motor-car and the motor-bicycle. It is believed that the Country Gentlemen's Association, as well as several well-known firms of land agents, is prepared to undertake the management of estates in any part of the country at a fixed percentage on the rental. This provides every landowner with a means of ascertaining whether his present system is economical or the reverse. If the cost of management exceeds 5 per cent. of the gross rental, there is at least a case for inquiry.

Needless to state there is no form of economy more false than cheap incompetence in the estate office. Many owners must have discovered that a competent

agent can always save far more for his employer than the amount of his additional salary. The mass of legislative enactments affecting land has made it essential that the agent should have a technical knowledge of rating, taxation, tithe, insurance, and the various measures affecting the relations of landlord and tenant. Under any of these headings there may be a direct gain or loss in hard cash. Even more considerable are the indirect gains or losses from good administration. It may also be noted that the business of estate management has now been so developed, and admits of such flexibility, that the owner can do as much or as little as he likes himself, without being stigmatised as an idle landlord, and without detriment to the estate, provided that he adapts his system to his particular case. If other duties prevent him from devoting his personal attention to it, he may nevertheless ensure that the management is just as effective as if he were resident on the estate.

A pre-war estimate of the normal expenditure on repairs, insurance, and management on an agricultural estate is in the region of 35 per cent. of the rental, the greater part of which is of course absorbed under the heading of maintenance and repairs. Since the war the average proportion of the rental expended on maintenance must be higher, in view of the abnormal increase in cost of practically all building materials, the rise in wages, and the reduction of working hours. Here again, as in the case of agency, there is no absolutely best system for the landowner to adopt. He can choose between various alternatives, according to his inclinations or local circumstances. On a good-sized estate, lying in a ring fence, a small permanent staff can be satisfactorily employed under a clerk of works or working foreman. In other cases it may be preferable to employ local builders, who appreciate the fact that so long as their work is well done at a reasonable price the estate will provide them with a certain annual revenue and cash payments. One landowner may prefer to charge high rents, on the understanding that all repairs are carried out for his tenants, and that they are involved in no expense whatever on this account. Another may believe that his tenants will take a more

personal interest in the welfare of their buildings, if they are supplied with material and made responsible for the execution of all ordinary repairs. Haulage of material is not a heavy burden for a farmer, and there are many minor repairs which can be carried out with less expense by his own men than by the so-called 'tradesmen.' The essential point is that all minor defects should be promptly dealt with as they arise, before they develop into something more serious.

The possibilities of reform in the system of insurance to be adopted may also be explored. It is manifestly impossible for every landowner to form his own insurance fund, but much can be done by combination. This can best be realised by considering the proportion of the gross fire insurance premiums paid to an insurance company, which is repaid to the estate over a term of years in the form of compensation for fire—and the proportion of the company's gross receipts which is paid out in the form of dividends and commission.

No branch of estate management has suffered more from the impoverishment of the landowners than the matter of Estate Improvements. The national importance of the improvements made by past generations of landowners has sometimes received scant recognition. The present generation may well hesitate to sink more capital in their estates, with the primary object of increasing the productivity of the land, when it is becoming clear that the immediate remedy generally adopted to meet the present conditions is not high farming but a type of farming which employs less labour and produces less from the land. There is a further consideration. Few sights are more dispiriting to the improving landlord than substantial farm buildings no longer required for the purpose for which they were originally erected, and in consequence wholly or partially abandoned. Yet this is a common experience, and perhaps inevitable, on account of the changing conditions of agriculture. The spacious barns and other equipment for the big arable farm of fifty years ago are not needed when much of the land has been laid down to grass. Some of the stabling has become superfluous: more still may become superfluous if tractor cultivation develops. To take a rather different example—the

internal arrangement of a cowhouse which was thought correct twenty-five years ago would not satisfy modern requirements, and must be remodelled. The conventional pigstye—the low brick or stone building and small yard, so constructed that no pig can keep either dry or warm in winter—is useless for any other purpose during the constantly recurring periods when pigs are unremunerative. The lesson from all those monuments of the improving landlords of the past is the same. If capital is to be usefully invested in agriculture it must be continuously utilised and not immobilised. To ensure this less importance must be attached to the stability, and more to the adaptability, of the farm buildings. Good open sheds can easily be adapted for any type of farming: good boxes can be utilised at will for cattle, calves, or pigs. In almost every country in Europe, farm buildings may be seen of which the initial cost must have been far less than that of the ordinary English farm building, but which answer the purpose equally well, and are more easily adapted to meet changing conditions.

A further point about estate management, which bears directly and indirectly upon its economic aspect is what may be called the personal factor—the landlord's relation with his tenants. Here again a departure may be traced from the tradition of low rents and generous allowances. It is now recognised that low rents frequently produce bad farming—they make it possible for a tenant to exist without much exertion—and it is certainly true that the best farming is often to be found in parts of the country where rents are relatively high. Small-holders generally produce more per acre, and pay more, than the tenants of the larger farms, and this is no doubt because they work longer hours than the agricultural labourer. But overrenting must be an even more serious mistake than underrenting. And under modern conditions it is not easy for landlord or agent to ascertain what is a fair rent, or to arrive at a true understanding of the difficulties of the agricultural tenants, without the first-hand knowledge provided by farming himself.

This brings us to what has so often proved a terrible drain on the revenues of the estate—the home farm in

the hands of the owner. Here again tradition is to blame. It has been held that the landowner must show the way for his tenants, and stimulate high farming on the estate by force of example. His horses must be sleek, his waggons freshly painted, his stock must be fat, his land must be clean, and his crops the envy and admiration of all beholders. And so in many cases tradition has been followed, with a fine disregard of the cost, and as the owner ruefully contemplates the annual deficit on home farm accounts, he consoles himself with the reflexion that he is spending money in the public interest and doing his duty by the land. But it is submitted that the one test of the merits of the home farm, as of practically every other farm, is 'does it pay?' and if not, the example is wholly bad. The unfortunate results of such extravagance are partly responsible for certain fallacious ideas still cherished by the agricultural community. To 'do the land well' is supposed to be the hall-mark of good farming; but this is mistaking the means for the end. It is useless to 'do the land well' unless the land is honest, and yields a proportionate increase. On the other hand, there is a mysterious crime known as 'drawing the land,' which originates in the practice of growing crops on the inherent or accumulated fertility without putting anything back. The theory has been unnecessarily extended to cover the use of certain manures and growing certain valuable crops, which are supposed to exhaust the land and to be *ipso facto* bad. But experience, and, above all, experience of bad times, suggests that the soundest policy for the average farmer is to purchase as little as possible, and to sell as much as possible. Assuming that he is not 'farming to leave,' the condition of his stock and his crops will tell every practical man how far he may carry this out without detriment to the farm, or to the prospects of his business.

The tradition that extravagance in agricultural methods is no crime, and is even meritorious, is an inducement to-day to the landowner, who can afford it, to spend money on pedigree stockbreeding, the branch of farming which has generally made a special appeal to the amateur. In most counties there are rich men, who have purchased estates since the war, and whose

home farm can show a very presentable lot of pedigree stock: the cost of acquisition and maintenance is not disclosed. This at least provides a respectable hobby of absorbing interest, and gains a certain public reputation for the breeder. He probably finds it cheaper than many other amusements, because he is permitted to deduct the equivalent of income tax on his farming losses from the amount of the tax payable on his other sources of income. A very rich man may even find that half his farming losses are remitted by the Government in this way. And it may be argued that he is assisting to maintain the supremacy of Great Britain as a stockbreeding country, and encouraging our export trade of pedigree stock. But the view at least is open to criticism. For the present purpose, horse breeding is excluded: breeding bloodstock, hunters, and polo ponies is not farming in the usual sense of the word, and heavy horse-breeding is practised on a relatively small scale by the ordinary farmer. But if the results of shows and sales, and the export returns of pedigree cattle, sheep, or pigs are carefully scrutinised, they reveal certain curious features. First, it is clear that the supply of pedigree stock for export is at present in excess of the demand, and secondly, that the high prices are maintained generally by wealthy breeders purchasing from one another, or by ill-advised beginners who are founding fresh flocks and herds. High prices also attract what may be termed the fancier, who is prepared to invest a considerable sum in the formation of a herd, with the idea of recovering it with a handsome profit by a dispersion sale at the earliest opportunity. But does the agricultural community as a whole gain by these high prices? The answer is probably in the negative, because they put the best class of stock beyond the reach of the ordinary farmer, who must content himself with inferior animals. There is a further point. It may happen that a number of wealthy men are breeding, showing, and selling—regardless of expense—a particular type of pedigree stock, and a number of ordinary farmers are endeavouring to do the same thing on commercial lines. The exporters are prepared to buy a limited number of the produce, for which good prices are forthcoming. But these are secured mainly by the wealthy breeders, whose animals

are probably shown better than those of the commercial breeder. Extravagant methods often produce the animals that sell best, but they may do so at the expense of competitors who are endeavouring to produce good animals and to make a living by doing so. And the breeder who really benefits the agricultural community is not the man who occasionally sells a 5000*l.* bull for export, but the man who sells annually good farmers' bulls at 50*l.*—and makes it pay.

There is no essential difference between the rich man's farm, the landlord's home farm, the tenant's farm, or the farm of the 'owner-occupier,' who has recently acquired it. In each case the ordinary test of success is that the farm should pay. If the landlord's home farm is to provide a good example for his tenants, this is obviously the first condition that it must fulfil. If it is not fulfilled, the example afforded by good crops and high-class stock is valueless. In the same way, the rich man, who pays his labour above the standard of his district, and loses money on the farm, is doing no service to the countryside—he is merely rendering things more difficult for his poorer neighbours. But the home farm which avoids these pitfalls should be a real asset to the estate. The standard of farming should be high, because the owner probably commands more capital and can afford to take more risks than the average tenant farmer. And if this higher standard is carried out on economic lines, it should provide a really valuable example for its neighbours of improved methods, the introduction of new varieties of stock and implements, and of hitherto untried feeding stuffs and manures. Attention has been drawn recently to the possibilities of new developments in agriculture—notably tractor cultivation, subsoiling, crop-drying by machinery, and the wind motor. But all of these, after they have passed the experimental stage, would be more readily adopted by the tenant farmers if they had proved successful on the home farm.

The main purpose of these suggestions is to indicate that the last word has not yet been said for the existing system of agricultural landlord and tenant in England, and that much may still be done under the head of estate management to improve conditions both for landlord and tenant. The former may discover fresh means to

lighten the burden of ownership, and fresh interests in developing the productive side of his estate. The latter, by loyal co-operation, can assist to maintain a system which he has not the slightest desire to change. And if the electorate is satisfied that the agricultural landlords have played a useful part, and are still doing their best to carry out their obligations under very adverse circumstances, it is not unreasonable to expect that they should have the same assistance from the State as is given to other sections of the community. Bitter experience has taught them not to expect much, and it would be useless to advocate measures which would restore them to their former position. To the popular imagination the case both of the farmer, and of the farm labourer, make a more urgent appeal. The past five years have shown how much may be done for the farmer by what has been called a policy of palliatives—that is, by well-considered measures of relief, none of them by itself sufficient to make the difference between failure and success, but with a cumulative effect which enables the industry to carry on. The case for the agricultural landlords is the same, and the proper palliatives may be briefly considered.

In the first place, it may be frankly admitted that all State assistance to agriculture must benefit the landlords directly or indirectly, inasmuch as their existence depends on the well-being of the other members in the agricultural co-partnership—the tenant farmer and the labourer. For this reason it has been urged as an insuperable objection to State assistance to agriculture under the existing system, that any benefit must ultimately come to the landlord in the form of increased rents. But, though this reasoning is logical, it can only be said that—like so many other things in agriculture—it does not work out quite as one would expect. In the agricultural co-partnership, the labourers may be regarded as the debenture holders—their minimum wage is fixed by law, and in effect constitutes a first charge on the farm. The tenant farmers are the ordinary shareholders, and obtain the first benefit from any improvement in agricultural conditions—just as they face the first loss. The landlords really hold the deferred shares. It is true that the law has created various

safeguards for the payment of their rents, but experience has shown that if the rents are not earned, it soon follows that they are not paid. Under economic pressure rents are speedily abated or reduced, because it is less expensive for a landlord to lose rent than to lose good tenants. In periods of prosperity it is the same: both farmer and labourer made money during the war, but any increases of rent which the landlords were able to effect did not cover the additional burdens of estate management resulting from the rise in prices. It must also be remembered that it is often necessary to increase the equipment capital of the farm, interest on which can only be provided by an increase of rent. And if the dividends on the deferred shares—that is, the normal agricultural rent—represents an average return of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the invested capital, it does not seem unreasonable that the security of the deferred shareholders should be improved directly or indirectly by the State. It must certainly cost the State less to do so than to pay them out with an issue of National Land Bonds, and to assume the entire responsibility for financing agriculture. No one can doubt that it would cost the State even more than it now costs the landlords to carry out this somewhat thankless task.

The form in which assistance to the landowners can best be given has been embodied in a statement on Agricultural Policy submitted last year to the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries by the Central Landowners' Association, a non-party organisation with branches in practically every county in England and Wales. The proposals may be briefly summarised. First, relief in respect of inequitable burdens on land—death duties, tithe, land tax, and rates. It is shown that death duties press with special severity upon agricultural property by reason of the method of valuation adopted, and because—in comparison with other securities—the statutory basis of valuation is far in excess of the capitalised net income enjoyed by the owner. The incidence of local rating on the agricultural community has always been regarded as unjust. Tithe and land tax are described as charges on production which might well be mitigated.

An improved system of State credit to facilitate land

purchase and to encourage the provision and equipment of small holdings is advocated. The constructive policy also includes the improvement of educational opportunities for farmer and labourer, of rural transport, and subsidiary measures to assist the marketing of agricultural produce, the improvement of agricultural land, the provision of labourers' cottages, and the development of rural industries. Above all, it is urged that an agricultural policy must be permanent; its essential aim must be the provision and maintenance over a definite period of a reasonably stable and profitable market for produce. This is, of course, the key to the whole agricultural problem; the industry must be got on to an economic basis. By this means alone can fair profits and living wages be ensured for those engaged in it, together with security and a reasonable return for the landowners' capital. Increased production from the land, and improved conditions in the countryside, will inevitably follow.

These, then, are the considerations which are submitted to those who hold that the existing system of land tenure in England is doomed, and must be replaced by State ownership—evidence that men are still prepared to shoulder the obligations of a landowner, suggestions that these obligations may be made less onerous and more effective, and definite proposals for assistance by the State to maintain the existing system. It is believed that this statement of the case for preserving the system will—in the main—represent the views of the agricultural community. The criticism which is anticipated from those with personal experience of the subject is that 'we knew all this already.' The case is not presented for them, but for that section of the public which is interested in the land and its problems, without practical experience of either. And those who pin their faith to the existing system must feel that their faith in it is based on something more substantial than mere argument. The system of landlord and tenant in this country is an organic growth, evolved with many vicissitudes through six hundred years of history. This is made clear in Lord Ernle's account of the slow transition from collectivism to individualism in the occupation of

land.* First the 13th-century Manor, not very different from the Manor of Domesday Book, with its various tenures and joint cultivation of the arable land. Then the Manor of the Tudor period, when the land was becoming impoverished under the old methods of cropping, and the difficulty was met by converting arable to grass and enclosing, and breaking up fresh ground. This was followed by the improvement in agricultural methods which marked the 17th and 18th centuries, and brought about the second period of enclosures. Then came the demand for a further increase of agricultural produce in the 19th century, to meet the requirements of an industrial population, with the result that farming changed from a subsistence to a trade. The mediæval lord of the Manor with his freehold and copyhold tenants, the latter cultivating in common and performing certain labour services for their lord, have after six hundred years been replaced by the squire and half a dozen tenant farmers, each farming upwards of two hundred acres. And the process is not complete. The squire can no longer face the post-war taxation and death duties, and has reluctantly sold two of the outlying farms, on easy terms, to the sitting tenants, and disposed of the Manor House and the remainder of the estate to a wealthy business man who is prepared—with a little encouragement—to retire from business and to enter on a new career as a landowner.

This is the moment suggested for uprooting the growth of centuries, and substituting State ownership of the whole by Act of Parliament. But a close consideration of Lord Ernle's historical sketch, and reflexion on its lessons in the light of personal experience of the land and of the people who live by the land, make it impossible to believe that either the land or its people can be dealt with in this way. Agricultural methods and practices cannot be revolutionised by Act of Parliament. Slowly and surely the agricultural community must work out its own salvation. The immediate problem which confronts it, though this is too often ignored by reformers, is primarily economic. There is at present a scanty margin, and sometimes no margin at all, between

* 'The Land and its People,' chaps. i-v.

the high cost of production and the low prices obtainable for the produce. The industry is, in too many instances, producing at a loss. Where this is so, it is useless to call for fresh capital, or increased credit facilities—the probable effect will be to increase the losses of the producer. Nor is it particularly helpful to advocate the agricultural methods of other countries, where the essential conditions are different, or a change of system which has no bearing on the root of the matter. Landlords, tenants, and labourers as a rule have no illusions—their efforts are concentrated on the vital problem of 'making the farm pay!' And though all agriculturists are pessimists in their conversation, they are incurable optimists at heart. If they are given fair play and the same assistance as other industries, and if all reformers will remember that the present test of any measure of reform is whether it will directly or indirectly increase the margin between the cost of production and the price of the produce, they will solve the problem for themselves, as they have done in the past.

G. T. HUTCHINSON.

Art. 11.—PROHIBITION.

The Prohibition Situation. The Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. New York, 1925.

MUCH has been written about the prohibition of fermented and distilled beverages in the United States; but nothing so noteworthy, and nothing which has proved so sensational in the country of its origin, has been produced as is the Bulletin on the Prohibition Situation issued by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. This body represents just those elements in the religious life of the United States which helped the Anti-Saloon League in its campaign for Prohibition; and it was therefore a matter of assumption that any publication on the question issued under its auspices would be a whole-hearted defence of the prohibitionist experiment. The assumption has proved wrong. Notwithstanding that those responsible for the Bulletin make a gallant effort to range themselves on the prohibitionist side, notwithstanding that every page is written from the standpoint of men who regard Prohibition as a proper and even laudable form of legislation, their work turns out in fact to be a deadly criticism.

Before coming to the Council's survey of the present position it may be useful to recall the genesis of American prohibition. The decree of 'nation-wide Prohibition' at the end of 1919 was the fruit of many years of agitation. The title of Father of Prohibition has been conferred upon the famous Neal Dow, who founded the Maine Temperance Union in 1837. In 1843 the era of Prohibition began with a prohibitory law in Oregon, which, however, only remained on the statute book for five years. In 1846 a similar law was enacted in Maine, was repealed in 1856, and re-enacted in 1858. About this time Connecticut, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont also experimented with Prohibition, though in some of these States it was either abandoned after a year or two or immediately vetoed. We must guard, therefore, against assuming that prohibition in America is an absolutely new thing. It was soon found, however, that the easiest

road to State prohibition was the parochial form of it known as local option, or local veto. Kansas, for example, began with the milder form in 1866; in 1880 it adopted full prohibition by way of a constitutional amendment. Other States—North Dakota and Iowa—during the second half of the 19th century made essays in Prohibition, and yet others—Georgia and Oklahoma—in the early years of the present century. By 1914 nine States had adopted Prohibition. By 1918 the number had grown to twenty-three out of forty-eight States. Then war-time prohibition over the whole Republic came into operation on June 30, 1919. But, apart from the operation of this last-named temporary measure, it was possible in the Prohibition States to get the prohibited beverages by buying them from outside the State; and therefore, so long as any State remained free, prohibition was shorn of its completeness.

So we find a movement for forcing the whole Republic into prohibition, as far back as 1869, by the founding in Chicago in that year of a National Prohibition Party. But the body which rightly claims the chief credit for the enactment of 'nation-wide' prohibition is the Anti-Saloon League, which came into being in 1893, its somewhat obscure place of origin being the town of Oberlin in Ohio. This body began an agitation for an amendment of the Federal Constitution which would make the consumption of alcoholic beverages an offence against the Constitution. Written Constitutions are condemned as inelastic; but that of the United States, at any rate, is not as the laws of the Medes and Persians. From the beginning it provided, in its fifth Article, for possible amendments. If two-thirds of both Houses of Congress deem it necessary, or the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States make application for an amendment of the Constitution, Congress must call a convention, and if the proposed amendment is ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States, or by conventions in three-fourths of them, the amendment is incorporated in the Constitution. Seventeen such amendments had been made when the Anti-Saloon League demanded an eighteenth.

The amendment proposed was daring in a constitutional view, for a Constitution is properly concerned

with methods and principles of government, rather than with laws in the ordinary sense. Still less is a Constitution concerned with sumptuary laws, and none of the previous amendments was of this character. Yet the League embarked on its agitation for such an amendment with a vigour and thoroughness which at least are entitled to admiration, whatever may be thought of the methods of propaganda adopted. Concerning these methods stories are rife, of which the statement of Governor Clement, of Vermont, is among the least sensational. He declared that what the League did 'was to go to a man and tell him that if he voted for the Eighteenth Amendment they would not attack him in his home district; but that if he did not, they would attack him. In this manner they obtained the support of a lot of weak men, enough of them to pass the prohibition law.' (See 'Journal,' Providence, R.I., Feb. 17, 1920.) However that may be, the amendment was carried on Dec. 18, 1917; and the following now forms part of the United States Constitution :

'Sec. 1.—After one year from the ratification of this article, the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

'Sec. 2.—The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.'

A third section provided for ratification by the States. Forty-five ratified at once. New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island at first refused; but their challenge of the validity of the amendment was turned down by the United States Supreme Court.

Then came the Act, known as the National Prohibition Act, or, more usually, as the Volstead Act, for enforcing the amendment by 'appropriate legislation.' This statute defines 'liquor' as any beverage containing one-half of 1 per cent. or more of alcohol; and it is forbidden to manufacture, sell, barter, transport, import, export, deliver, furnish, or possess such liquor. Exceptions are made, for denatured alcohol, medicinal and

antiseptic preparations, patent medicines, toilet articles and flavouring extracts, and syrups, vinegar and sweet cider, and sacramental wine. In regard to beer, production is permitted subject to de-alcoholisation before sale. Liquor may be prescribed by a physician, up to (as the Act has been amended) a quart of spirituous or vinous liquor for use within ten days. The Act also contains provisions relating to notification on packages of liquor shipped and against advertising liquor or utensils, etc., for making it; and it gives to any one injured by an intoxicated person a right of action for damages against the unlawful seller of the liquor to the intoxicated person. The Act leaves very few loopholes for escape, but it allows the possession of liquor in a private dwelling for the consumption of the owner and his family or guests; and 'non-intoxicating cider and fruit-juices' may be made for use in the home. ('Non-intoxicating' in this connexion has been interpreted to mean non-intoxicating in fact, without reference to the percentage of alcohol—a rift in the law, out of which a big widening may some day come.) This Act, though vetoed by President Wilson, came into force on Jan. 17, 1920.

The Federal Council of the Churches reviews it in action after more than five years; and though the Bulletin is prefaced by a caution that 'it is too early to form final judgments,' it will be agreed that such a period is long enough for the formation of a fairly strong provisional judgment—assuming, that is, that prohibition is to be judged solely by its practicability, and not by its inherent anti-liberal principle, in regard to which no time for probation or suspension of judgment is necessary. The authors of the Bulletin begin with a warning, which, in view of the statistics as to bank-deposits and motor-cars and so forth, in which Prohibitionists are revelling, is worth notice.

'The study on which this report is based has made it clear that the case for prohibition cannot be proved by a compilation of existing statistics. In so far as reliance is placed upon such statistics by the friends of prohibition, the cause is jeopardised for two definite reasons: (1) the data themselves are in large part disquieting; (2) the most significant effects of the prohibitionist régime are not those which are reflected in statistical data' (p. 10).

Of course this works both ways; and the Bulletin is careful to argue that deaths from alcoholism, etc., upon which the anti-prohibitionists rely, do not really mean so much as is sometimes assumed; since they 'are directly related to but a very small portion of the population . . . whereas the wholesome effects of prohibition are registered in inconspicuous ways.' All which may be admitted, in a measure. Even fuller adhesion may be given to the warning that

'the kind of statistics chiefly depended upon to establish a result favourable to prohibition, namely, crime statistics and economic data, are in their nature so difficult of accurate treatment and valid interpretation that it is quite unsafe to base definite conclusions upon them, save after a very much more extended and scientific study than has thus far been made' (p. 12).

Other faults in the use of statistics are pointed out, such as the 'very common error' of assuming that some development has sprung wholly from a single cause, and the Bulletin is forced into such a severe sentence as

'Prohibition publicity has suffered much from careless and unwarranted inferences which lead social scientists, economists, actuaries, and business statisticians to regard with distrust, if not with contempt, reports that are given out, with a view to fostering opinion favourable to prohibition' (p. 13).

The Treasury Department's figures are included in this condemnation; but so also is some of the propaganda on the other side.

The Research Department of the Council, thus dissatisfied with existing statistics, has made its own inquiries. Among the most interesting were the inquiries addressed to charitable societies as to the relative size of the intemperance factor as a cause of poverty in pre-prohibition and in subsequent days. Unfortunately, the figures furnished do not go back far enough. The Bulletin notes that the years immediately preceding national prohibition—1916-18—do not offer a fair basis of comparison, because that period 'represents the crest of a wave of intemperance as a cause of dependency.'

Yet in only two cases do the comparisons go as far back as 1914. These two cases reveal remarkable results. In one, the Family Welfare Association of Milwaukee reports that whereas in 1914 intemperance was a factor in dependency in 3.39 per cent. of the cases handled, in 1924, after five years of prohibition, the percentage was 7.9. In the other case, a society called Richmond House, at Stamford, Conn., reported corresponding figures of 9.21 per cent. in 1914, and of 19.66 per cent. in 1924. It is said that the effect of prohibition is to deprive the poor, but not the rich, of access to fermented beverages. These figures indicate that, even among the poor, those who want to drink can get what they want, and are doing it to an increasing extent, so far as financial embarrassment is a reflexion. As the Bulletin, dealing with another inquiry, remarks,

'It is interesting to note that in most of these cases no attempt was made by the visitor to deal with the problem in a legal way. It was taken for granted that liquor was available and would continue to be. The visitor, like the client, seemed oblivious to the fact that a law was in existence which was designed effectually to keep men and liquor apart' (p. 21).

Financial embarrassment is not the only development. In reporting upon an investigation in Chicago the investigator is quoted as saying that

'the drinking of "moonshine" appeared to have a decidedly bad effect on the mental condition of the individual which was not present to such a striking degree before prohibition' (p. 22).

There is a point here which anti-prohibitionists should also heed. The increasing amount of disease and death from alcoholism does not prove an equivalent increase in heavy drinking; the bad liquor consumed under prohibition produces an undue proportion of illness. There is an indirect result of prohibition of which account must be taken. The Bulletin wants to know what, in other directions, follows the forcible stoppage of drinking.

'The forcible suppression of an activity creates new problems and the nature and extent of these problems are

among the subjects that need to be studied now. Furthermore, there are doubtless many individuals who have been cured of the liquor habit by the intervention of the law, in whom personality defects which formerly showed themselves in the form of indulgence in stimulants are now expressed in other ways' (p. 23).

An indication of what one of the other ways may be is to be found in the report of the Health Commissioner of St Louis, where it is shown that the treatments in the Venereal Clinic rose from 19,703 in 1911 to 125,374 in 1923. The picture of the converted drunkard's home which adorns teetotal platforms is, alas! not always a realistic drawing.

The argument upon which the supporters of Prohibition chiefly rely is the alleged improvement in economic conditions. Upon this point the Bulletin comments in such illuminating and judicial fashion that its statement is worth reproduction with fullness.

'Probably no careful observer will say that the abolition of the saloon has not effected a very substantial amelioration of large numbers of the working class. The virtual stoppage of beer drinking alone on the part of millions of working men might be assumed, even without any considerable evidence, to have had a profound effect on the economic status of their families. At the same time the appeal to specific economic data—increased business activity, growing bank deposits, etc.—to prove the effects of prohibition must be made very guardedly. All attempts to measure this increase in quantitative terms are fraught with danger because of the great increase in prosperity since 1921 due to other causes. The argument most frequently advanced is that the continuing increase of savings bank deposits in 1920-21 as compared, e.g., with 1913-14, the next preceding period of depression, indicates a marked increase in saving due to prohibition. The outlawing of the liquor traffic must indeed have been an influential factor here, but the fact remains that savings deposits as reported by the American Bankers' Association, show a fairly continuous movement since 1918; while, if allowance be made for wage advances in 1920 and 1921 on account of the increased cost of living, it is doubtful if any great change can be shown statistically.

'In addition to the increase in money wages we must consider the extensive thrift campaigns carried on throughout the country, resulting in larger savings and a larger

number of savers; the popularising of conservative investments and the tendency in periods of depression to put money in the bank rather than to buy securities on a falling market; the release of savings for deposit when the Liberty Loan campaigns ceased; increase in money circulation during the "inflation" period; and other, more technical considerations. But it would be idle to dispute the assumption that prohibition has been a factor, and an important one, in keeping savings deposits on a high level. Improvement in premium collections from industrial life insurance policy holders points in the same direction. The disappearance of the saloon and the "treating habit" has undoubtedly been a great material boon to the American working man' (p. 30).

But, contrary to what we are often told, employers of labour are by no means generally in favour of prohibition. The Research Department issued a questionnaire to a thousand or more business men, directors of important companies chosen at random; and we are assured that the replies 'yielded a predominantly "wet" result.'

In discussing the effect of prohibition upon crime the Bulletin seems to make an unjustified concession to the prohibitionists. It says that 'the post-war period would be expected to be marked by an increase in crime.' That expectation was entertained in this country during the war, but the criminal records of the post-war period have not justified it, notwithstanding that war influences must have entered much more into our life than into America's, and notwithstanding that our unemployment condition is also of an acuteness supposed to be provocative of crime. Crime in this country is not above the level of pre-war years. In America crime fell (as it did here) during the war, and kept down during the early days of Prohibition; now it is rising, and by 1923 the prison population was nearly up to pre-war level. (The 1924 figures are not given.) Figures for various cities are quoted in the Bulletin, which indicate substantial increases in all sorts of offences since the coming of prohibition, particularly in drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The Bulletin, however, refuses to hold Prohibition responsible, and thinks these 'crude statistics of crime' do not warrant a stronger assertion than that 'prohibition has thus far not prevented an increase'—a very oblique kind of praise. The writers of the Bulletin

would like to think that the increase in the already appalling amount of crime in America would have been greater but for prohibition, though they will not commit themselves further than to state that such retardation is a possibility.

The Bulletin handles the much-canvassed question of drinking among young people in almost as cautious a manner as it does the question of crime.

'Reports of school administration officials and of teachers who have made extensive studies of moral problems in the schools give little support to the theory that prohibition is in itself a cause of moral breakdown. It may perhaps just as truly be said that it does not appear to be a great asset' (p. 39).

And in all this (including a story of a student in a 'denominational' college, who defrayed his expenses by bootlegging) the Bulletin finds 'food for earnest thought.' The training of the young mind in ignorance of alcohol upon which prohibitionists rely so heavily for ultimate success does not appear to be making marked progress.

Immediate success is certainly not apparent. The Bulletin devotes a pessimistic chapter to 'Prohibition Enforcement.' To what extent it is enforced it is impossible to say, but, as we are reminded, 'no statistics are necessary to warrant the assumption that with scores of thousands of saloons closed . . . the liquor traffic has been enormously reduced.' The supporters of prohibition can claim success to that extent; yet how far short of reasonably complete success this leaves them the Bulletin is at no pains to hide. Its writers quote from the Anti-Saloon League itself. The Iowa branch of this body issued a statement in May last, giving the result of its news bureau's survey in Dubuque and four other towns:

'Rampant lawlessness, increasing by leaps and bounds, is forcing Iowa to face the problem of either demanding strict enforcement of the present prohibition laws or else of modifying these laws to permit the sale of light wines and beer. . . . The laws of the State and nation are now held in greater contempt in these cities than ever before. . . . Dubuque boasts of 41,000 citizens and 1000 bootleggers, not to mention the countless moonshiners who operate in the city and vicinity. . . . The islands and bluffs are swarming

with stills, some of which turn out huge quantities of liquor each week' (p. 43).

And, if this is the case in small inland towns, what of New York, and its millions of population?

'It is stated on the highest authority that complaints of violation of the Volstead Act have been coming before the United States Commissioner from the police department at the rate of 15,000 a month' (p. 44).

Yet the Bulletin adds that New York is no 'wetter' than most other cities; indeed, that there is reason to think that the reverse is true. It should be said, however, that a more satisfactory picture (from a prohibitionist standpoint) is drawn of 'bone-dry' Indiana—though the dryness even of that State (which has a special law, going beyond the Volstead Act) is damped by troublous importations from outside. In connexion with illicit liquor the Bulletin enforces the point which the American Government's action on the high seas has somewhat obscured—viz. that 'a relatively small amount of illicit liquor in the United States is smuggled over its borders.' The manufacture of alcoholic beverages is a universally spread-out, local, and even domestic industry; and the authorities cannot destroy it, notwithstanding efforts which become yearly more costly, the Federal Government's expenditure (apart from the heavy cost of coastguard work) having risen from \$2,000,000 in 1920 to \$7,500,000 in 1924 and to \$6,600,000 for the first nine months of 1925.

In a chapter 'appraising the Government's efforts' to enforce prohibition, the Bulletin says that

'if infractions of the law incident to the retail trade in liquor should continue on the present scale nothing but a sweeping change in public opinion can prevent the effectual nullification of the National Prohibition Act' (p. 65).

This is an emphatic indication of the present state of public opinion, and it is confirmed by the reports of the Department's own investigators. The statements in the section of the Bulletin dealing with this aspect of the problem are indeed remarkable. The Research Department of the Council inquired in various directions as to public opinion on the results of prohibition, among

others from the thousand prominent business men already referred to. These gentlemen have their headquarters in New York, but their interests extend all over the United States. It is unfortunate that we have the replies of only 169 of them. Of this number fewer than a third—51—expressed themselves in favour of prohibition. A larger number—66—declared themselves vigorously opposed to prohibition, and in addition 25 expressed opposition, but more mildly: the remainder must also be classed as opponents, since they wanted modification, such as the exception of light wines, or wanted the Quebec system of Government sale.

The view of the business element was pursued further—into Rotary and similar Clubs. On a vote taken at the Cleveland Rotary Club only 64 out of 188 favoured the existing law. At the Rochester Kiwanis Club prohibitionists numbered 30 out of 70. In only one ballot was there a majority favourable to prohibition—the Kansas City Clubs—the numbers being 54 out of 81. These figures are worth setting by the side of the statements so often heard from prohibitionists as to the enthusiasm of captains of industry over the industrial and economic value of prohibition. But more emphatic, more important, too, in a democratic country, are the views expressed by the working classes, of which the Bulletin contains a good many specimens.

The first specimen given is the 'fairly typical industrial city' of Fitchburg, Mass. Out of 149 men interviewed 84 appeared hostile to prohibition; 50 were friendly, and 15 uncertain. 'Many of them recorded a serious and sober judgment that the results of prohibition were unsatisfactory.' At Lawrence, Mass., a meeting of 180 men and women employés of a woollen factory was held, and 'the labour manager who assembled the group and presided made a strong prohibition appeal before a vote was taken.' But only 8 men and 19 women responded to the appeal; the rest, men and women, voted for modification. In some cases the opposition was even more strongly pronounced, as in Chicago, where out of 260 men interviewed in five establishments only 20 were favourable to prohibition; or, as in St Louis, where only two out of 56 men interviewed were in favour of the present régime. It is fair,

however, to say that one town—Kansas City again—gave a less emphatic result; out of 163 men interviewed 62 were friendly to prohibition.

It is said that at all events the women favour prohibition; and it appears from the Bulletin's figures that in factory towns where both men and women were interviewed the minority of women favouring prohibition was larger proportionally than the minority of men. But even that position was shaken when the Department's investigator visited the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania, and called upon miners' wives at their homes. She made 97 calls. In 54 cases no interview was possible, because of a real or simulated ignorance of English; 32 refused to talk (this reticence suggesting to the Research Department that they were against prohibition); and among the remaining 11 who were willing to talk not one endorsement of prohibition was found! It is not, therefore, surprising to read afterwards that the men of this area rejected prohibition overwhelmingly. A meeting of 168 delegates, representing 43,000 miners, was held. Only 7 of them voted for prohibition; and 70 not only were against prohibition but voted for the return of the saloon. This last-named exceptional result of the voting the Bulletin explains by pointing out that 'the saloon in the mining towns performed a different and more nearly valid social function than was the case with the city saloon.' In this there is a moral whose application may be extended beyond America. It is the case for the improved public-house. Houses of public refreshment should be worthy of their name, and not mere drinking bars.

An exception to this attitude of hostility to prohibition should be recorded. It is found in the newspaper trade. A ballot of 80 persons employed on the 'Seattle Daily Times' revealed 47 sympathisers with prohibition. This attitude was reflected yet more strongly in the answers to a questionnaire addressed to the editors of the 680 morning newspapers of the United States. It is significant that only 170 replied at all, and that of these only 163 recorded their personal views. Of this last number 113 favoured the Prohibition Act, 12 wanted it repealed, 34 were for amendment, 5 were doubtful, 5 thought the Act impossible to enforce, 3

were neutral, and 1 was for resubmission of the question to the people. For what it is worth, this journalistic inquiry gives the prohibitionists the most favourable results which the Research could obtain. Its final test was a ballot of 597 men assembled in a Citizens' Military Training Camp in 1924. Only 104 of them favoured prohibition.

A question will naturally arise on these facts: Why, if prohibition is so unpopular, did so many legislators vote for it? We have given one answer—Governor Clement's—on an earlier page. The Bulletin also offers its answer—a significant answer.

'So much stress is put upon the moral issue involved in prohibition that it is highly probable that many persons, and especially legislators, vote for prohibition laws against their preference, because they cannot "stand the gaff" of moral criticism' (p. 77).

This statement of the politicians' attitude is polite to the verge of euphemism. But is the 'moral issue' so clear? It appears to be clear enough to the Federal Council of the Churches—and that is what gives a particular effectiveness to the criticism of prohibition which their report presents; for the compilers of this report are still so sympathetic with the prohibitionist idea that they can produce no more effective conclusion to their labours than the expression of a hope—sincere, if faint—that the Government's new efforts to enforce prohibition may yet be successful. But it is not clear to men like Dr Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University, and other men of note and independent thought in America, who have already protested that the moral issue is quite other than prohibitionists assume—that the real moral issue is the eternal issue of liberty, upon which Prohibition stamps as though it were a reptile to be destroyed.

Art. 12.—THE LAST DAYS OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

THE tragic end of the Emperor Nicholas II, of the Empress and their children, has been the subject of many articles in the Press. The deaths of the Grand Dukes Paul Alexandrovitch, Dimitri Constantinovitch, Nicolas, George and Serge Michaelovitch, and of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, sister of the Empress, are established facts; but the fate of the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the youngest son of the Czar Alexander III, and in fact the last Czar of the eldest branch of the Romanovs, by right of the abdication of the Emperor Nicholas II, has remained to this day lost in mystery.

I knew the Grand Duke Michael well. I was an eye-witness of his abdication, which took place in my residence at St Petersburg; I have been able to follow up all the incidents of his confinement in Smolney,* where I visited him several times, and was one of the last of those who saw him before he was sent as an exile to Perm, and started on that journey from which he never returned.

My friendship with the Grand Duke dates from 1912. At that time, His Highness was in command of the 'Chevaliers Gardes,' and my husband was serving under him. He was born at St Petersburg, on Nov. 22, 1878, and was the third and youngest son of the Emperor Alexander III. His mother, the Empress Maria Feodorovna, seemed particularly attached to him. The Grand Duke, after having received an excellent foundation for his education, went to the School of Artillery, where he took a high place in the military examinations, and passed out with the first class of officers into the Artillery of the Guards, in which he served for several years.

The Emperor Alexander III died on Oct. 20, 1894, and the Cesarevitch Nicholas Alexandrovitch came to the throne. His brother, the Grand Duke George, was declared heir to the throne, with the title of Cesarevitch,

* Smolney was a school in St Petersburg for daughters of the Aristocracy, which was used in the Revolution as a prison and became afterwards also a headquarters of the Bolsheviks.

but a cruel and lingering disease, gradually undermining his health, carried him off in the flower of his manhood, and he died in 1899, at his favourite residence, d'Abas Touman, in the Caucasus. By right of birth, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch should have succeeded him, and it was then that an Imperial Manifesto declared him heir to the throne: 'Until such time as God in His goodness, gives us a son.'

Shortly afterwards he was appointed Commandant of a squadron of Cavalry of Her Majesty the Empress, stationed at Gatchina, and there he met, for the first time, the woman who played a very large part in his life's history. So great was the impression that she made on him, that he renounced for her sake the hereditary rights of his high office as Cesarevitch, and the honours due to him by his close relationship with the Emperor. This enchantress was Nathalie Sergueyevna Voulfert, the wife of one of the officers in the regiment, and by marriage, Madame Mamontov, the future Countess Brassov. Captivated by her great and infinite charm, the Grand Duke fell desperately in love with her, and when he was convinced that his feelings were reciprocated, it was arranged that she should apply for a divorce.

In 1913, the Grand Duke handed over the command of the regiment to Prince Dolgorouky, and went to Vienna to be married. After the marriage he wrote to the Emperor, informing him of his wish to live the life of a simple commoner. As a result of this letter, the Emperor issued a manifesto, founded on the regulations binding the Imperial family, and so deprived the Grand Duke Michael of his especial rights, putting his estates and possessions under guardianship, and only allowing him a modest income for personal expenses. The Grand Duke and his wife retired to Cannes, where they spent several months, and then left for England, living in Hertfordshire.

At this time, the Grand Duke had with him a Mr Johnson, who was not only a capable secretary but the most devoted of friends. Mr Johnson soon became indispensable, both to the Grand Duke and his wife, and I feel it is my duty to say that the memory of Nicolas Johnson remains inseparably united with that

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of the Grand Duke, with whom he remained faithfully during the cruel privations of 1917 and 1918. The Grand Duke stayed in England until August 1914.

Then, as soon as he heard that Germany had declared war on Russia, he wrote a letter to the Czar, appealing to him as his brother, and begging to be allowed to return and take his place once more in the army, offering to accept any post that His Majesty thought fit to assign to him. This letter so deeply touched the Emperor that his desire was granted. On being reinstated in the army by Imperial ukase, the Grand Duke went with his family to St Petersburg, and shortly afterwards settled at Gatchina, where he lived until he received his commission. It was during his stay at Gatchina that I became acquainted with his wife, and fell at once under the spell of her delicate beauty, grace, and charm. The Grand Duke was appointed to the command of the Caucasian native regiment, nicknamed 'La Division Sauvage.' It was formed of six battalions, the pick of the Musulman Cavalry. This division formed part of the great South-Eastern Army, and soon won laurels at the front. The Grand Duke nearly always led it himself, and astonished every one by his sangfroid and courage.

Meanwhile, events were rushing to chaos. Rasputin had been murdered. In Moscow, feelings were overwrought; while in St Petersburg there appeared a deadly calm, though under the surface there were indications of approaching storm; and those who had eyes to see became more and more convinced that a tragedy unparalleled was imminent. On New Year's Eve, 1917, the Prime Minister Trepov, a courageous man, heart and soul with the Emperor, was forced to leave his office as President of the Cabinet. He was replaced by the Prince Galitzine, who also was loyal to his Czar and country; but he was a thorough bureaucrat, and had not the physical strength to perform the arduous duties of his high office.

A rumour was current in St Petersburg that the members of the royal family, with the Grand Duke Michael, were staying at the palace of the Grand Duchess, Marie Pavlovna. The purpose of this reunion was to write a letter to the Emperor, endeavouring to point out that

unrest was brewing, that public opinion was hostile to the principal ministers, and that disaster threatened the Romanov Dynasty and the whole of Russia. The letter ended by begging the Emperor to have mercy on the Grand Duke, Dimitri Pavlovitch, who had lately incurred the wrath of His Majesty and been arrested.

The only result was that the Grand Duke Nicolas Michaelovitch, whose idea it had been originally, was banished by order of the Czar to his estates in Grouchovka. We were much distressed by these trying events; while the war news became worse and worse. Confusion and despair were supreme. The revolutionary parties alone did not cease from work; secretly they developed their propaganda amongst the troops in St Petersburg, who listened willingly to the orators of the Revolution.

By Feb. 27, all the ministers were arrested and interned in the Palace of Taurida, where the Provisionary Cabinet was sitting with Rodizanko as president. The following were the members of the Provisionary Cabinet: Milioukov, Chulguine, Kononov, Tsheidze, and Kerensky. This committee had come into power by force, and had tried to re-establish order; but anarchy was prevalent everywhere. The Palace was full of armed soldiers, and the sittings of the committee were frequently interrupted by the cries of the mob outside. The streets were overrun with stolen motors and omnibuses, carrying drunken soldiers and sailors who fired at the slightest provocation.

On the evening of that day, Mr Johnson came to tell me that the Grand Duke Michael had gone to the Palace Marie in St Petersburg, where the Imperial council used to sit. The President of the Douma, Rodizanko, had recalled the Grand Duke, so as to begin negotiations by telephone with the Emperor at once; but, as a matter of fact, the Grand Duke at that moment was interviewing the Emperor. Their meeting lasted into the small hours of the morning. His Highness informed the Emperor of the perilous condition of the capital, and advised him to stay at Stavka, his headquarters, where he would be surrounded by loyal soldiers; but the Czar, not doubting for a second that his presence in the distraught city would re-establish peace and order, was determined to return to St Petersburg. During those interviews, the Minister of War, General Beliaiev, warned

the Grand Duke that through his remaining at the Palace Marie, now insufficiently protected, he was incurring grave risks. He pointed out that it would be safer if he stayed with the Chief of the Staff, where he could continue to keep in touch with the Emperor.

The Grand Duke followed this advice. Then, one night, very late, he left the Palace, to go back to Gatchina, and was motoring along the Rue Morskaya, when he was surrounded by a crowd of sailors, who tried to stop him. The chauffeur became agitated, but the Grand Duke kept his head, and drove the car at a great speed down a lane, and so escaped into the darkness. The sailors fired at the car, but no one was hit. After having reached the Quai, the Grand Duke decided to stay the night at the Winter Palace. From there, they could easily reach Gatchina early in the morning. However, they only remained there for about two hours, as His Highness had been warned that there were no longer any guards there, and that the mob might invade them at any minute. It was now getting on for 4 a.m., and the Grand Duke had nowhere to go; so, remembering that I lived near the Winter Palace, he decided to ask my hospitality for the night. At this time, I was living with my daughter, as my husband was fighting at the front.

About five o'clock, I was awakened by a violent knocking at my bedroom door. Terrified, I imagined that armed soldiers had burst into our house, or else that some accident had taken place. I was reassured by the well-known voice of Mr Johnson. He informed me that the Grand Duke was even then in my house, and wished to know if I could put him up.

I dressed, and went to my husband's study, where I found His Highness looking very worn and rather agitated. As I entered, he came towards me, and with his customary courtesy, said: 'Princess, will you not be afraid of exposing yourself and your daughter to unnecessary dangers, by having under your roof a guest with a large price on his head?' After having put my flat at his disposal, I ordered coffee in the dining-room, and when we were assembled there, heard the sound of voices in the flat above, where the Lord Chamberlain, Nicolas Nicolaevitch Stolypine, was living. Drunken

soldiers had forced open the door of his flat, and started searching his rooms.

During the first two days, Feb. 28 and March 1, of his stay in my house, the Grand Duke remained indoors. With the exception of his wife, whom I had previously warned of his arrival, nobody knew where he was. On the third day, His Highness told the secretary to inform M. Rodizanko, the President of the Douma, that they would find him in the house of Prince Poutiatine; and as soon as the President heard this, he hastened to send an escort of forty cadets from the Military College, with eight officers, and these were lodged in one of the flats below us. Sentinels were placed at our door as well as at the servants' entrance, a necessary precaution, because since Feb. 27 disorders had increased. In the streets, the noise of rifle shots and the pattering of machine guns, was deafening. Troops of drunken sailors and soldiers pestered the residents of many houses under the pretence of carrying out authorised searches. We lived through days of perpetual anxiety.

On March 2, 1917, the day of the Emperor's abdication, the Grand Duke received a telegram from M. Rodizanko, informing him that the members of the provisional government and executive committee of the Douma intended to visit His Highness on the next day, with the intention of proposing that he should become Czar, as the Emperor Nicholas himself had wished. The President of the Douma, knowing well what attitude the Grand Duke would take, begged him to sacrifice his personal feelings, in order to save his country from anarchy, and to accept the heavy burden thus to be imposed on him.

The Grand Duke, much perplexed by the events that had followed with such amazing rapidity, was greatly agitated by the contents of this telegram. It was evident that he had not expected such a development; though, as a last resource, perhaps, he had thought that he might have had to accept the Regency until the rightful heir, Alexis Nicolaevitch, came of age. This ultimatum of the Emperor, however, by passing over his son, the legitimate heir, in preference to his younger brother, was as a bolt from the blue. The Grand Duke

was overcome by it; he read and re-read the telegram while walking feverishly up and down the room. Then the Grand Duke Nicolas unexpectedly arrived. His palace was situated opposite our house, and having heard that the Grand Duke Michael was staying with us, he hurried to see him. He knew the latest news, even of the abdication of the Czar. The meeting was extremely touching; the Grand Duke Nicolas kissed his nephew, saying: 'I am delighted to salute you as my Sovereign, for now, indeed, you are the Czar; have courage, for only thus can you save, not only the dynasty, but the future of Russia.' He added: 'And where shall you appear to the public as Czar?' 'I shall go out as Czar from this house wherein I entered as Grand Duke,' was the reply.

On the next day, March 3, at about six in the morning, I was awakened by a ring of the telephone. I ran to answer it, and heard an unknown voice, rather dry and harsh, say: 'This is Kerensky speaking. I wish to speak with the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch.' I answered that His Highness was asleep, to which he replied peremptorily: 'Wake him at once. It is absolutely necessary that I inform him of something of the greatest importance.' At that moment the door opened, and in came Mr Johnson, who, on learning what was the matter, went to tell His Highness that he was wanted at the telephone. The Grand Duke came in a few minutes later, and Kerensky told him officially of the abdication of the Emperor, signed March 2, by which the Czar handed over to the Grand Duke the supreme power. Kerensky added that the members of the provisional government were coming to see His Highness in about half an hour's time to talk it over.

We waited impatiently for the arrival of those gentlemen. Rodizanko came in first, an hour before the others, and whilst waiting, he talked at length with the Grand Duke. He saw that His Highness was hesitating as to what to do, and therefore begged him to make the tremendous sacrifice for his country's sake by taking the government into his own hands, for he knew only too well the diverse opinions held by the other ministers. He added that at the Palace of the Taurida the situation was becoming alarming, and that the provisional government was held together by the merest thread. 'All of

us,' he said, 'risk, at every moment, the danger of being arrested, even lynched by the mob, and we must do all in our power to save the Empire from anarchy.' Influenced by this conversation, and by the last interview he had had with his uncle, the Grand Duke Nicolas, His Highness appeared willing to make the sacrifice, although it was against his own judgment, because it seemed the only way of saving his country.

At about 11 o'clock the ministers arrived in two motors. They included Prince Lvov, Kerensky, Milioukov, Nabakov, Terestchenko, Chingarev, Nekrassov, the Baron Nolde, and others whose names I do not remember. They were received by Mr Johnson, and shown into the drawing-room, where the Grand Duke joined them.

It was from the Grand Duke himself that I got the details of the historic meeting. The proceedings were long drawn-out, continuing for many hours. Gutchkov opened the conference with a speech, in which he told the Grand Duke about the mission which had been entrusted to him and his colleague Chulgine. They had gone to Pskov, to warn the Emperor of the serious events which were taking place in the capital, and to point out that the only way of salvation was for him to abdicate in favour of the heir-apparent. After having given full details of their interview, which had resulted in the abdication of the Emperor in favour of his younger brother, the Grand Duke Michael, M. Gutchkov solemnly presented His Highness with the actual document signed by the Emperor, and, while it was being read aloud, all present rose to their feet and listened intently.

A long, impressive silence followed the reading of the document of abdication, for all present were aware that in that room a scene was being enacted of the greatest historic importance, an event on whose fatal issue the future of Russia was depending. After the reading the Grand Duke sank into an armchair. Then again Gutchkov was the speaker. In a clear voice he exhorted the Grand Duke to accept the responsibility offered him. As a faithful son of Russia, he begged him to accept the crown. This appeal was supported by Chulgine and Milioukov, who spoke with a similar fervour.

Afterwards the Grand Duke told me of his impression

that the majority were against his accepting the crown. The greater number believed that a new Czar, far from restoring law and order, would only aggravate the revolutionary tendencies which were already getting beyond control, and might even provoke a civil war, and be the cause of much bloodshed. The general opinion seemed to be in favour of a Constitutional Assembly which alone would have the power, as truly representative of the people, to choose the form of government, and also that this Assembly should be formed as quickly as possible.

Kerensky, more than the others, used every argument in his power to attain this end, and his speech made a deep impression. He spoke hastily, with great violence, his piercing voice rising higher and higher until it became almost a shriek. He ended by saying that if the Grand Duke accepted the crown, he would no longer vouch for his safety. He said he knew for a certainty, as Vice-President of the Soviet 'of the soldiers, deputies, and workmen,' that some 300,000 workmen of the capital itself, and 200,000 soldiers were determined to have done with the Romanov Dynasty, and that, for his part, he would wash his hands of all responsibility for the bloodshed that must follow.

Then the Grand Duke arose, calm and dignified, and replied that at such an extremely important crisis he wished to be alone to think over all he had heard; in a few minutes he would tell them his decision. As he was retiring into the next room Kerensky excitedly called after him: 'Your Highness, promise me faithfully that your decision at this supreme moment will be unbiassed by any influence, that it will be your own personal opinion.' For a fraction of a second the Grand Duke stopped, taken aback, and looked at Kerensky with astonishment, then turning to the others he said simply: 'Gentlemen, I shall be quite alone in that room,' and with a slight bow he walked out.

For a quarter of an hour he remained there in thought, and then came back, and, facing all the members, who rose respectfully to meet him, he addressed them thus: 'Taking into consideration the diversity of opinion which prevails amongst the members of the Provisional Government, I have decided, for the time being, to

refuse the crown. I put myself at the service of the people, as represented by the Constitutional Assembly. If they decide that I should become Czar, I will willingly give myself to my people and my country.'

The Grand Duke had hardly time to finish this speech before Kerensky rushed to him, almost beside himself with triumph and enthusiasm, and cried: 'Your Highness, you are a very gallant gentleman.'

But the impression made on most of the others in the room was different. It was almost heart-breaking to see them; they did not try to hide the disappointment, the despair, which well-nigh overwhelmed them; some had tears in their eyes. Kerensky, however, now endeavoured to control himself, but his whole attitude glowed with the satisfaction of a personal triumph. For him, and for his party, the refusal of the Grand Duke was of the utmost importance. He hastened to confirm it in writing, and, with the help of Nabakov, proceeded to draw up the historical document which the Grand Duke read over, and, after making several corrections, signed. The paper was then handed back to Kerensky, who, as the Chancellor, had to read it before the Senate. Soon thereafter the assembled ministers took leave of the Grand Duke. So came to an end the memorable event of that day. It proved the *coup-de-grâce* for the Russian aristocracy, and with their fall, their traditions, which had lasted through centuries and on which the whole of Russian history had been founded for over a thousand years, were swept away.

On the next morning, March 4, Mr Johnson informed the Grand Duke that Kerensky had telephoned to say that His Highness was free to return to his home at Gatchina. He had given the necessary orders, and was preparing an escort to go with him. On hearing this, the Grand Duke decided to leave early on the next day. He wrote immediately to his wife to assure her that he was safe, and to tell her that he was coming back.

Towards the middle of November, I received a letter from my sister who, during my absence from home, had gone to stay in my house in St Petersburg with her husband and my daughter. This letter surprised me, for she told me that again the Grand Duke with his

family and attendants were our guests. Some time after the Revolution, one of its leaders, a certain Rochal, had called at Gatchina and informed the Grand Duke that by order of the Soviet, he was to be taken to St Petersburg. There he was to be allowed comparative freedom, but was always to be under the watch of the authorities. He was also to be allowed to choose where he might stay. His Highness immediately replied that he wished to stay with Prince Poutiatine. Rochal made no objection to that, and telephoned at once to my house.

On the day fixed for the Grand Duke's arrival, my husband waited impatiently for him. The hours slipped by, but he did not appear, and anxiety got more intense as the time wore on. At about four o'clock the Grand Duke arrived. My husband and brother-in-law rushed downstairs to meet him, relieved beyond measure at his arrival. They welcomed him warmly; but the Grand Duke put a finger to his lips, warning them that he was not alone, and that they must be careful.

They saw then that he was followed by an unknown man, dressed in an ordinary soldier's tunic and 'papaha,' which is a Caucasian fur cap, worn by the Russian soldiers. He was tall, of dark complexion, and had a thick crop of black hair and piercing eyes. Two soldiers were with him. This person was Rochal, the Bolshevik commissary. He had a few minutes' conversation with the Grand Duke and then went away, leaving the two soldiers on guard. The Grand Duke and his wife Nathalie Sergueyevna remained with us.

As soon as I had received the letter from my sister, giving me the news, I determined to go back to St Petersburg as soon as possible. Just then, however, it was an extremely difficult journey to make; so difficult, that no woman could possibly undertake it alone. The trains were overflowing with soldiers flying from the front. All the carriages and compartments, even the corridors and footboards, were packed with them. Some of these deserters climbed to the roofs, and the greater part of them were drunk. Many fell off and under the wheels of the train, others had their heads severed by the telegraph wires; a large proportion were killed by the brickwork of the bridges. Such was the state of affairs on the railway during the first years of the Revolution,

and that was why I telegraphed to my husband, who was then in St. Petersburg, to come and fetch me.

On Nov. 18, two days before I expected my husband, at about midnight, two motors, filled with sailors and civilians, fully armed, drew up in front of our house. Before we had time to collect our thoughts, the raiders had entered the drawing-room, and showed us the warrant to search the house, as authorised by the local Soviet. When they came to my room, they asked my surname, and their interest was doubled when I told them. They searched my belongings, papers, and photographs with the minutest care. I afterwards found out that all my letters had been opened and read at the post-office, and that there was nothing they did not know of my correspondence with Gatchina.

The search-party was led by one Guildine, a Jew and Bolshevik Communist. He was helped by another revolutionary Socialist, Livchitz, also a Jew, and two other of their colleagues. They behaved in a fairly decent manner, but seized my letters and some bottles of champagne and other wines, and then went; we never saw them again. The next day my husband arrived.

On reaching home I found that the Grand Duke was about to leave us, after a visit of three weeks. The Bolshevik authorities were allowing him to go back to his residence at Gatchina, and there he remained until February 1918, and I often visited him.

We begged His Highness to think seriously of escaping to some foreign country, for the reign of the Soviets had definitely begun to be felt. The leaders of the Bolshevik movement had now appeared—Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Lounatcharsky, Steblov, Kamenev—and the question was urgent—What line of action were these men going to take regarding the Grand Duke? Even although he had abdicated and was living as a simple commoner with his family, he was, nevertheless, the legitimate representative of the Throne of Russia. The Grand Duke's friends realised the danger, and were constantly pointing out to him the grave risks he ran by staying at Gatchina, and so near to St Petersburg, the home of anarchy.

Plans for his flight had been discussed with the English Embassy. I remember well one day that we received two representatives of that Embassy, who had

with them two passports, one for the Grand Duke and one for Johnson. They proposed that the Grand Duke should stay in hiding for several days, and then embark quietly for England. He refused point-blank, and the only answer we got to our solicitations was the noble reply: 'I thank you for your friendly interest as regards my safety. I am more touched than I can say for this marked attachment, but I feel that I can never leave Russia. I know well that I could go away to some foreign country, if I so wished, for several of the diplomatic services have offered me their help. I shall not, however, accept their services; I have faith in the Russian people, and believe they do not wish to do me any evil, and that they will never harm me.'

It was during these agonising times that we passed Christmas and New Year's Day, 1918. Towards the end of February one day I felt particularly overwrought and uneasy. Feeling that I must do something to overcome this anxious nervousness, I decided to take a walk along the banks of the Neva. As I was going out I heard the telephone bell. The message was from Gatchina, and Johnson told me, his voice broken by emotion, that the Soviet of Gatchina had issued a warrant for the arrest of the Grand Duke, and that both His Highness and himself were being brought to St Petersburg to be confined in Smolney. He wished to know if my husband could possibly find out if this proceeding was authorised by the Soviet of St Petersburg.

It was late in the evening that we heard this distressing news, and we had to wait until the next morning before we could see if we could do anything. Nathalie Sergueyevna, meanwhile, showed extraordinary pluck and strength. She came immediately to St Petersburg, and stayed with a friend, so that she could be near her husband and visit him frequently. Early next morning I went to see her, and we started for Smolney.

Our principal object was to try and get His Highness transferred to a hospital on account of his internal illness, which was getting worse and worse, and he was in no fit condition to stand the prison life, where all the prisoners got the same bad food. Overcoming innumerable difficulties, we were at last granted an interview, which we hoped might help our cause, and this we got

through the intervention of the all-powerful Ouritsky—the Marat and Fouché of the Bolshevik Revolution. He was the chief of the political police of the Soviet Government, and the head of the sinister Cheka (the secret revolutionary tribunal, where the unfortunate prisoners were brought to be tortured).

We found the Grand Duke and Johnson in a private room in Smolney, which had previously been used as a class-room for the daughters of the nobles. The room was fairly large, and had eight beds and a few chairs in it. The soldiers of the Red Army, fully armed and with bayonets fixed, were sitting about, smoking, talking in loud voices, and shouting with laughter.

As soon as His Highness caught sight of his wife he advanced to her, his face lit up with joy and happiness. Silently raising her hand to his lips he kissed it with passion. I was so touched by this incident that for a time I could not speak. Then His Highness, apologising for the barrenness of his surroundings, offered us each a chair, and we began to talk. He told us that neither he nor Johnson had been able to do more than touch the appalling food that was given them.

At that moment the door opened and in came Ouritsky, dressed in leather jerkin, long boots, and a grey astrakan cap. He was a small man, with a prominent nose, large ears, and ferrety eyes, hard as steel; his whole expression was one of cruelty. As he entered he made an almost imperceptible bow, and, without removing his hat, sat down and lit a cigarette.

Johnson asked him if they might have some better food, on account of the Grand Duke's illness. Ouritsky replied that he saw no reason why Michael Romanov should be granted this. Then Nathalie begged that he might be transferred to some infirmary, but she only got a very indefinite answer. Ouritsky maintained that it was not in his hands to give the order, but he might think it over. With this vague promise he left the room, as he had entered, with a slight inclination of his head. Immediately after his exit, Nathalie and I were told that our time was up, and we would have to go.

The next morning we returned to Smolney, and this time our visit was shorter than before; we were only allowed to remain for a bare half-hour. On leaving

His Highness that day, I was determined to see Ouritsky once more, and insist that His Highness should be moved to a hospital. Nathalie Sergueyevna waited for me on the doorstep. I found Ouritsky writing at his desk. On hearing the door open, he raised his head and, on recognising me, assured me with a sarcastic smile that I had come at an opportune moment—he had important news to tell me. He then told me that my friends, the Grand Duke and Johnson, were to be sent at once to Perm, in Siberia, where they would doubtless find the conditions changed for the better, they would have comparative liberty, and this strong measure was to be taken with all the remaining members of the Romanov family. With a wave of his hand, he dismissed me. When I reached Nathalie Sergueyevna I had hardly the strength to tell her the news. It was a terrible blow to her, but she bore it with courage and resignation.

When, on the next morning, we arrived at Smolney, we were not let in; they told us that Michael Romanov was not to see visitors. Made desperate by this refusal, we determined to have a personal interview with Lenin. As we passed a door we saw a sentinel on guard, and Nathalie, guessing that it must be Lenin's room, opened the door so quickly that the soldier had not time to stop her, and disappeared inside. I was seized roughly by the arm; the sentinel exclaimed: 'Where are you off to, and what do you want? These confounded women, they even shove themselves on to our bayonets.' I sat on a bench in the corridor, and waited for my companion. At last the door re-opened, and Nathalie motioned me to go in. I entered, but Lenin had just gone out by the other door, and there was no one else in the room. He promised to let us know if anything could be done about Michael Romanov, but assured her that it was not in his power alone. He did not return, but sent a message that the question of Michael Romanov would be put before the members of the meeting that evening.

We returned to our house, exhausted. Nathalie was so agitated and in such a state of nerves that she even wanted to go back to Smolney that evening. It was all we could do to persuade her to let my husband go instead to get the latest news. He went dressed in a

private's cloak, quite determined to get a definite answer, at any cost. We waited up all night, and it was only at six in the morning that at last he came back, frustrated, exhausted, disappointed, and nearly frozen to death. Ouritsky had told him that Michael Romanov was allowed to see no one, and that, in a few minutes actually, he was being transferred to Perm. The Grand Duke and Johnson left Smolney about 1 a.m. My husband saw them leave under escort. As they passed close to him the Grand Duke smiled and waved good-bye. This information filled us with consternation. Nathalie, in spite of her self-control, burst into tears. So great was her despair, that she could no longer keep it to herself. Our efforts had proved useless, all our attempts to help His Highness had resulted in failure. Our beloved Grand Duke had been forced to take this long journey in mid-winter, without being given time to prepare for it, and without even warm clothing or a change of linen. Nathalie at last grew calm, and her natural energy returned to her. She decided the very next morning to see if she could make the necessary arrangements for sending warm clothes to Perm. So once more we started for Smolney, and it was not without overcoming what seemed endless difficulties that we at last succeeded in getting an audience with Trotsky. We told him the object of our visit, and begged that we might be allowed to send a few necessities to the Grand Duke. It was a mere waste of time and energy. Trotsky was in a bad temper, and replied rudely that these minor details did not concern him. With a curt nod we were dismissed. I could hardly hold back my indignation, and hastily dragged Nathalie Sergueyevna away with me.

It was not for a good many weeks after the Grand Duke's departure, that she got his first letter, while I received an account of their journey from Johnson.

'As the journey was such an extremely long one, they put us into a first-class carriage, but in what a state of disorder! All the windows were either smashed or badly cracked, and an icy cold wind blew right in our faces. Our guards were extremely unfriendly to start with, but little by little their hostile attitude thawed. The dignity and serenity of the Grand Duke, who never once complained, and his attempts to be gay and cheerful, made a deep impression on these

rough, coarse soldiers. They fell under the spell of his charm, for he was the very personification of gentleness. He looked at them with eyes of compassion and sympathy, and, thanks to his friendliness, soon conquered even their hearts of stone.

'Late the following evening, as we tried to snatch a few winks of sleep, the soldiers took off their large cloaks, and tried to block up the broken windows, so as to prevent the icy wind from blowing on His Highness. These soldiers no longer called him Michael Romanov, but addressed him with his proper title. During the rest of our long and irksome journey, they did their utmost to mitigate the hardships that we had to undergo.'

A week after we had this letter, Nathalie received another note from Tchelichev, the Grand Duke's valet. He managed to get it through with the help of an engine-driver who came from Perm. We learned then that His Highness was being kept in the prison with Johnson, the chauffeur, Barounov, and his valet, and that they were not granted the liberty promised by the Soviet. It had all been a gross lie, when they had told us that they were to be given comparative liberty, for on their arrival at Perm, they had been marched straight to prison. This news dealt a fresh blow to our feeble hopes, but still Nathalie and I tried to improve things; and shortly afterwards another letter came from the Grand Duke, stating that they were now out of prison, and staying in a hotel where several rooms had been put at their disposal. From that day on, Nathalie was able to keep up a fairly regular correspondence with the Grand Duke. She was absolutely determined to spend Easter with her husband, and decided to leave for Perm at the beginning of Holy Week, accompanied by a friend, Mme Abakanovitch, and my husband. She went, and the journey was accomplished without incident. Two weeks dragged by, two weeks of burning anxiety; and then I felt I could bear the suspense no longer, I decided to send a wire to Perm. As I was about to do so, the door opened and in walked my husband. He brought me a letter and an Easter egg from the Grand Duke, with a photograph showing him after his release from prison. He was wearing a jacket, long boots, and a 'papaha.' He had also grown a beard, which made him almost

unrecognisable, and on the card was written the few but significant words: 'The Prisoner of Perm.' Later, I had to destroy this photograph, with many other letters and papers and precious documents. The Grand Duke wrote to thank us all warmly for our devotion to him, and invited us to come and spend the summer with them at Perm. I was overwhelmed with joy at the idea of this invitation, and not being able to wait a moment longer, began to prepare for this journey. Alas! the implacable fate that dogged my footsteps had decreed that I was never to see our beloved Grand Duke again.

One day we received a telegram from Johnson, stating that Nathalie Sergueyevna had left Perm, and was on her way back to St Petersburg. This telegram bewildered us. I could not think of any reason for her hasty departure. So again we were surrounded by mystery and anxiety, and awaited her arrival with impatience; then we learned the truth. Czecho-Slovakian troops were marching on Perm, and the town was in a state of unrest, bubbling with excitement, for the greater part of the inhabitants were hostile to the Communist rule. The Bolsheviks grew alarmed at this, and began to make arrests. Nathalie went back to Gatchina, where I paid her numerous visits, and sometimes stayed with her for a few days. In that delightful house, where once all had been cheerful and full of joy, there was now the sorrow of desolation. The absence of the master was felt keenly. It seemed to us that his fate was becoming more uncertain. All his friends lived in constant anxiety, powerless to do anything, and the conditions grew worse as his dear letters became gradually fewer, until at last there was complete and absolute silence. Months went by in anxious waiting, without any hope of a brighter dawn. At last Nathalie was prevailed upon to return to St Petersburg, because her house at Gatchina was to be commandeered by the Soviet, and then she was arrested and taken to the headquarters of the terrible Cheka. In spite of all that I could do, and the intercessions of her many friends, Nathalie Sergueyevna was kept prisoner for a month; but then was set at liberty, after which she managed to escape from the city under an assumed name. She passed as a Sister of Charity returning to

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her parents at Kiev; but she only stayed there a comparatively short time, and then went to Odessa, where she was taken on a British man-of-war and so to England.

The last chapter of this tragic story is told by my friend, Mlle Baettig, who one day was sitting in her room in St Petersburg when she was told that a man wished to speak to her. To her surprise, she saw an elderly man, seemingly quite unknown, who saluted her with respect. 'Is it possible, Mademoiselle,' he said, 'that you do not know me?' 'And who are you?' she inquired. 'I am Basil Tehelichev, the Grand Duke's valet; I have managed to get back from Perm, where I have been imprisoned for six months. Fed only on putrid herrings' heads and a little black bread and tea, my health was in such a bad state that I thought I could never be able to come to St Petersburg. Barounov, the chauffeur, also was imprisoned with me since His Highness disappeared; but he had not the strength to attempt such a long and painful journey, and has remained in Perm.' So there before Mlle Baettig stood one of the last survivors of the drama, this faithful servant who had stayed with his master to the end. He continued:

'Our life went on in much the same fairly uneventful way in Perm, until one morning, very early, a Troika drove up and stopped outside our hotel. Five armed men got out; four of them were common soldiers, the fifth seemed to be the officer in charge. They came into the hotel and forced an entrance into the Grand Duke's room, saying they had come to arrest Michael Romanov. The Grand Duke hastily replied that he was ready to follow them, and begged that he might be allowed to dress in peace, whereupon the leader said that he would on no account leave the room, and that the Grand Duke could quite well dress himself whether he was there or not.

'Johnson, on hearing the conversation from the next room, came in and demanded on what authority this arrest was being made, for they were under the protection of the Soviet of Perm. He continued that he would never allow them to carry off the Grand Duke, that he would wake up the whole hotel and make such a great row about it, and, in fact, he did create such a disturbance that the five men became alarmed. Then the leader went to him and whispered

in his ear. The effect was magical. Johnson became at once reconciled, and begged His Highness to dress himself as quickly as possible, and, turning to Basil Tchelichev, who was helping his master, said: "All is well, Basil, at last all is well for us now. I am so thankful."

'Johnson whispered to the Grand Duke what the leader of the band of soldiers had said. Basil had not been able to hear distinctly, but he gathered that these soldiers were friends of His Highness, disguised as Bolsheviks of the Red Army, who had come to save him. The Grand Duke did not believe this, and smiled sadly at the joy and relief of his friend. He dressed without a word, and as soon as he was ready, they entered the waiting Troika. In the front seat sat the Grand Duke, Johnson, and the leader; behind were the four soldiers. As they drove away, Johnson waved his hand, elated and in the best of spirits, an absolute contrast to His Highness, who waved his last good-bye with a sorrowful smile. He seemed aware of the doom that awaited them.

'Then they disappeared and nothing has been heard of them since.'

OLGA POUTIATINE.

P.S.—A 'Times' Correspondent, writing from Riga on March 24, 1925, reported the death in an aeroplane accident of three high Soviet officials, one of whom was Miasnikoff, 'who carried out various commissions of a most responsible and often most repulsive nature,' including the murder of the Grand Duke Michael.

'Miasnikoff conducted the Grand Duke and Johnson in two motor-cars in an eastward direction, but halted in a forest, where he personally shot Michael, and his attendants murdered Johnson. They had prepared a heap of dry brushwood soaked in petrol and burnt the bodies. Later Miasnikoff fell into temporary disgrace because he headed a so-called Labour opposition against the orthodox Leninists, but after a reconciliation he was restored to his high position.'

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

Coleridge—Transitions in Literature—Stella Benson—Sea and Jungle—Roman Britain—Miracles of the Virgin—Petra, Egypt, and Maeterlinck—Elizabeth and the lyrics of her age—The English Pope—Bibles—Mr Yeats—The Red Terror.

IT is easy to believe that in her generous desire to champion a personality, somewhat battered, although possessed of genius and some undeniable charm, Mrs Watson should paint Coleridge in rosier, kindlier colours than he deserved; for poor S. T. C. was pummelled sufficiently by the vicissitudes of life and the critics who came afterwards, to justify the feeling that a little exaggeration on the other side would be only fair-play. The mere fact of his enjoying the hospitality of Dr and Mrs Gillman at Highgate for over eighteen years, while living apart from his wife and family, was enough to invite too many unkindnesses of thought and word. Mrs Watson is the granddaughter of the Gillmans. From her grandmother, who died in 1860, she heard much to the credit of the poet-philosopher, and inherited a number of documents, letters, and fragments of notes, which support the view that Coleridge was not the self-indulgent idler and driveller that generally he had seemed. '*Coleridge at Highgate*' (Longmans) is, undoubtedly and naturally, a partial volume; but it explains a few circumstances which may well be accepted. The opium-taking was a necessity due to severe rheumatic agony; in his household ways he was considerate, unselfish, helpful; he endeavoured to work, and did work, more than some of his critics believed. He was not in those days quite the man of shining thought and guidance which Mrs Watson suggests, for his ponderousness grew sometimes terrible, he often lost his way along futile philosophical by-roads, and he could easily forget his good purpose in a verbose dream. Yet is there among our outstanding poets and thinkers—a congress to which S. T. Coleridge rightly belongs—a more pathetic figure than he—helpless often, yet ever well-meaning? For that reason it is well that this gallant and gracious volume should have been written.

Let us confess that in the beginning we felt that Miss M. P. Willcocks, in laying the foundations of her ambitious scheme of 'Between the Old Worlds and the New' (Allen and Unwin), was projecting an unwieldy structure, for she made occasional assumptions which rather begged the question, being, to use her own words, 'lost in the desire to express a vast incomprehensible unity.' Yet soon the excellence of her spirit and argument prevailed, and having regard to the book as a whole, it is to be recognised as a sincere endeavour to realise leading tendencies during a great literary age. Beginning with the impulse to which Goethe, Balzac, and Shelley gave expression in their diverse ways, she proceeds to study the Victorian mind through the works and personalities of Carlyle, George Eliot, Thackeray, Trollope, Dickens, and Tennyson. Browning, the Brontës, and Meredith are regarded by her as rather passengers than producers of the spirit of their times; but there followed the 'wreckers,' Ibsen, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Tchekhov, with Anatole France; and, lastly, the doubtful 'builders' of whom the greatest was Dostoevsky. On the whole, Miss Willcocks makes out a good case, but her judgments are often doubtful, as in the assertion that Byron 'had to be raised out of his grave by industrious journalists at the time of his centenary,' for with authority we can declare that never was there a more spontaneous celebration than that of April 1924. It is rather in the larger ways that her natural bias intervenes. To Thackeray she is unfair, as there is far more in his works than gilded snobbery. While Dickens she represents as too kind to be a true picture. Neither of these men is to be judged by his writings alone; and in his heart as in his life Thackeray assuredly was the finer.

The fiction fantasies of Miss Stella Benson are not for everybody, as half the world likes its humour to be as plain and unsubtle as the dome of St Paul's on a frosty morning; but it will be a sad, even a sour, mind that cannot extract joy of the most delicious quality from her book of traveller's impressions, 'The Little World' (Macmillan), in which she has gathered glimpses of man in his importance from the United States to China and Japan. She notices humanity at odd moments, often

comical and generally picturesque. She has the right mind for making pleasing discernments; and confesses that while one of its compartments is atune with soul-stirring impressions, the other is 'filled with little, curious happenings connected with everything or nothing, with spiders and spaghetti, boarding-house keepers and beetles, puppies and Prime Ministers.' In visiting the Taj Mahal, therefore, while still she was under the spell of its inspiration, she was aware of the beetles, lizards, and tourists that were about it; while Akbar's tomb was thrown out of perspective for her by the gibbons, with grey velvet coats and black earnest faces, which peered out of a tree. This is well; for every globe-trotter may photograph a pyramid, but not every one can see the incidents and accidents which refresh its greatness. The little world is happily full of that sort of thing. Miss Benson affects to be more impressed by the sadness of the cows in India than by the danger from Chinese pirates; and even in Yunnan was not unmindful of Putney. One of her happiest revelations is that of the elephant race in Rajpatana. The animals entirely failed to grasp the theory of the entertainment. In a perfect row they started; in a perfect row they proceeded slowly along the track, pensively waving their trunks to keep one another in step; in a perfect row they breasted the tape together.

The delight that every one not bedridden of mind obtains from books of strenuous travel and adventure is realised again in Mr H. Warrington Smyth's '*Sea-Wake and Jungle Trail*' (Murray). With him we are out among the baffling waters; sometimes in a 'banana-skin of a boat,' at other times on active service in African seas, transporting troops and looking after the many material details upon which the success of a campaign depends. The Jungle has comparatively little to do with this volume, though Mr Smyth proves his love of the *genus* Elephant, and is able to induce his readers—for are not we all converts even before the sermon?—to believe those creatures are playful, affectionate, and, in many respects, even nicely human. Mr Smyth passes from the wild ways of nature among the forests and the waves to tell an episode of his school days at Westminster, '*The Retardation of the Abbey Clock*';

evidently not wholly an imaginary incident, for he mentions by name persons—such as old, white-bearded Thomas Wright, the Clerk of the Works—who were well known at the Abbey thirty years ago. The best chapters have to do with episodes in boat-sailing. Mr Smyth has the enthusiasm and the skill to bring out the magical attractiveness of the waters; and yet we realise that it is a delight paid for generously with hard work, self-sacrifice, and a plentiful endurance, moral and physical, of the buffetings of seas and winds and that charming old harriidan, Dame Fortune. In all the adventures of which he tells, whether he is racing, visiting mines and potentates, or serving as a lieutenant of the R.N.V.R., Mr Smyth comes out successfully. But we should, indeed, like to know how, when standing in water up to his neck or swimming to recapture his strayed boat, he could shout, 'Come on, old cockadoodle!' without losing the cigar in his mouth!

That history may be as interesting as good fiction is proved once more by the volume on 'The Last Age of Roman Britain' (Harrap), which Mr Edward Foord has written. If his theories stand the tests to which they are bound to be put, they will fill in valuably the little-known story of the final departure of the legions. The generally-accepted date for this ultimate retreat from Britain is about 410 A.D.; but after re-reading the sparse documents and considering the probabilities as evidenced by the drift of coinage and the examples found at the stations of the legions, Mr Foord places the actual date some forty years later. He has, of course, to use conjecture to some extent, and thereby offers opportunities to those whose theories he threatens; but his spirit is frank and reasonable—he even finds words of benediction for Carlyle's pet aversion, Dr Dryasdust—and in the course of his theme suggests the stimulating thought that the Angles and the other tribal invaders of the deserted Britain were not positive marauders, but themselves were the forced victims of the pressure of Attila, the 'scourge of God.' He adds strength to the very probable truth of the existence of Hengist and Horsa, who recently were disestablished by some of the authorities; and makes Arthur, under his Romano-British name, Artorius, a gallant and successful champion of the

liberties of Britain. This book will, it is hoped, challenge others written in a like illuminating and liberal spirit. It cannot be regarded as the last word upon the subject, in which probably a convincing last word will never be attained; but it is a suggestive contribution to an attractive problem.

The scholarship of Sir E. A. Wallis Budge has recovered many striking and curious things from the literary remains of Ethiopia and the East; but none more curious than the '*One Hundred and Ten Miracles of Our Lady Mary*,' beautifully produced by the Medici Society, on the various versions of which he has been closely engaged for a number of years. The book is a revelation of the lengths to which human credulity can go. Mariolatry in Ethiopia fell to grotesque depths. The Mother of Christ to her devotees was supreme; as when she obtained forgiveness for the spendthrift because, although he had denied God, Christ, the Holy Ghost, and the angels, he would not deny her. To her favourites, to those who acknowledged her, she was endlessly helpful. She restored hands that had been cut off and renewed a broken spine; she enabled a man to slay a serpent a hundred feet long, and to take from its brain a pearl of great price; she raised up a dead knight; and caused water to run up-hill to assist a poor man. Sometimes she was sportive, at other times absurdly wilful; and elsewhere highly complaisant to the dissolute. A very curious chapter of primitive religious thought is here disclosed; and again thanks are due to Sir Wallis Budge for re-discovering an old world of barbarous credulity and superstitious inventiveness. Yet, in some ways, social rather than religious, are we so very far advanced beyond those primitives?

Meanwhile, the work of the students continues, unveiling dead truths and ancient mysteries to gratify the ceaseless curiosity which is a leading note of the present day. The recent discoveries of relics and remains in Egypt and at Ur of the Chaldees have so roused interest in archæological research that an eager welcome should be given to Sir Alexander Kennedy's extensive and richly illustrated volume on '*Petra, Its History and Monuments*' (Country Life). It touches curiosity closely to see these rock-hewn domiciles, temples, altars—though

the particular purpose of many of them is not yet determined—wrought by a semitic tribe, the Nabatæans, even before Assyria had come to the supremacy of her glory; and now that a helpful letter-press, combined with well over two hundred photographs, some of them bird's-eye views taken by the Royal Air Force in Syria, is available, there is bound to be an attack on those monuments and records carved upon or delved into the everlasting hills, especially as the aeroplane survey discovered a ravine, full of hopeful archæological possibility, of which the scholars had not been hitherto aware.

Yet all is not actual. Imagination still can pay its tribute to the power and greatness of the past. Ancient Egypt exercises so powerful and infinite a spell on wondering mankind, that it was inevitable a mind as curious and widely searching as that of M. Maeterlinck should be attracted by its circumstances, colour, influence upon art and life, and its mysticism. Not that, apparently, there was a very great deal of the magical in the ritual of the temples. Much of the mystery was hocus-pocus due to the necessity of a powerful priesthood, through superstitions, to retain control of a simple people. This little book, 'Ancient Egypt' (Allen and Unwin), gives but a glimpse of the fascinating empire of the Pharaohs. What more could be the result of a mere 20,000 words? It titillates; it cannot really inform or impress; although in its tiny way it is brightly suggestive. M. Maeterlinck is a persistent dabbler amongst the eternities. The life after death, the life of the bee, infinity at each of its ends, has amused his imaginativeness, and stimulated his wonder; therefore, it is not surprising that with a subject so colossal as ancient Egypt, one which spans the centuries, and contained persons and episodes of absolute might and brilliance, he should indulge some pleasant thoughts. His method, or want of it, is shown by the fact that, while he overlooks, say Cleopatra, he dilates for a paragraph upon the Pharaoh of the Exodus, whose mummy is in the Cairo Museum. 'Only a black shrivelled horrible little old man, half eaten away by ants; not very long ago the tropical heat of an Egyptian summer so worked upon him, or liquefied him perhaps, that he raised his right arm aloft, to the unspeakable terror of the attendants

in the gallery.' The detail is characteristically Maeterlinckian; but how much more there should be in any book upon Egypt! So brief a brochure as this is like pelting a pyramid with confetti.

We return from the East to England. Some four years ago Mr Frederick Chamberlin added moral lustre to the name of Elizabeth by showing how, throughout her life, she was harassed with ill-health and constitutional weakness. It was a revelation of strength of character which accentuated the Queen's greatness. He followed up his pioneer volume with a series of her sayings, and now presents the world with a revised version of that book under the title of 'The Wit and Wisdom of Queen Bess' (Lane). It succeeds in bringing out her character. The personality of Elizabeth shines from these pages, shrewd and princely, yet a true woman who could declare faithfully that she had the heart of a man. She was frankly Tudor, 'the daughter of predecessors who know how to deserve this kingdom.' Her greeting to the eighteen tailors—if only it were true!—'Good morning, gentlemen both,' is in keeping with the bluff humour of Henry, and illustrative of the manner in which he and she grew popular; while her pride in England, her acceptance of responsibility, her courage, and withal her wish to retain a good repute honourably in the face of the world, were characteristics of a womanly as well as of a regal greatness. Mr Chamberlin's success with Elizabeth encourages hope for his projected biography of Robert Dudley, in which he is to show that not the Cecils but the unpopular, because misunderstood, Leicester was the true lieutenant and instrument of the Elizabethan triumph.

The book of 'Elizabethan Lyrics' (Longmans) which Mr Norman Ault has compiled is the richest collection of Tudor songs hitherto brought together. In the years of Elizabeth, as during the reign of her father, England sang. In that period of conquering world-exploration and illimitable ambitions, when the discovery of a hemisphere had added to the wonder and promise of life, English courage and happiness found outlet naturally in lyrical song; and here are most of the best of those outpourings, gallant, gay, and sometimes sad; for even youth in his thrusting pride and confidence has a set-back

sometimes, and comes to the myrtle, the willow, and the cold graveyard stone. The Elizabethan was probably our greatest age; in poetry certainly it was so. The glow of the period aroused the songsters; the minstrels fluted and sang. There was glory enough to make aristocracy and democracy joyously one. Kings and beggars they had their share of the sunlight and the flashing, spangled beauty of the hills:

'The world is ours, and ours alone;
For we alone have words at will;
We purchase not, all is our own;
Both fields and streets we beggars fill.
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,
Did ever break a beggar's sleep.
Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play!
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.'

The only thing treated harshly in this jolly anthology is the new vice of those times, Tobacco. In a hitherto unpublished poem:

'What cheating devil made our gallants think
Thee phisic, wenches, company, meat and drink,
And money?'

Well, perhaps that anonymous doubter was right. It was a prophetic age and he may have foreseen the 'gasper.'

In this rapid survey of recent books we endeavour to notice only the acceptable, the readable; but sometimes one of little value comes along, and here it is for this occasion. Miss Edith M. Almedingen's authorised appreciation of 'The English Pope, Adrian IV' (Heath and Cranton), would have been long enough at a quarter of its present length; for take away the unimaginative surmises, the artless conjectures as to what Nicholas Breakspear thought of this episode or that, and some of the elaborate quotations, printed in the original and then fully translated, and the book would have been of better worth. Instead of this prosy and unilluminating padding the author might have built in the historical background to the English Pope's activities, for Adrian's career covered a critical and complicated period in the history of Europe and the Church; whereas the atmosphere, the movement, the personalities of the time are

only feebly suggested, and are not seen at all. Adrian was a great-hearted man and a powerful influence for good. His achievement in being the only English Pope was itself remarkable, and suggests the wonder that, if the Church of Rome wished, as she must do, to use the best minds and hearts in her service, she does not break the Ultramontane rule which insists on filling the vacant throne with an Italian cardinal. An excellent subject; an extraordinarily poor book.

The next to appear is, in the circumstances, vastly ambitious. Mr S. F. Pells is a private student of the Scriptures, who has published at his house, St Mary's, in Hove, this volume, '**The Church's Ancient Bible**,' which advocates a new translation of the Septuagint; for the reason that not only the Authorised Version but all the English translations of the Bible are insufficient. Even the Douay version, the author claims, is truer to the Hebrew original—which Christ quoted in His ministry—than that commonly read in the churches. Mr Pells is naturally anxious that his summary of the history and characteristics of the Septuagint, the old Latin version, the Latin Vulgate, the Bible in the Book of Common Prayer, and the English Bibles, should be examined by scholars and Churchmen, and we are very willing, by mentioning his desire and purpose here, to help it forward. He is certainly patient and more mannerly than were the ways of the commentators of once-upon-a-time. Yet from his Appendix it almost appears as if, rather than anything else, he would urge his theory as to the whereabouts of the tomb of King David. 'Worthy of the Nobel Prize,' says he. It is rather a pity he should have produced this second interest as his plea for a truer version of the Scriptures is large enough for one small book.

The works in prose and verse of Mr W. B. Yeats have ever been uneven: at times barren and affected, at other times touched with a high and true inspiration. This revised reissue of his '**Early Poems and Stories**' (Macmillan) shows that in the beginning as now, the essential qualities and characteristic insufficiencies were there, and suggest the thought that much as he has written since '**The Rose**' and '**The Celtic Twilight**' came to delight the world over thirty years ago, little that he

has done since has greatly excelled those products of his unspoiled youth. Where, after all, in the greater body of his verse is there a completer poem than his very well-known, yet never-to-be-hackneyed stanzas, beautiful in their simplicity, on the Island Lake of Inisfree; or where in his prose is there a jollier little story than, say, 'The Man and his Boots,' wherein the doubter of Donegal, who would not hear of ghosts or fairies, entered a haunted house and made a fire? He had taken off his boots and stretched his feet to the warmth, when one of the invisible beings, whose existence he had denied, put on the discarded boots and kicked him out of the house. There is plenty of force and humour, seriousness and poetry, in these pages. It is good to meet again Red Hanrahan and such creatures of Ireland and fantasy as the Outcast, Cumhal; but—oh, that Mr Yeats had grown as far beyond these beginnings as in the golden days he promised to do, for then he would have won a greatness of imagination and achievement as would have heartened the world mightily in these confused and materialistic times!

Lastly, tragedy. How long, O Lord, how long! Not only from Russian hearts does that plea go up, for, indeed, the continuance of the worst, the bloodiest tyranny that man has ever suffered—an organisation of cruelty, lust, and treachery, unexampled in the chronicles, and still strongly effective, in spite of prayers and curses—is almost to be numbered among the miracles. Much has been published of the blood-rule of the Bolsheviks; so much that those who have read tend to avoid a further reading. It all appears so odious, horrible, hopeless. Yet still the tale is told of new and unending horrors. Mr Sergev P. Melgounov's book is the latest to detail some of the evils wrought by the tyrants of the Soviets. 'The Red Terror in Russia' (Dent) is a document, searching, terrible, and convincing. Let those few—the flabby sentimentalists and the obstinate who refuse to learn—look at the photographs of this book, and realise how murder has stalked through Russia and strewn its pathway with multitudinous victims. The bones of the innocent cry out: How long, O Lord, how long!

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